

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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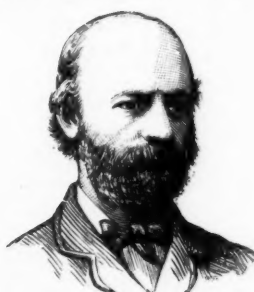
APRIL, 1892.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.



MR. WILLIAM ABRAHAM, M.P.
(From a photograph by Freke, Cardiff.)



MR. JOHN WILSON, M.P.



MR. BENJAMIN PICKARD.
(From a photograph by Gothard, Barnsley.)

April 1, 1892.

The New Despotism. March has been an eventful month both at home and abroad. It is always difficult to appraise the relative importance of events when they are still so recent as to afford material for the latest news in the daily papers. Still it is difficult to deny that the events of March indicate a distinct and it may be a decisive trend in the direction of Collectivism. "The individual withers and the State is more and more." This tendency reveals itself in all countries, and it affects all parties. We see it in France, in Germany, in England, and in Rome. It may be registered as much in the mind of those who are struggling against it as in the attitude of those who hail it as the dawn of the coming day. The masses of mankind are awakening to the fact that power lies within their grasp. Their fingers are contracting round the sceptre, and we may count ourselves fortunate indeed if we avoid the New Despotism.

Exit Liberty enter Coercion! Mr. Gladstone, in the interesting conversation, which is reported elsewhere, declares that the key to the political development of his remarkable career is to be found in the progressive realisation of the fact that liberty is a good in itself. The human race at this moment seems to be moving in exactly the opposite direction. So far from regarding liberty as a good in itself, it seems to be regarded in many influential quarters as the sum of all villainies. For a man to do what he will with his own, even with his own limbs, seems likely to be regarded before long as almost as monstrous an assertion of arbitrary wilfulness as the right claimed by landlords sixty years ago to dispose at will of the votes of their tenants. Hence, for the watchword of Emancipation, which was the rallying cry of the last generation, there has been substituted the formula of Restraint. The key to the Promised Land, it is now believed by the new depositaries of power, is not Freedom, but Coercion. There is nothing surprising in this. It is

the familiar delusion which besets every man when first he finds within his grasp the beneficent whip, or can enforce his will by the all-persuading gallows. Our democracy—Socialist, Liberal and Progressive, or what you please—is collectively pretty much the same at heart as Peter the Great or the Prussian Frederick. The chief difference between the new despotism and the old seems like to the difference between the yoke of Rehoboam and the yoke of Solomon. We may be about to transfer our allegiance from King Log to King Stork.

Of this drift in events the most notable symptoms in March were the sudden capitulation of Sir W. Harcourt and the majority of the Liberal party in the House of Commons to the Eight Hours Bill, and the decisive victory gained by the Progressives in the London County Council elections. Of the two, the former afforded as much ground for misgiving as the latter affords ground for congratulation. Whether or not it be right and prudent and necessary for the voting majority—that is to say, one-half of the electorate plus one, to have the power which the Tzars never claimed of denying to every citizen the right to labour more than one-third of the day, it is a question which goes down to the roots of things, and should have been debated with at least as much care as the regulation of local government in Ireland. It involves among other trifles the break up and reconstitution of the Liberal party. As, however, it seemed to offer a chance of securing a somewhat heavier vote for the Liberal candidates at the coming election, Sir W. Harcourt marched gaily into the lobby for the Eight Hours Bill, carrying with him ninety-nine Liberals, while thirty-three voted on the other side with Mr. Morley. Mr. Gladstone did not vote.

The Division
on the Eight
Hours Bill.

"The division," said Mr. Morley at Sale, on March 30th, "of a week ago may in the fulness of time prove to have signalled a new departure for good or for evil, to point to a new distribution of political force, and to be a memorable landmark in the history and the aims, the structure and the composition, of English political parties." It may or it may not. Sir W. Harcourt, of course, and the front Benchmen who voted for the Bill, would have sat on the fence a little longer if they had not believed they could afford to play tricks with the question. It is, they say, only a Miner's Bill. There is no question of an Eight Hours Bill for all classes of labour. Besides, the Bill was certain to be rejected—it was, in fact, thrown out

by a majority of 112. Therefore, considering all things, the capitulation took place in due form. Mr. Pickard, Mr. Abraham, and the Collectivist school generally have reason to rejoice over a defeat which has delivered into their hands as prisoners of war our Dugald Dalgetty and all his men. Their satisfaction will, however, be dashed with some chagrin if it should turn out, as is not improbable, that what is called the new Radicalism should render impossible the formation of a new Liberal Ministry. Great, however, is the chapter of accidents, and our political Micawbers no doubt pin their faith upon something turning up to extricate them from their present dilemma.

London
County
Council
Election.

The victory of the Progressives in the London County Council election was a very brilliant and a very satisfactory piece of work. Here there was no leap in the dark, or more or less tricky wire-pulling, but a plain straightforward issue fought out fairly to the end. The Moderates were simply whipped out of the field, and it must be admitted that they richly deserved their defeat. Their array of candidates was beneath contempt, they had neither principles, nor leaders, nor inspiring enthusiasm. Their opponents had every advantage that a party could enjoy, including the opposition of the *Times* and three-fourths of the London papers. As a result, the Progressives simply romped in, and the municipal socialists do not as yet know whether they are standing on their heads or their heels. The stern logic of events will soon correct any extravagances in which they may be tempted to indulge, and in grappling with the immense arrears of work that is necessary to be undertaken before London is brought up, say, to the level of Glasgow, there is sufficient to keep the Progressive majority usefully employed until the close of the century. The result of the poll has been very salutary to the Thersites of Printing House Square and its *claque*.

The Kaiser's
First
Reverse.

If in England and in its capital events prove the strength of the currents that is running in the direction of Collectivity, whether municipal or national, the same tendency has made itself manifest in an altogether different form in the Prussian Parliament. The most conspicuous individuality in Europe for some time past has been the Emperor Wilhelm. In the midst of the leaden rule of collective mediocrity, the young Kaiser has swaggered in jackboots and epaulets as the personification of personal power. He was a kind of

military Grand Lama—the supreme Commander-in-Chief of modern civilisation. But he, even he, has had to succumb to the universal rule by which the will of the common man, who is counted by the million, is stronger than the will of the most uncommon of men who is only one man after all. The Emperor last month experienced his first serious reverse. The Bill that was to convert the Prussian schools into denominational strongholds for an aggressive campaign against the atheistic fortress of the Social Democrats, was advocated by him, and by his ministers, as if the salvation of society depended upon its passing. But the opposition which it excited was so universal that the Emperor has given way. The Prussian Ministry has been reconstituted—General Caprivi, who in future will confine himself to the duties of Chancellor of the Empire, ceases to be Prime Minister of Prussia. He has been succeeded by Count Eulenberg. Von Zedlitz retires into private life, and within a month of



From a photograph by]

M. LOUBET.

[Chalot, Paris.



COUNT EULENBERG.

the Brandenburg speech its author was meditating in semi-retirement at Hubertusstock upon the vanity of human expectations.

The New
French
Ministry.

The individual, even when crowned and sceptred in Germany, has been somewhat rudely suppressed. In France the domination of the nonentities has secured the most conspicuous triumph in the ministerial crisis which made M. Loubet Prime Minister. The motive of the crisis

was a desire to remove M. Constans, the one strong individuality in the Republic, from his seat in the Cabinet. The pretext chosen was a question connected with the relations of Church and State. The Roman church is chiefly serviceable to the Republic as affording convenient opportunities for ministerial crises. To alter the personnel of an administration it is necessary to defeat the Government of the day upon some ostensibly public question. To discover such questions in the secular sphere of mundane policy might be inconvenient and even dangerous. It would be possible no doubt to overturn a Ministry on a vote as to the length of the nose of the man in the moon, but a certain respect must be paid to the decorum of political controversy. The Frenchman is nothing if not ingenious, and he has discovered in the relations of Church and State an endless series of convenient opportunities for creating crises whenever the hunger for portfolios grows acute, without in the least degree affecting the regular course of administrative routine. There is a debate, a division, a new Ministry, and then everything goes on exactly as before, neither Rome nor the Republic being a penny the worse.

Anarchists
in Action.

In France, however, the disappearance of M. Constans has been marked by a sudden outbreak of dynamite. The individual may wither, but against the new Radicalism there is always available the new explosives which

have been used with deadly effect against the old despotism. Paris has been startled by a series of dynamite outrages, planned and executed by a small knot of Anarchists, of whom one Ravachol, or Leger, whose real name is Koenigstein, appears to have been the chief. In Ravachol-Koenigstein we have the supreme type of the individual in revolt. He was a bastard to begin with, disinherited from birth. He appears to have been a daring, reckless criminal, thief, coiner, murderer, and anarchist, who, having completely denuded himself of all fear of God or of man, has arrived at that stage of depraved development when society can only mend him by ending him by the summary process of the guillotine. Ravachol's last exploit was to explode a heavy package of dynamite on the staircase of the second floor of a house in the Rue de Clichy where the Assistant Public Prosecutor lived. By a marvel no one was killed, but the whole house, a building with eighty-three windows, was so shattered from garret to basement that its occupants, when once they were extricated, were not permitted to return even to remove their clothes and valuables. The French Chamber promptly passed a law decreeing death to those who use explosives in this fashion, and the foreign Anarchists have been banished from Paris. But Society has received a shock which will be felt for some time to come. If these things had happened in Russia of course our glib moralists could have explained it all. But in the Republic!

Homicidal Lunatics.

The fact is that to men of a certain type the difference between Autocracies and Republics is absolutely immaterial. They are at war with society, and society is not without excuse when it treats them to the scant shrift awarded to the mad dog. Ravachol-Leger-Koenigstein does not appear to be a much more respectable criminal than the extraordinary murderer whose exploits have filled the papers all last month. Deeming, it is true, did not by any formal declaration levy war on society. He simply cut the throats of his wives and his children and then buried them out of sight beneath the concrete with which he cemented his kitchen. The precise number of his victims has not been ascertained. He appears to be a more deliberate and domesticated specimen of the homicidal genus which has Jack the Ripper as its leading representative. For such men society can only prescribe in two ways. There is either the swift and summary gallows, or there is the cell in an asylum for criminal lunatics. At the same time it is well to remember that if we gauge

human turpitude by the degree of human anguish and moral torture which is inflicted by a crime, the man who sacrifices woman after woman to his lawless passion, and flings them to a living death on the streets is a wretch compared with whom Deeming and Jack the Ripper are philanthropists. Who is there who would not rather have his daughter under the cement of Rainhill than on the pavements of London? But while Deeming is hurried to the gallows, the seducer and the adulterer are by many acclaimed as fit and proper candidates for Parliament.

Hanging and its Uses.

Society, however, seldom hangs the right people. Last month the gallows had several victims in England, including two whose fate created some considerable stir. Two poachers, being caught red-handed, fought their captors, and overpowering them, bashed in their heads as they lay senseless on the ground. For this offence they were tried, sentenced, and hanged. Mr. Matthews, who was assailed with persistent appeals for a reprieve, stuck to his guns, or rather to his gallows, and the men were hanged. The incident is useful as indicating the advertising value of the hangman. If the poachers had merely been sentenced to the living grave of penal servitude not a Member of Parliament would have said a word. It is



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only when the law proposes to take life that any one pays any attention. In theory, a sentence of imprisonment can always be reconsidered and altered. In practice this amounts to practically nothing. Once in gaol you are as much forgotten as if you were buried alive. Even when scores of thousands petition the Home Office to undo the ghastly injustice of such a sentence as that passed upon Fanny Gane, the Home Secretary cannot be stirred to action. It needs a hanging now and then to compel the public to realise what law courts mean, and how frightful is the responsibility of those who make or maintain an unjust law. Mr. Justice Grantham last month, having to sentence a man who had been guilty of some gross crime, committed while under the influence of drink supplied to him after he was already drunk, put the publican who supplied the drink into the dock and lectured him upon his responsibility. It is the only good thing Mr. Justice Grantham has ever been known to do since he was made a Judge. He may with advantage carry it further. If he were to put the father in the dock the next time he has to sentence a distracted girl for infanticide or for concealment of birth, he would do something to atone for many of his shortcomings on the Bench.



DR. VAUGHAN.

(From a photograph by Russell and Sons.)

The Saints have not delivered us from Herbert of Salford. Bishop Vaughan is now Archbishop of Westminster by grace of the Pope, and we must e'en make the best of him. But bad is the best, from the point of view of those who were most in sympathy with the Cardinal. No one denies that Dr. Vaughan is clever.

But whereas the Cardinal was catholic, his successor is only a Catholic, and a Roman Catholic to boot. He will no doubt do the hierarchical part of his duties punctually enough. He is zealous and diligent, and will compass heaven and earth, and raise the other place also, in the vehemence of his resolve not to allow one small ragged waif or stray to fall within the clutches of Dr. Barnardo. But of the weightier matters of social peace, and justice, and liberty? Ah, well! he will have time to think of such things when he is done hunting the gnats of kidnapping proselytisers whose ill-regulated zeal may perhaps cost Mother Church here and there a child or two. For the great secular world outside, which regards all this soul-grabbing, whether of the little Mortara or of the Dr. Barnardo variety, with frank disgust, the thought of such a man sitting in the chair of Manning is somewhat of a desecration. Imagine Mr. Chamberlain placed by some irresistible edict in Mr. Gladstone's position, and you can form some kind of idea of the dismay with which the Pope's decision has been received in London.

In Parliament.

In Parliament the most important item to note is that Mr. Balfour has recovered himself, and even the most confident persons who last month confidently predicted that he had been found out and discredited for ever are now beginning to see that they have reckoned without their host. Mr. Balfour is a man with a clear head and a cool hand, and he soon roused himself to the need of handling the reins a little more firmly than he seemed disposed to do at first. At the beginning of the month there was a general lamentation over his action in connection with the Mombasa Railway Vote, where he let the House of Commons do as it pleased, a privilege which it utilised in order to place him in a minority. On the whole, however, the prospect of getting through the Session with some degree of credit is distinctly improved. The Allotments Bill has been read a second time, and Mr. Ritchie is going to introduce a Bill improving the casual wards, so as to make them less hateful to *bona-fide* working men in search of a job. Mr. Fenwick moved a resolution in favour of the payment of Members of Parliament. One hundred and sixty-two members voted in favour of it; 267 against it. The only other notable item that needs mentioning in the Parliamentary record was the second reading of the Eastbourne Bill, by which it is hoped to repeal the enactment enabling the Town Council to suppress processions with musical instruments on Sundays. The array of lawyers in defence of the Salvation

Army was extraordinary and almost unprecedented, the Solicitor-General leading off on behalf of the Conservatives, and being supported by almost every lawyer of note on the other side of the House.

There have been three members expelled from the present House of Commons—an almost unprecedented occurrence. The anxiety to maintain a high standard of probity on the part of Members of Parliament has also found expression in the resolution of the House striking out the votes of three directors of the East African Company who voted in favour of a grant of £20,000 for a preliminary survey of the railway to the interior. Parliament cannot guard too closely the avenues by which its Members may be corrupted. One of the most satisfactory items of information received during the month was the crushing defeat of Mr. Mercier's Government in the Quebec Election. Mr. Mercier was accused of corruption, and he appealed to the province to support him against the interference of the Federal Government. The most sanguine Conservatives did not expect a majority of more than twenty, but they have a majority of thirty-eight, only seventeen Members being elected as supporters of the discredited Liberal leader. Mr. Mercier is likely to be prosecuted for stealing Provincial Funds, and even if he is spared that last indignity, the action of the constituencies can hardly fail to clear the air, and deter Canadian Ministers from yielding to such temptations.

The Behring Sea Arbitration. The Behring Sea Seal Question is now in a fair way of settlement. The treaty referring it to arbitration has been approved by the Senate, and Lord Salisbury's suggestions for solving the difficulties, arising from the catching of seals before the arbitrators could give their award, has been accepted by the American Government. This is very satisfactory, and it is all the more so because there seemed at one time a disposition on the part of President Harrison to—well, to behave to us as offensively as we behaved to the Americans in the case of Mason and Slideil and the *Trent*. I reproduce on the opposite page a cartoon which resembles only too closely some of the many cartoons by which in times past *Punch* and its rivals have done their best or worst to set nations by the ears. The office of the comic journalists is often one of the wickedest undertaken by mortal men. It is, no doubt, easier to make an effective cartoon by pandering to national vanity, or ministering to savage animosity, but where is the moral sense, nay, where is the good taste of such

vulgarity as this? We make no complaint of the artist of *Judge*. We see in him only the reflection of our own vice. As the old cock crows the young one learns. But as we hear the discordant voice of the young cockerel it may well give us pause.

The Strikes in the North. It is difficult enough for men to live together in brotherly union, even when fools have no interest in pouring oil upon the fire. We see this every day in our industrial conflicts. The North of England is convulsed by two great strikes. Two trades unions, the engineers and the plumbers, have differed about the justice of an arbitrator's award, and for weeks past the staple industry of Newcastle has been paralysed. Thousands are starving, and no mediator seems to be able to intervene. In Durham all the miners are out, and work has practically ceased between the Tyne and the Tees. Seventy-thousand miners are on strike against a threatened reduction. Before the strike is over they will have sacrificed more in wages than the reduction would have amounted to in six months. Here and there outbreaks of savage violence have occurred, which would have been much worse had not the power of the men been so irresistible that no one dreamt of resisting it. Yet Durham has been for twenty years the district where arbitration and conciliation had reigned supreme. To-day the whole county is convulsed, and in the strife between master and man not even Bishop Westcott dare attempt to interfere.

Freeman and Whitman. The death-roll of March is not so heavy as that of January and February, but it contains some honoured names. Among these the best known are Mr. Freeman, the historian, and Walt Whitman, the poet. Both were men of strongly-marked individuality; both repeated themselves endlessly, but with that exception there was very little resemblance between them. Mr. Freeman, apart from his merits as a historian, deserves to be held in grateful memory on account of the yeoman service which he rendered in the cause of liberty and peace in the great crisis of 1876. His death of small-pox at Alicante, when his colossal history of Sicily was but begun, leaves the English literary world distinctly poorer. Walt Whitman's death has long been expected. He has delivered his message and done his work.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHS.—For permission to engrave our portraits of Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Sydney Webb, Mr. W. H. Dickenson, and Mr. McDougall we have to thank the photographers, Messrs Elliott and Fry. To Messrs. Fradelle and Young we are indebted for photographs of Mr. Beachcroft and Mr. Harrison; to Messrs. Russell and Sons for Mr. J. Williams Benn and Mr. John Hutton; and to Mr. Richardson (of 467, Battersea Park Road) for Mr. John Burns.



From Judge.]

A STRAIGHT TIP TO JOHN BULL.

[March 19, 1892.]

UNCLE SAM: "It's time for you to back down, as usual, Johnny."

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DIARY FOR MARCH.

WITH PORTRAITS OF LEADING MEN WHO HAVE DIED.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

- Mar. 1. The Greek Cabinet dismissed by the King—New Cabinet formed by M. Constantopoulou.
Last meeting of the first County Council.
The Battleship *Ramilles* launched at Glasgow.
New Protectionist Tariff Bill read for third time at Sydney.
Failure of negotiations between masters and men at Leeds in connection with the Coal Crisis.



THE LATE PROF. FREEMAN.

(From a photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.)

- Railway accident at Leeds. Eighteen injured. Celebration of the Anniversary of the birth and coronation of the Pope.
2. Deputation of residents and owners of property in Chelsea to Mr. Matthews to complain of the Sunday open-air meetings. Durham Miners' Federation rejected compromise offered by the colliery owners.
3. First meeting of the new French Cabinet and the Chamber of Deputies.
Decision of the Spanish Ministry to expel from Spain before the middle of April all foreign residents suspected of taking part in the Socialist and Anarchist propaganda.
Deputation to Lord Salisbury to present objections to the proposed Charter for the Gresham University.
Greek Parliament prorogued till April 11.
4. Canadian Government decided to continue to grant licences to United States fishing vessels to obtain bait and other supplies from Canadian ports.
Mr. Tate withdrew his offer of a Gallery for British Art on account of the difficulties, the delay, and the opposition to his proposal.
5. Election of the London County Council—eighty-three Progressives and thirty-five Moderates elected.
Deputation of teachers to Sir W. Hart-Dyke to urge that drawing should be an optional, not a compulsory subject in elementary schools. They were informed the Department could not consent to their request.
British and American Behring Sea Commissioners signed a joint Report on those points upon which there is no dispute.

6. Renewed disturbance in Eastbourne.
7. Deputation of Cabdrivers to the Home Secretary opposing the extension of the cab radius.
Opening of the Roumanian Parliament by the King.
8. Second Chamber of the Netherlands unanimously adopted the Convention with Great Britain regulating the frontier of the Dutch possessions in Borneo and the States under British protection.
Thirty-second annual meeting of the Association of the Chambers of Commerce, at Whitehall.
Resignation of the Servian Ministry.
9. United States Government insisted on the renewal of the *modus vivendi* in the Behring Sea.
Trial of Mrs. Osborne for larceny and perjury. Accused pleaded guilty and was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.
Meeting of the Progressive Members of the London County Council to consider the election of the Chairman, Aldermen, etc., of the new Council.
Sunday Labour Bill passed at Singapore. It will come into operation on July 1st.
Election of the Canadian Parliament. Defeat of the Mercier Party.
Blizzard in the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and North Dakota.
10. Prorogation of the Cape Parliament till April 22nd.
New Chilean Cabinet formed, with Señor Matte as Premier.
11. Explosion in the Anderlues Colliery in Hainault, Belgium. One hundred and fifty-three lives lost.
Mr. G. W. Hastings, M.P., at the Central Criminal Court pleaded guilty to the misappropriation of trust funds amounting to £21,000. He was sentenced to penal servitude for five years.
Matthias F. Morland, formerly a tutor at Oxford, pleaded guilty to charges of demanding money with menaces from Earl Russell, and other noblemen. Sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.
Lord Rosebery consented to resume the chairmanship of the London County Council.
Annual meeting of the Association of Municipal Corporations at the Guildhall.
Sir A. Rollet re-elected President.
Severe snowstorm in Lower Canada.
Announcement of a British reverse at Fort Johnston.
12. The German Emperor annulled the sequestration of the property left by the late Duke of Hanover, the Duke of Cumberland having written that he would never originate or approve any hostile enterprise against His Imperial Majesty and the Prussian Diet.
Dynamite outrage in Paris.
Fire at Lianelly. Four children lost their lives.
Commencement of the strike in the coal trade.
13. French Senate adopted Bill regulating the telephonic service between Great Britain and France.
Paris Municipal Council voted 5,000 frs. for the relief of sufferers from the Belgian Colliery Explosion.
15. First Meeting of the London County Council. Lord Rosebery elected Chairman, Mr. J. Hutton, Vice-chairman, and Mr. Dickinson, Deputy-chairman. Ten Aldermen were also elected, Sir John Lubbock heading the list.
Another Dynamite Outrage in Paris. The Government introduced a Bill imposing the penalty of death for the offence of attempting to blow up any inhabited building.
Failure of the banking firm of T. E. Günzburg, of St. Petersburg.
16. Three Anarchists who were convicted of having stolen 72,000 dynamite cartridges

- from a powder mill, sentenced at Liège—one to fifteen years' and the others to twelve years' penal servitude.
16. Conference of the Miners' Federation opened.
Discovery of the murdered bodies of a woman and four children in a house at Rainhill, near Liverpool.
17. The Miners' Federation resolved upon a resumption of work at the collieries on Monday, the 21st.
Execution of the two poachers, Eggleton and Rayner, at Oxford.
First performance of Lord Tennyson's new play at New York.
19. Failure of the Banque des Chemins de Fer, at Paris.
21. Settlement of the Prussian crisis. Count von Zedlitz resigned his office as Minister of Education and Count von Caprivi withdrew his resignation.
22. Reports received at Calcutta of the fighting with the Lushais.
23. Lord Salisbury's Note on the Behring Sea Question, and President Harrison's reply, submitted to the United States Senate.
24. Count von Eulenberg appointed Prussian Premier, and Mr. Bass Minister of Education in place of Count von Zedlitz.
25. In the action of Miss Daisy Hopkins against the Rev. F. Wallis, pro-rector of Cambridge University for false imprisonment, the jury returned a verdict for the defendant.
- Disolution of the Greek Chamber.
26. Dinner at the National Liberal Club to the Progressive members of the London County Council.
House wrecked in Paris by a dynamite explosion, one killed and six wounded.
28. The French Chambers unanimously passed the Bill making the destruction by dynamite of an inhabited house a capital offence.
Count Eulenberg announced in the Prussian Lower House that the Government would abandon the Elementary Education Bill.



THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

29. The United States Senate ratified the Treaty of Arbitration, and the Cabinet approved of Lord Salisbury's proposal for a continuation of the *modus vivendi*.
The *Elder* successfully floated off the rocks on the coast of the Isle of Wight, and towed to Cowes.
Fire at Westminster. Three lives lost.
The London County Council resolved, notwithstanding the objection of the London Tramways Company, to adhere to the

3. Second reading of the Clergy Discipline (Immorality) Bill.
- Second reading of the Smoke Nuisance (Metropolis) Bill.
7. East India Officers Bill read third time and passed.
14. Statute Law Revision Bill read second time, and referred to a Joint Committee.
15. Millbank Prison Bill read second time.
18. The Clergy Discipline Bill and the Bill for the Amendment of the Gaming Act of 1845 read a third time and passed.
21. Lord Knutsford, replying to Lord Kimberley, gave details of the repulse at Tambl.
- The Lord Chancellor announced that a Departmental Committee was about to be appointed to inquire into the best modes of dealing with habitual drunkards.
22. Irish Labourers' Allotment Bill read a second time.
29. The Royal assent given by Commission to the Appropriation, Army Annual, Millbank Prison, and Betting and Loans (Infants) Bills.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

- Mar. 1. Mr. Sexton moved an Instruction to the Committee on the Belfast Corporation Bill, to insert a Clause rearranging the Wards of the City of Belfast to secure the representation of all classes on the Town Council. Rejected by 195 to 172.
- Mr. Dixon - Hartland moved for the appointment of a Royal Commission on the London School Board expenditure. Counted out.
2. Second Reading of the Evicted Tenants' (Ireland) Bill rejected by 228 votes to 174.
3. Mr. Balfour moved for morning sittings on Tuesday and Friday throughout the Session. He accepted, however, a suggestion from Mr. Gladstone that the motion should not extend beyond Easter. Motion finally passed by 282 to 60.
- Debate on a vote of £20,000 for the survey of the Mombasa and Victoria Nyanza Railway. Mr. Gladstone complained of lack of information on the subject and exempted himself from all responsibility. Debate adjourned.
4. Mombasa Railway Debate continued by Mr. Labouchere, and carried on by Sir W. Harcourt, Mr. Goschen, and others. Vote carried by 211 to 113.
- Mr. Bruce moved that legislation was needed to secure the rights of the public to free access to the mountains and moorlands of Scotland. Resolution agreed to.
7. Debate on the Vote for 154,072 men, the number of the land forces at home and abroad.
- Sir Stafford Northcote moved a resolution that steps be taken to complete the harbour of Esquimault. Resolution negative.
8. Mr. Chamberlain moved the Second Reading of the Birmingham Water Bill. After some discussion his motion was passed by 244 to 102.
9. Second Reading of the Places of Worship Enfranchisement Bill, passed by 248 to 119.
10. Second Reading of the Bill to repeal the Clause in the Eastbourne Improvement

- Act under which Salvationists have been prosecuted, passed by 269 to 122.
10. Mr. Balfour announced that the Charter of the Gresham University would be referred back to an entirely new Royal Commission.
- Mr. Balfour's resolution, permitting report of Supply to be taken after midnight, carried by 185 to 80.
11. Mr. MacNeill's motion to disallow the votes of Sir L. Pelly, Mr. Burdett Coutts, and Sir J. Puleston, on the Mombasa Railway vote, because they were pecuniarily interested in the undertaking, passed by 154 to 149.
- Birmingham Corporation Water Bill referred to Committee.
14. Names of members of the Royal Commission on the Metropolitan Water Supply announced.



THE LATE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.

(From a photograph by Bassano.)

Votes for 74,100 men and boys, and for £3,679,589 for wages, etc., in the Navy, agreed to.

15. Mr. P. O'Brien obtained leave to bring in a Bill to remove the disabilities imposed on Roman Catholics by the Relief Act of 1829.
- Civil Service Estimates proceeded with in Committee of Supply.
16. Second Reading of the Tenure of Land (Wales) Bill. Mr. Gladstone said he was unable to support the second reading and suggested a Commission of Inquiry. Mr. Chaplin strongly opposed the Bill, and it was finally rejected by 234 to 113.
18. Mr. Balfour's motion that the financial business of the Government have precedence at the evening sitting of private members' business and that it be not interrupted by the 12 o'clock rule, passed after some discussion by 208 to 129.
21. Mr. G. W. Hastings expelled from the House.

21. Mr. Chaplin moved the second reading of the Small Holdings Bill. Debate was proceeded with, but was adjourned.
22. The debate on the second reading of the New Telephone Company Bill adjourned, the Postmaster-General having stated that in a few days he would move for leave to bring in a Bill on the subject.
- National Education (Ireland) Bill read after some debating for the first time.
- Mr. E. Robertson moved his resolution calling for an amendment of the common law doctrine of criminal conspiracy. He was supported by Mr. Lockwood, Sir W. Harcourt, and Sir Charles Russell and opposed by the Home Secretary. Mr. G. Bruce moved an amendment adverse to any alteration till a Bill was brought forward on the subject, and it was carried by 226 to 180.

23. A motion for the second reading of the Eight Hours for Miners Bill, moved by Mr. Leake, was met by an amendment for its rejection by Mr. Burt. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Abraham spoke in favour of the Bill, and it was opposed by Mr. Fenwick, the Home Secretary, and Sir J. Pease. The Bill was thrown out by 272 votes to 160.

24. Debate resumed on the second reading of the Small Holdings Bill. The Bill was finally read a second time.

25. Mr. Balfour's Private Bill Procedure Bill, after some discussion in which Mr. Balfour said he would not object to the Bill being limited to Scotland, read a first time.

Mr. Fenwick's resolution in favour of the payment of members rejected by 227 to 162.

26. Indian Councils Bill read third time.

29. Dr. Cameron moved a resolution in favour of telephones being worked directly by the Government. After some discussion, in which the Postmaster-General joined, the resolution was defeated by 205 to 147.

Mr. Kilbride moved a resolution in favour of giving Irish tenants power to compel their landlords to sell their holdings to them under the Land Purchase Acts. It was defeated by 177 to 86.

OBITUARY.

- Mar. 2. Signor Biancheri, President of the Italian Chamber.
5. Vic-Adm. Jurien de la Gravière, 79.
10. Earl of Denbigh, 69.
- Theodosius, ex-Metropolitan of Servia.
12. Principal John Cairns, of the United Presbyterian Theological Hall, Edinburgh, 74.
14. Louis, Grand Duke of Hesse.
14. Viscount Hampden, 78.
16. Dr. Wm. Smith, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Edinburgh and St. Andrews, 72.
- Prof. Edward A. Freeman, 69.
19. Sir Francis Charles Knowles, 89.
21. Arthur Goring Thomas, composer, killed, 40.
21. Louis Cartigny, last survivor of the battle of Trafalgar, 100.
25. Baroness Bettina Rothschild, 34.
25. Father Godolphin Osborne, of the Brompton Oratory.
- Sir Andrew Agnew, 74.
26. Walt Whitman, 74.

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CARICATURES OF THE MONTH.



MR. GORDON THOMSON.

MR GORDON THOMSON, the caricaturist of *Fun*, is son of the late Mr. George Thomson, manager of the Great Northern Railway. He commenced life in the Civil Service, where he was appointed to a permanent clerkship in the Assessor's Department of Somerset House. All his spare time was devoted to drawing, and when the late Mr. Tom Hood assumed the editorship of *Fun* he was invited to join the staff, doing also a large amount of illustrative work for various publishers. About this time *Fun* became the property of Messrs. Dalziel and Co., who offered the work of weekly cartoonist to Mr. Thomson, and he, finding it impossible to combine his official and artistic duties, resigned his position in the Civil Service, and devoted himself entirely to his art. Mr. Thomson has drawn for other periodicals besides *Fun*, among others being *Punch*, the *Graphic*—to which he was one of the original contributors—the *Sunday Magazine*, and *Good Words*, and has also exhibited paintings in the Royal Academy and elsewhere.

The ideas of the *Fun* cartoons are often very clever, but the drawings are as often very stiff and unnatural. We might almost imagine that Mr. Thomson never draws from the live model, but from a very angular and stiff lay figure. Back in the seventies his cartoons had not this sad peculiarity, so that it may even yet be thrown off. At his best, Mr. Thomson has all the qualifications for a good political cartoonist; his ideas are clever, and his personages are at once recognisable.

We publish more caricatures this month than in any

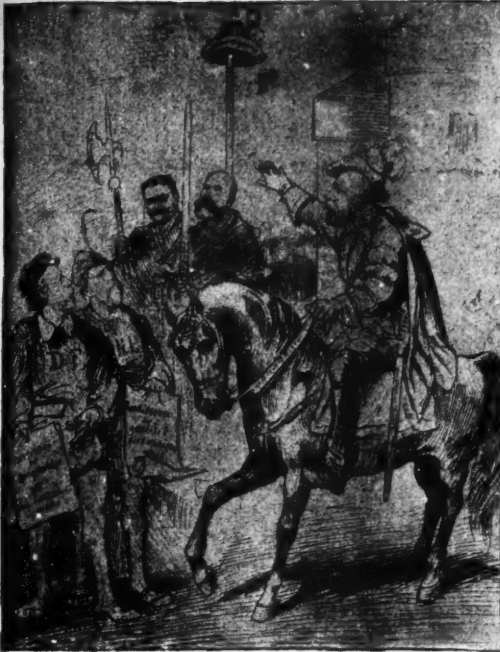
previous number of the *REVIEW*, and never before have we had so varied a collection. The first place is naturally given to the cartoons representing the County Council election. There are two of these, and both, appropriately enough, from a hostile standpoint. The Progressives having won the victory, can afford to allow their opponents the luxury of a parting scoff. The cartoon in the *St. Stephen's Review* is a fair specimen of the kind of weapon that was used against the representatives of the majority of Londoners. The portraits of Professor Stuart, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Burns are not badly executed. As for the others they are only worth preserving in order to illustrate the kind of missile which recoiled upon the heads of those who used it.

The German School Bill affords a text for a capital cartoon in one of the German papers, in which the Bill figures as Geissler's hat that is stuck upon a pole, not as a joke, but in order to test the allegiance of the citizens. The Ministerial crisis in Berlin affords a subject for a French cartoon, in which Caprivi, as head cook, tells his young master that if he cannot manage to keep servants he must do his own cooking. An American view of the German situation is shown on another page, in which the young Emperor figures as Kaiser, Pope, and War-Lord. An Australian artist illustrates another German subject not connected with politics, suggesting that the best method of checking drunkenness in the Fatherland would be to apply the system of meters and inspectors, which is found so useful in other departments of life.

Two American cartoons illustrate the views of the Democrats and Republicans respectively, as to the chances of their candidates. Cleveland, as the three-hatted St. Patrick triumphing over Hill, his rival, for the Democratic nomination, is suggested as a subject for a memorial window, while little President Harrison is shown by the Republican paper as a giant among the Republican dwarfs who would contest his right to re-nomination. The caricature entitled "The School for Scandal" hits off very well the salient features of the controversy that was raised by the editor of the *Speaker* about Lord Hartington's share in the formation of the Liberal Ministry of 1880. *Kladderadatsch* somewhat cruelly illustrates the significance of the Russian apology for having bundled the English officers out of the Pamir by a picture of the proprietor of a house humbly bowing his apologies out of the window after having previously thrown his guests downstairs.

There are a great number of pictures very much reduced, but which illustrate as effectively as if they were three times the size the artist's point. The conspicuous triumph achieved by the Salvation Army over the debate on the Eastbourne Bill in the House of Commons is somewhat smartly described by the Conservative artist, who represents General Booth singing a Salvation ballad while the leading luminaries of the English Bar are dancing around him playing concertinas and other instruments of the Salvation Army band.

The other cartoons which are Australian and American speak for themselves. We conclude with another illustration from *Pick-Me-Ups* gallery of people's heads and what they contain. It is to be hoped no zealous Protestant will take alarm when they see that His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. is supposed to occupy the interior of my cranium.



From UK.]

THE GERMAN SCHOOL BILL.

[March 4, 1892.]

ZEDLITZ: "I have not set up the bat in Altorf for a joke—I have set it up that they may learn to bow their stiff necks to me."



From La Si'houette.]

A BAD SITUATION.

[March 27, 1892.]

CAPTIVE (the head cook): "If one cannot keep a single servant, one has to do one's own cooking."



From Judge.]

ST. PATRICK AND THE TOUGH SNAKE.

[March 19, 1892.]

A suggestion for a memorial window in Tammany Hall.



From Puck.]

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

[March 12, 1892.]

This is how President Harrison appears in the estimation of the people, when compared with the other Republican candidates.



From Judy.]

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

[March 9, 1892.]

SIR PETER TEAZLE	"THE TIMES."
JOSEPH SURFACE	MR. WEMYSS REID.
CHARLES SURFACE	"THE PALL MALL GAZETTE."
LADY TEAZLE	???



From Puck.]

[March 9, 1892.]

A TRINITY ALL BY HIMSELF—KAISER, POPE, AND "WAR-LORD."

GERMAN HANS (to himself): "They say my patience is proverbial, but this sort of thing is bringing it to an end very fast!"



From Kladderadatsch.]

[March 8.]

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

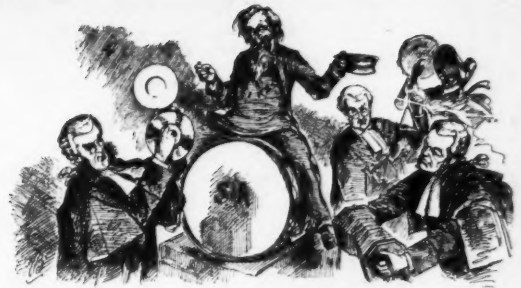
"Gentlemen, kindly excuse me. It was a misunderstanding. Pray come and see me again soon."—Russia to the British Officers in the Famir.



From Judy.]

LEADERS.

[March 23, 1892.]



From Moonshine.]

[March 26, 1892.]

THE OLD MAN RUNS OFF WITH THE LAWYERS.

In the House of Commons Mr. Booth has the support of Sir Edward Clarke, Sir Charles Russell, Sir Henry James.



Buried out to die.

From the Sydney Bulletin.]

[Feb. 13, 1892.]



From Pick-Me-Up.]

[April 2, 1892.]

"ON THE BRAIN."
Prince Bismarck.



From Judy.]

[March 26, 1892.]



From Kladderadatsch.]

[March 27, 1892.]

THE GERMAN SCHOOL BILL A LA CERVANTES.

Capri Quixote and Zedli z Sancho Panza mount their steed.



From Kladderadatsch.]

[March 27, 1892.]

But — Finale!



From Grip,]

[Jan. 9, 1892.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON AND THE CANADIAN MAZEPPA.



From the South African Press,]

[March 6, 1892.

"SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR;

OR,

BAITING THE TRANSVAAL ONCE TOO OFTEN."



From Grip,]

[Feb. 3, 1892.

ABBOTT TO THE RESCUE.

CANADA: "Can't you do something, sir, to help a poor woman, whose children are in distress?"

PREMIER ABBOTT: "Certainly, madame. Such as I have I give unto thee. Be ye warmed and fed!"



Fr. m Grip,]

[Feb. 20, 1892.

THE CANADIAN DELEGATION, LIMITED.

BLAINE: "Well, neighbours, how far are you prepared to go in the direction of reciprocity?"

SIR JOHN THOMPSON: "Just as far as this gentleman will permit us."



MR. WHISTLER.



MR. GEORGE NEWNES,
Of "Tit-Bits."



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR



MR. W. T. STEAD.



MR. LAWSON,
Of the "Daily Telegraph."



MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

"ON THE BRAIN."

A FURTHER SELECTION OF MR. PHIL MAY'S CARICATURES.

Reproduced by permission from *Pick-Me-Up*.



MR. GLADSTONE'S IRISH POLICY.
 AN EMBLEMATICAL DESIGN BY MR. WALTER CRANE AND MR. HENRY HOLIDAY.
 (Originally issued with Christmas Number of "United Ireland.")

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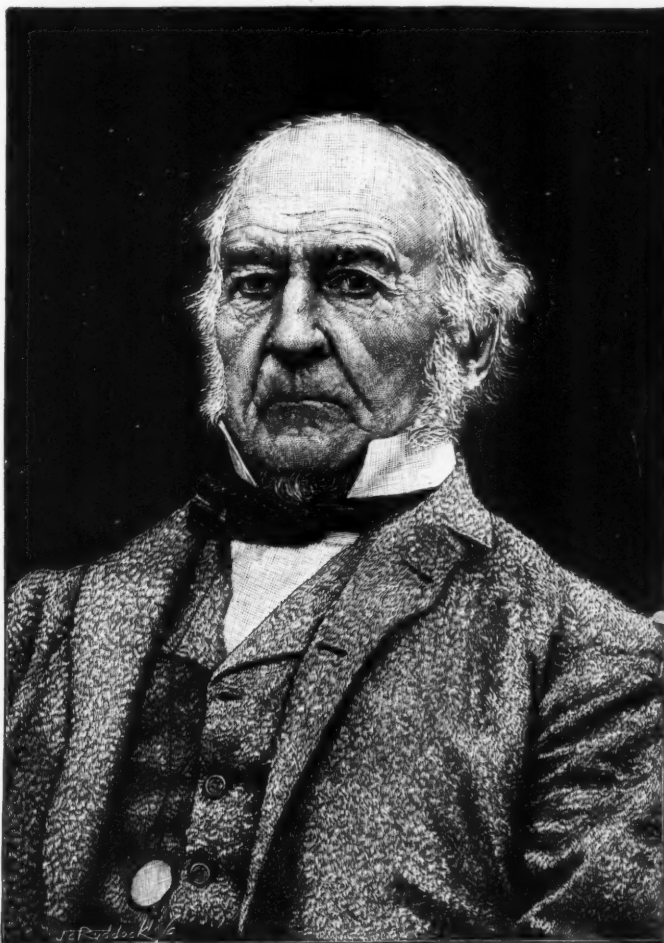
CHARACTER SKETCH: APRIL.

MR. GLADSTONE.

STARTING POINT.

SO much has been written about Mr. Gladstone that it was with some sinking of heart I ventured to select him as a subject for my next character sketch. But I took heart of grace when I remembered that the object of these sketches is to describe their subject as he appears to himself at his best, and not as he appears to his enemies at his worst. So I surrender myself to the full luxury of painting what may be described as the heroic Mr. Gladstone, the Mr. Gladstone who for a quarter of a century has excited the almost idolatrous devotion of millions of his countrymen. There are plenty of other people ready to fill in the shadows. This paper is merely an attempt to catch, as it were, the outline of the heroic figure which has dominated English politics for the lifetime of this generation, and thereby to explain something of the fascination which his personality has exercised and still exercises over the men and women of his time. If his enemies, and they are many, say that I have idealised a wily old opportunist out of all recognition, I answer that to the majority of his fellow subjects my portrait is not over drawn. The real Gladstone may be other than this, but this is probably more like the Gladstone for whom the electors believe they are voting than a picture of Gladstone "warts and all" would be. And when I am abused, as I know I shall be, for printing

such a sketch, I shall reply that there is at least one thing to be said in its favour. To those who know him best in his own household, and to those who only know him as a great name in history, my sketch will only appear faulty because it does not do full justice to the character and genius of this extraordinary man.



From a photograph by]

[Mr. F. Rowlands Hawarden.

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE G.O.M.

I.—THE GRAND OLD MAN.

Mr. Gladstone appeals to the men of to-day from the vantage-point of extreme old age. Age is so frequently dotage, that when a veteran appears who preserves the heart of a boy and the happy audacity of youth under the "lyart haffets wearing thin and bare" of aged manhood, it seems as if there is something supernatural about it, and all men feel the fascination and the charm. Mr. Gladstone, as he gleefully remarked the other day, has broken the record. He has outlived Lord Palmerston, who died when eighty-one; and Thiers, who only lived to be eighty. The blind old Dandolo in Byron's familiar verse—

The octogenarian chief,
Byzantium's conquering foe

had not more energy than the Liberal leader, who now in his

eighty-third year has more verve, and spring, and go, than any of his lieutenants, not excluding the youngest recruit. There is something imposing and even sublime in the long procession of years which bridge as with eighty-two arches the abyss of past time, and carry us back to the days of Canning, and of Castlereagh, of

Napoleon, and of Wellington. His parliamentary career extends over sixty years—the lifetime of two generations. He is the custodian of all the traditions, the hero of the experience of successive administrations, from a time dating back longer than most of his colleagues can remember. For nearly forty years he has had a leading part in making or in unmaking Cabinets, he has served his Queen and his country in almost every capacity in office and in opposition, and yet to-day, despite his prolonged sojourn in the malaria of political wirepulling, his heart seems to be as the heart of a little child. If some who remember “the old Parliamentary hand” should whisper that the innocence of the dove is sometimes compatible with the wisdom of the serpent, I make no dissent. It is easy to be a dove, and to be as silly as a dove. It is easy to be as wise as a serpent, and as wicked, let us say, as Mr. Governor Hill or Lord Beaconsfield. But it is the combination that is difficult, and in Mr. Gladstone the combination is almost ideally complete.

HIS PERENNIAL YOUTH.

Mr. Gladstone is old enough to be the grandfather of the younger race of politicians, but his courage, his faith, and his versatility, put the youngest of them to shame. It is this ebullience of youthful energy, this inexhaustible vitality, which is the admiration and the despair of his contemporaries. Surely when a schoolboy at Eton he must somewhere have discovered the elixir of life or have been bathed by some beneficent fairy in the well of perpetual youth. Gladly would many a man of fifty exchange physique with this hale and hearty octogenarian. Only in one respect does he show any trace of advancing years. His hearing is not quite so good as it was, but still it is far better than that of Cardinal Manning, who became very deaf in the closing years. Otherwise Mr. Gladstone is hale and hearty. His eye is not dim, neither is his natural force abated. A splendid physical frame, carefully preserved, gives every promise of a continuance of his green old age.

HIS PRESENT PROSPECT OF LIFE.

His political opponents, who began this Parliament by confidently calculating upon his death before the dissolution, are now beginning to admit that it is by no means improbable that Mr. Gladstone may survive the century. Nor was it quite so fantastic as it appears at first sight, when an ingenious disciple told him the other day that by the fitness of things he ought to live for twenty years yet. “For,” said this political arithmetician, “you have been twenty-six years a Tory, twenty-six years a Whig Liberal, and you have been only six years a Radical Home Ruler. To make the balance even you have twenty years still to serve.”

Sir Provo Wallis, the Admiral of the Fleet, who died the other day at the age of one hundred, had not a better constitution than Mr. Gladstone, nor had it been more carefully preserved in the rough and tumble of our naval war. If the man who smelt powder in the famous fight between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* lived to read the reports of the preparations for the great exhibition at Chicago, it is not so incredible that Mr. Gladstone may at least be in the foretop of the State at the dawn of the twentieth century.

The thought is enough to turn the Tories green with sickening despair, that the chances of his life from a life insurance office point of view are probably much better than Lord Salisbury's. But that is one of the attributes of Mr. Gladstone which endear him so much to his party. He is always making his enemies sick with despairing jealousy. He is the great political evergreen, who seems

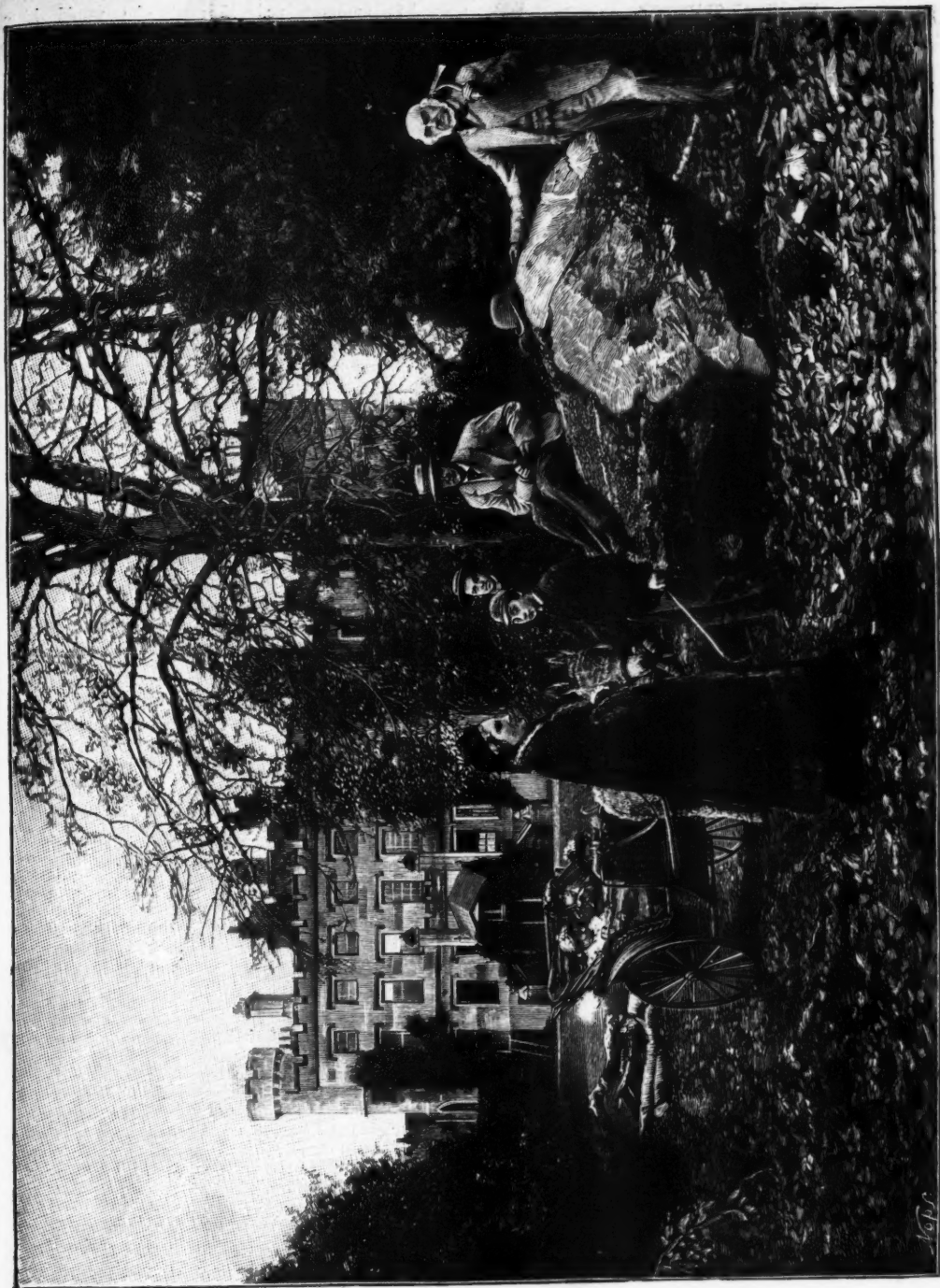
even in his political life to have borrowed something of immortality from the fame which he has won. He has long been the Grand Old Man, if he lives much longer he bids fair to be known as the immortal old man in more senses than one.

ADMIRABLE CRICHTON REDIVIVUS.

Of him, as of Cleopatra, it may be said that age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety. He is, no doubt, at present absorbed in Home Rule. He is and always has been, in one sense, a man of one idea. But while he is seemingly absorbed in the pursuit of one set object, he is all the while making a diligent understudy of other questions, with which he will ere long astonish the world with his familiarity. He could probably amaze Mr. Sidney Webb at this moment by his familiarity with the eight hours' question, and could give the London County Council invaluable hints as to the best method of replenishing its impoverished exchequer. Even when apparently consumed by his preoccupation about Ireland or Bulgaria, he snatches time to review “*Ecce Homo*,” to discourse on the Olympian gods, or to write essays about Marie Bashkirtseff. He is a wonderfully all-round man. No one can stand up to him in a fair fight and not be rolled over in the first or second round. He is the veritable Launcelot of the Parliamentary arena, and before his unerring lance every crest goes down. He may not do everything he puts his hand to better than any other man who makes that special thing the sole study of a lifetime, but he does more things better than any other living man. And some things he does supremely well, as well as if he had spent his whole life in acquiring mastery of the art. As a financier and as a popular orator he stands unrivalled.

HIS PLUCK AND STAYING POWER.

Another great secret of his popularity is his marvellous courage, resource, and indomitable resolution. The British public likes pluck in public men, and Mr. Gladstone has pluck enough to supply a couple of Cabinets. “There is no man living,” remarked a naval officer some time ago, “who would have made so splendid an admiral of the old type as Mr. Gladstone if he had only been in the navy. Once let him be convinced of the righteousness of his cause, and he would fight against any odds, nail his colours to the mast, and blow up the powder magazine rather than surrender.” Sir Henry Maine has remarked with much truth that much of the interest which Englishmen take in politics is the sporting interest. Politics are to them a great game, and they have their favourites for place and power, as they have favourites for the Derby or St. Leger. They look upon the debates in St. Stephen's very much as their ancestors used to look upon a cock-fight; and there is no doubt that much of the enthusiasm with which Mr. Gladstone is regarded by combative Englishmen of the lower orders is due to the fact that in the great Imperial Cockpit there is no gamier bird than he. The “Old un” always comes up to time, and displays more vigour and spirit than any combatant in the lists. He is at once the envy and despair of his colleagues and opponents. The more difficulties there are to be overcome the more pleased he seems to be. His spirit rises with each obstacle, and he literally revels in the sudden discovery of a host of unexpected barriers which must be cleared before he reaches the goal. All this, displayed time after time, under the most diverse circumstances, has made the public confident that Mr. Gladstone is never so sure to excel himself as when he is confronted with difficulties that would utterly crush a weaker man.



A FAMILY GROUP AT HAWARDEN CASTLE.

THE IDEAL GLADSTONE.

But it is not as an Admirable Crichton of the Nineteenth Century that he commands the homage of his countrymen. The English and Scotch seldom are enthusiastic about mere intellectual versatility in the smartest mental gymnast. We are at bottom a profoundly religious race, and those who would arouse the enthusiasm of our people must touch the heart rather than the head of the nation. Mr. Gladstone is great in Parliamentary cut and thrust and parry. He is wonderful in a great debate, and beyond all rivalry as a platform orator; but the great secret of his hold upon the popular heart is the prevailing conviction that he is at bottom not a mere old Parliamentary hand or cunning lecturer, but a knight and a hero who can always be relied upon to act like a knight and a hero whenever there is any knightly and heroic task to be done. "It is all humbug," says the enemy, "he is a self-seeker like the rest of us." But that is just what the mass of men will not believe. To them Mr. Gladstone is the one man left in politics now that Mr. Bright is dead, who is capable of self-sacrifice. If a gulf opened in our Forum and the cry went forth for an English Quintus Curtius, it is from Hawarden that most people would expect the answer to come. He represents the element of the ideal in our political strife. He is the statesman of aspiration and of enthusiasm; he is the man of faith, the leader of the forlorn hope, the heaven-sent champion of the desolate and the oppressed. Many of us for years needed no other watchword than "Gladstone" to nerve us for the fray—

Press where you see my white plume shine amid the ranks
of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day, the helmet of Navarre,

always recurs to my mind when thinking over the most famous of those dashing, headlong charges which Mr. Gladstone led against the serried ranks of the supporters of the oppressor.

THE SECRET OF HIS POWER.

The great secret of Mr. Gladstone's hold upon the nation's heart is the belief which has become a fixed conviction with the masses of the voters that he is animated by a supreme regard for the welfare of the common people, and an all-constraining conviction of his obligation to God. Mr. Gladstone is far and away the most conspicuous Christian in the popular estimation



HAWARDEN CHURCH.

now left amongst us. Formerly he would have divided the honours with Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Bright, and Cardinal Manning. Now he stands alone; nor is there a bishop or an archbishop among them all who can so much as touch the hem of his garment so far as the popular feeling goes. Mr. Gladstone is far and away the greatest pillar and prop of English orthodoxy left amongst us. To the ordinary voter here and beyond the seas it is more important that Mr. Gladstone is unshaken in his assent to what he regards as the eternal verities than that all the bishops in all the Churches should unhesitatingly affirm their faith in the creed of Athanasius. He is a man whose intellect they respect, even if they do not understand. "He is a capable man, a practical man, a ripe scholar, and an experienced statesman; if it is good enough for him, it is good enough for us." So reason many men more or less logically, and so the services in Hawarden Parish Church, where Mr. Gladstone reads the lessons, much more than any cathedral service, have come to have a religious importance that is felt throughout the empire.

THE EPIC STRAIN IN POLITICS.

Men see what they bring. They find what they seek. Mr. Gladstone is to many a mirror in which they see but the reflection of their own faces. The wirepuller sees in him but a glorified image of himself—a Brocken spectral magnification of the electioneerer. The wily, wary diplomat discovers that Mr. Gladstone is as wily and as wary as himself, masking behind apparent open-hearted guilelessness the *rusé* acuteness of the cleverest fox that ever baffled hounds. But those who worship him do not see those elements in his character. They see in him the realisation of their highest ideal of chivalry and self-sacrifice. What Lowell said of Lamartine represents what most of those who believe in Mr. Gladstone think of him:—

No fitting mete wand hath To-day

For measuring spirits of thy stature—

Only the Future can reach up to lay

The laurel on that lofty nature—

Bard who with some diviner art

Has touched the bard's true lyre, a nation's heart.

THE HIGHER NOTE.

The great moments in our recent history, when Englishmen felt that it was worth while to live, have most of them been associated with his name. The epic strain is not frequent in our politics, but wherever it has occurred of recent years, we owe it to Mr. Gladstone. He has touched, and he alone, with the exception of Mr. Bright, the higher nature of man. His appeal, as Emerson would say, is always to the over-soul. Said one of his colleagues recently, "If I were asked what was the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's power, I should say that he never for a moment forgets or allows his hearers to forget that he regards man as a moral being. He does not forget that they are soldiers, voters, toilers, merchants, but over and above all there is constantly present to his mind the fact that they are moral beings." It is this higher note, distinctly audible above all the dust and din of the party fight, which constitutes the secret of his charm.

THE KNIGHT ERRANT OF LIBERTY.

To those who know him best and to those who know him least he is ever the Knight Errant of the World, ever ready to ride off on some feat of high emprise at the summons of distressful innocence or outraged justice. The

man whose voice, clear as a silver trumpet, rang through Europe in denunciation of the horrors of Neapolitan dungeons and the atrocities of the Turks in Bulgaria, needs no other title to enduring fame. His two pamphlets paved the way for the liberation of two peninsulas. Italy free and indivisible rose from the grave of ages at his kindling summons; and Bulgaria free, but not yet undivided, is the living monument of the vivifying might of his spoken word. He was in both the Italian and the Balkan Peninsula Heaven's Herald of the Dawn. Like Prometheus he became—

A name to fright
all tyrants with,
a light
Unsetting as the
Pole star; a
great voice
Heard in the
breathless pauses
of the fight
By truth and free-
dom ever waged
with wrong.

Nor can it be ignored even by the most fanatical Unionist that his devotion to the cause of Ireland has been marked by the same passionate enthusiasm which, if it had been displayed in relation to other lands, would have excited their highest admiration. As the Knight of Liberty sworn to the cause of the oppressed, Mr. Gladstone has done inestimable service to the men of this generation.

HIS MORAL GREATNESS.

In the midst of the banalities and pettinesses which often degrade politics to the low level of a butler's pantry, he has towered aloft, majestic even when mistaken, serving the good cause even when he opposed it better than many of those who tendered it their support from sordid motives or the mean calculations of the political huckster. He towers before us like one of his own Olympian deities, and if like these ancients he occasionally descends to the haunts of mortal men, and condescends like Jove to very human frailties, he is still of Olympus, Olympian. If Mr. Gladstone

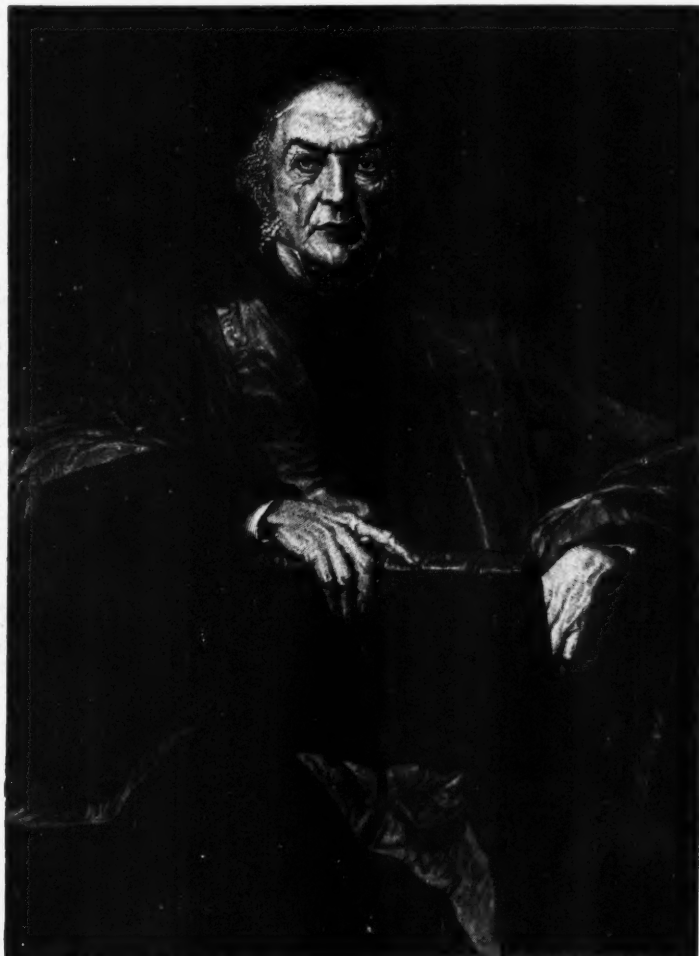
were decreed by the fates to do the meanest of actions, he could not accomplish his destiny until he had surrounded the hateful deed with a very nimbus of supernatural splendour. Until he has convinced himself that a thing is noble and righteous, and altogether excellent either in itself or because it is the destined means to a supremely righteous end, he will not hear of it. Hence although there may be somewhat unreal about this, it is real enough to him. If it is theatrical, he has been so long on the stage that he feels

naked and forlorn without his moral buskins.

THE POLITICAL ENGINEER.

But it is not theatrical — save in its mere fringes and corners. The main warp and woof of his life's work has been simply honestly sincere. This is obscured from many by Gordon and Home Rule. But there was no insincerity in his dealings with Gordon. Mistakes there were no doubt, many and grievous, but they were mistakes of honest conviction based on imperfect acquaintance with facts. As to Home Rule, the suddenness of his declaration in favour of an Irish Parliament, when Mr. Parnell acquired the balance-weight in the House of Commons, was no more proof of his insincerity than the porting of the helm when the wind suddenly shifts proves that the helmsman is a dishonest rogue. Mr. Gladstone is a rare combination of an idealist and a man of

affairs. He is a dreamer of dreams, no doubt, but he dreams them only as a civil engineer draws up his plans and specifications with a view to having them carried out. They are on paper to-day, only in order that they may be in brick and concrete and stone to-morrow. He may have his preferences for brick or concrete or stone in constructing a bridge, but that is a detail. His supreme object is to make a bridge. He may advertise for brick,



from his painting (by)

[W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.]

MR. GLADSTONE IN 1882.

believing that to be the best, and if brick is to be had he will build with it. But if after doing his best, there is not a brick nor half a brick to be bought in the whole of the market, then promptly without much lamentation over the missing bricks he will take the stone or rubble that lies ready to hand and make his bridge of that. The great thing is to get the bridge built, and the moment it is absolutely certain that no brick is to be had, is the moment when it is time to decide in favour of the next best material which can be obtained. Every one recognises this in the building of bridges. But in politics it is considered needful that a certain period of lamentation over the dearth of bricks should intervene before the order is given for the stone. Mr. Gladstone acts in politics as an engineer in the building of bridges. He does not waste time in vain conventionalities, and when it was quite clear that the Irish had made up their minds never to be content without Home Rule, and had shown it by the practical and constitutional method of returning an overwhelming majority of Home Rulers to Westminster, Mr. Gladstone bowed to the inevitable, and cut his coat according to his cloth.

THE QUIXOTE OF CONSCIENCE.

It is ridiculous to pretend, with Mr. Gladstone's career before us, that his course has been swayed by calculating self-interest. He has been the very madman of politics from the point of view of Mr. Worldly-Wiseman. "No man," said he, the other day, "has ever committed suicide so often as I," and that witness is true. The first and perhaps most typical of all his many suicides was his resignation of his seat in Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet, not because he disapproved of the Maynooth Grant, but because, as he had at one time written against it, he was determined that his advocacy of it should be purged of the least taint of self-interest. As Mr. George Russell rightly remarks, "This was an act of Parliamentary Quixotism too eccentric to be intelligible. It argued a fastidious sensitiveness of conscience, and a nice sense of political propriety so opposed to the sordid selfishness and unblushing tergiversation of the ordinary place-hunter as to be almost offensive." But as Mr. Gladstone was then, so he has been all his life—the very Quixote of Conscience. Judged by every standard of human probability, he has ruined himself over and over and over again. He is always ruining himself, and always rising, like the phoenix, in renewed youth from the ashes of his funeral pyre. As was said in homely phrase some years ago, he always keeps bobbing up again. What is the secret of this wonderful capacity for revival? How is it that Mr. Gladstone seems to find even his blunders help him, and the affirmation of principles that seem to be destructive to all chance of the success of his policy absolutely helps him to its realisation?

From a merely human standpoint it is inexplicable. But

If right or wrong on this God's world of ours
Be leagued with higher Powers,

then the mystery is not so insoluble. He believed in the higher Powers. He never shrank from putting his faith to the test, and on the whole, who can deny that for his country and for himself he has reason to rejoice in the verification of his working hypothesis?

WALKING BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT.

"We walk by faith and not by sight," he said once; "and by no one so much as by those who are in politics is this necessary." It is the evidence of things not seen, the eternal principles, the great invisible moral sanctions

that men are wont to call the laws of God, which alone supply a safe guide through this mortal wilderness.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!

See one straightforward conscience put in pawn

To win a world: see the obedient sphere

By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,

And by the Present's lips repeated still?

In our own single manhood to be bold,

Fortressed in conscience and impregnable.

Mr. Gladstone has never hesitated to counter at sharp right angle the passion and the fury of the day. Those who represent him as ever strong upon the stronger side wilfully shut their eyes to half his history. He challenged Lord Palmerston over the Don Pacifico question, when the doctrine of *Civis Romanus Sum* was in the first freshness of its glory, and was believed to have wrecked himself almost as completely as when in 1876 he countered even more resolutely the fantastic Jingoism of Lord Beaconsfield. It is easy for those who come after, and enter into the spoils gained by sacrifices of which they themselves were incapable, to describe the Bulgarian agitation as an astute party move. The party did not think so. Its leaders did not think so. Some of those who now halloo loud enough behind Mr. Gladstone were then bitter enough in their complaint that he had wrecked his party. One at least, who was constrained to say the other thing in public, made up for it by bitter and contemptuous cavillings in private. Now it is easy to see that Lord Beaconsfield was mistaken, and that Mr. Gladstone held the winning card all along. But no one knew it at the time when the card had to be played, certainly not Mr. Gladstone himself. He simply saw his duty a dead sure thing, and, like Jim Bludso on the burning boat, "He went for it there and then." It turned up trumps, but no one knew how heavy were the odds against it save those who went through the stress and the strain of that testing and trying time by his side.

ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM.

Mr. Gladstone has no doubt been often and marvellously successful. But sometimes, when he has been most right, he has been most hopelessly beaten. He was, by universal consent, right in opposing the absurd Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; he was also right in opposing the puerile Bill to put down Ritualism; but on both occasions he was powerless against the popular frenzy. It might have been the same in his warfare against Jingoism. The certainty of failure did not daunt him in his strenuous struggle, carried at times to the length of positive obstruction, against the Divorce Bill.

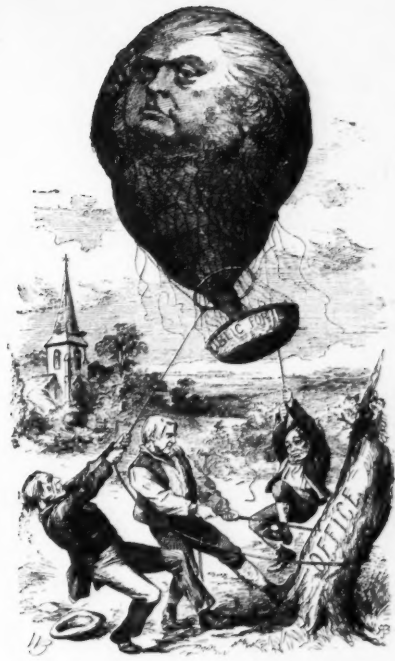
In these matters Mr. Gladstone does not calculate. When he sees clearly what ought to be done, he does it; and it is this habit of walking according to the light that is given him, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, that has given him his unique hold upon the minds and the imagination of his countrymen.

THE MIGHT OF HIS CONVICTIONS.

Mr. Gladstone speaks with all the authority of a Pope who fully believes in his own infallibility. He possesses the first of all qualifications for inspiring faith in others—an implicit faith in his own cause. The intense consciousness of the absolute rectitude of his motives has its drawbacks, no doubt; it occasionally leads, for instance, to the implied assumption that all men who differ from him must, without doubt, perish everlastingly, not because of any wrath or indignation on his part, but merely because to oppose the will of one so supremely right approximates to the



From Judy,] [May 20, 1868.
GLADSTONE'S DREAM.



From Judy,] [June 9, 1869.
THE CAPTIVE BALLOON.



From Judy,] [May 17, 1871.
DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR; OR, JOHN BARLEYCORN'S VICTORY.



From Judy,] [March 6, 1872.
THE EGG DANCE,
As performed at the T.R., St. Stephen's, by a Famous Double Shuffler.

nature of the unpardonable sin, and reveals an innate depravity which merits the everlasting burnings. When newspapers and politicians oppose him he is not vexed; he is only grieved that such good men should go so far astray, and sincerely hopes for the day when the light will dawn upon their souls and they will understand how great a mistake they have made in opposing the schemes which he has devised for the alleviation of the sufferings of his race.

In the August of 1855, Lord Aberdeen said:—

Gladstone intends to be Prime Minister. He has great qualifications, but some serious defects: the chief, that when he has convinced himself, perhaps by abstract reasoning, of some view, he thinks that every one else ought to see it at once as he does, and can make no allowance for differences of opinion.

This, however, was not peculiar to Mr. Gladstone, as the following story shows:—

A CHARACTERISTIC STORY.

Mr. Frank Holl, who painted Mr. Gladstone, also painted a portrait of Mr. Bright. "When Mr. Bright was sitting for his portrait, so Mr. Holl told the story, he hazarded the remark:—'It must be a very painful thing for you, Mr. Bright, that after all these years you should have found cause to sever your connection?' 'Indeed it is,' responded Mr. Bright, with a sigh; 'to think that after we have trodden the same path together, shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand, we should be forced apart in the evening of our lives! And by what? By a bogey that has risen up within him, and is beckoning him away from duty and sense, by his own Frankenstein's monster. Do you know, Mr. Holl, I seriously fear that my dear old friend's mind has really become radically undermined.' When I was painting Mr. Gladstone, the subject of Mr. Bright's portrait cropped up. 'Ah!' said Mr. Gladstone, with much interest, 'and how did you find him?' 'Fairly well; and he spoke very affectionately of you, Mr. Gladstone.' 'Did he indeed?' replied he, sorrowfully, 'did he indeed? Ah; that was a cruel blow. That after a lifetime of mutual esteem and of good work carried through together we should be divided on so clear a question! Tell me, Mr. Holl—and here his mouth twitched and his voice shook with great emotion—'tell me, did you observe anything in the manner of my old friend which would lead you to believe that his reason was becoming in any way unhinged?'"

One point in which Mr. Gladstone is subject to much misapprehension is the result of his exceeding conscientiousness. He is so over-accurate that he often seems not to be accurate at all. He is so careful to make the finest distinctions, to convey to a hair's breadth his exact meaning, that sometimes he seems to be refining and quibbling, and creating loopholes for escape at some future time. In reality, he always tells the truth exactly as he sees it; but he sees it so clearly and with such mathematical accuracy that to the ordinary man who never sees anything as it is, but only as it appears, the difference between what Mr. Gladstone sees and what Mr. Gladstone says he sees is often quite inexplicable.

HIS GREATNESS.

Not, indeed, for naught and in vain has this great life been lived openly before all men, an object lesson unequalled in our time, of loftiness of aim, of integrity of purpose, and of unflinching faith in God and trust in man. He has taught us that it is the high-souled man who has the greatest power, even over the poorest and most ignorant of the toilers of the world; that supreme

capacity in Parliament is compatible with the most simple-hearted devotion; and that the most adroit and capable of statesmen can be at the same time as chivalrous and heroic as any of the knights of Arthur's Table Round. Amid the crowd of contemporary statesmen, he towers like a son of Anak above all his compeers.

In mind, in heart, in soul, in everything, excepting physique, he is a giant. Beside him there is not any who can even be considered as a rival, and after him there cometh, as yet, no one with shoulders broad enough to bear his mantle. As Canon Liddon said to me as we drove one summer morning round the slopes of Benvoirlich, whose distant summit was hidden from our eyes by our nearness to its base, "That mountain reminds me of Mr. Gladstone. We shall never know how great he is while we are with him. After he is gone we shall begin to discover how vastly he towers over all the men of his generation."

II.—THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT.

First impressions are deepest, freshest, and most permanent. Never shall I forget the first time I ever saw Mr. Gladstone: it was also the first time I heard the stirring strains of his impassioned eloquence. It was a memorable day, standing out foremost among many such—the day when Mr. Gladstone, who had retired the previous year from the leadership of the party in order to carry out his views as to the best method of spending the closing years of his life, emerged from his retirement in order to lead the national outburst against the Turkish Alliance. As I came up from Darlington, which had honourably distinguished itself by the promptitude and vigour of its protest long before Mr. Gladstone had spoken, I watched the sun rise over the Eastern fens and thought that I had seen a day dawn destined to be for ever memorable in the annals of human freedom. A strange new sense of the reality of the romance of history came to me, a feeling that I was that day to take, however humble, a part in a meeting that linked the prosaic present to the great days of old. Mr. Gladstone seemed but the last of a long line of national heroes, stretching through the Lion Heart and Hereward and Harold and Alfred to the purple haze of Arthurian romance. I was only twenty-seven, and it was the first occasion I had ever been at the centre of things. The sun that rose in splendour was soon obscured with rain clouds, and the muster at Blackheath assembled under the most depressing circumstances. But nothing, not even the drip from a thousand umbrellas, could abate the enthusiasm of the immense concourse which assembled to greet Mr. Gladstone.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Looking back over the account I wrote of that famous gathering, I find the following description of Mr. Gladstone as I first saw him when he launched the country into the Atrocity agitation which revolutionised English policy in the East, and paved the way for the liberation of the Christian East:—

"Mr. Gladstone is not tall, neither is he stout. He is the contrary—spare and somewhat wiry. But it was difficult to think of his body when looking at his face. Such a marvellously expressive face I do not ever remember to have seen. Every muscle seemed alive, every inch of it seemed to speak. It was in perpetual motion. Now it rippled over with a genial smile, then the smile disappeared, and the horror expressed by his words reflected on his countenance, and then again, his high-wrought feeling gleamed out from his flashing eye, and the listener might have imagined he was hearing the outpourings of



From *Judy*.]
L'ALLEGRO.



[May 11, 1870.
IL PENSEROSO.



From *Judy*.]
POOR JOHN BULL. [Nov. 6, 1872.
In his last new and popular character.



From *Judy*.]
MR. GLADSTONE'S BRITISH LION (Registered). [Dec. 5, 1877.
Yet there may possibly be some mistake, and the real animal may still be alive.



From *Judy*.]
LENT-A RECAPITULATION. [Feb. 18, 1891.



From *Judy*.]
NOT "ON THE LINE." May 14, 1890.
UNSUCCESSFUL ARTIST: "'Skied' again, Bertie! Never mtd.; there's nothing else worth looking at."

one of the prophets who brought the message of Jehovah to Israel. A benevolent face, too, it was; one from which the kindness enthroned in the heart looks out upon you through the eyes, and leavens every feature with such mildness and sweetness that it is difficult to conceive that he whose face rivals the tenderness of that of a woman has proved himself the best man upon the field, not upon one occasion, but upon hundreds, whenever in the halls of St. Stephen's the signal has been given for battle."

HIS BLACKHEATH SPEECH.

Much has been written of Mr. Gladstone as an orator, and only those who have been under the spell of the magician can rightly understand the hold which he exercises over his audience. I don't think I can do better than reproduce here what I wrote then. I have never heard Mr. Gladstone to greater advantage, nor has any other single speech of his left so deep a dent in history. After describing the opening of his speech at Blackheath, I went on as follows:—

When at length drawing his proofs to a close, he declared that the Government of Turkey was as deeply dyed in blood, hand and arm, as the vilest of mercenaries, the tremendous energy of the speaker was reflected by his audience, and a roar went up from the whole of the great throng—a roar which might justly be regarded as the inarticulate condemnation which Democracy was pronouncing upon the Ottomans, the emphatic attestation by the English people of the guilt of the Turks. Mr. Gladstone only occasionally rose to the height of fervid expression. He did so when he declared that all the massacres and outrages which form the worst pages of English history concentrated into one blot would not be worthy to appear upon one of the pages which hereafter will consign to eternal infamy the proceedings of the Turks in Bulgaria. The man's soul seemed to go out of him in the extraordinary earnestness with which he hurled his anathemas at the heads of the devastators of Bulgaria. A remarkable instance of this was afforded his hearers in the concentrated scorn and indignation, indescribable by us, with which in replying to the excuse that it was only a few irregulars who had committed these atrocities, he pronounced the words, "Irregulars and regulars they are all alike." It is but a simple sentence, but falling as it did red hot from Mr. Gladstone's lips upon an immense multitude all fully aroused to the immense importance of the occasion, it had a marvellous effect. The wonderful compass of his voice, the withering emphasis with which he pronounced each syllable, will never leave the memory of those who heard it. But the most sustained, and perhaps the finest portion of his speech, was that in which he explained the terms on which he would allow the Turks. As if he were addressing the Ottomans, he paused, and then drawing himself up to his full height, he began with a measured solemn cadence, sentence slowly following sentence: "You shall receive your regular tribute, retain your titular sovereignty, your empire shall not be invaded, but," then Mr. Gladstone's eye kindled, and lifting his clenched hand on high, he proceeded in tones which rang clear as a clarion on every ear, "but never again as the years roll in their course, so far as it is in our power to determine, never again shall the hand of violence be raised by you, never again shall the flood-gate of lust be open to you, never again shall the dire refinements of cruelty be devised by you for the sake of making mankind miserable."

Here the pent-up feeling of the multitude found vent in a tremendous roar of applause, in which the end of the sentence was entirely lost. There was a rhythm almost as of a chant in the way in which Mr. Gladstone pronounced these solemn words, and carried awe into every heart. It was as if the High Priest of Humanity were pronouncing the doom which was impending over the guilty empire. In different style, but quite as emphatic, was his abrupt and decisive declaration that if these outrages reported as taking place

in Serbia were facts, they ought to be stopped. James Russell Lowell, speaking of Theodore Parker, described the secret of his oratory in words which may well be applied to Mr. Gladstone:—

"Every word that he speaks has been fiercely furnace
In the blast of a life that has struggled in earnest.
His periods fall on you stroke after stroke,
Like the blows of a lumberer felling an oak."

Mr. Gladstone seems to deliver himself of the conclusion of some of his periods as the hunter hurls the spear at his victim, with muscles quivering and the whole energy of the man concentrated into the single act. Nor should we omit another notable characteristic of his oratory—the solemnity with which the foremost statesman of our land appealed to the consciousness of his hearers, that if England suffered her wretched jealousies to thwart the freeing of these peoples she had nothing to anticipate but a just judgment at the hands of the Almighty. The address was throughout permeated by a religious spirit. In its lofty appeal to man's better nature, in its earnest pleading the cause of the oppressed, in its constant recognition of the superintendence and government of the Almighty, it was much more a religious address than many a score of sermons that were preached on the following Sunday. In eloquence, in lofty spirituality, in keen sagacity, and in earnest sympathy, Mr. Gladstone's speech at Blackheath reveals the marvellous combination of qualities which have made Mr. Gladstone the idol of the popular heart, the heaven-sent leader of Englishmen whenever they have any serious work to do that must be done.

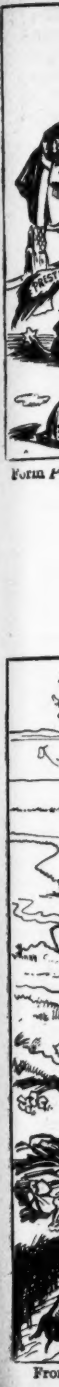
Mr. Gladstone sat down amidst a tempest of applause. A vote of thanks to the chairman was moved and seconded, and not over well received. And then rose a strange cry, a blending of cries, from thousands of voices. It was difficult to make out anything distinctly. Some were calling for Granville, others for Carrington, but over and above all these voices was one vast plaintive, semi-articulate cry—a cry that was also a prayer, an outburst from the popular hearts—was "Lead us!" "Lead us!" "Lead us!" It was the call which the nation addressed to Mr. Gladstone. He was not deaf to that, nor was he deaf to the appeal.

"THAT EYE!"

Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons has a different style from that which he employed in Blackheath or in Midlothian. His voice is a wonderful organ. Like a Cremona violin it seems to improve with age. But the voice alone, wide as is its compass, and wonderful its penetrating faculty, would fail to produce the effect that Mr. Gladstone commands, were it not supplemented by the flashing fire of his eyes. Mr. Thaddeus, who painted a well-known portrait of Mr. Gladstone, told me that he had never painted such an eye in his life. It is the eye of an eagle that gazes untroubled at the sun. A good man in the west country who once met Mr. Gladstone on the platform at a wayside railway station, wrote afterwards to Hawarden, "You may not recollect me, but I remember you. You looked at me, and oh that eye! It went right through me." That eye has been right through many others, besides that westcountryman. It is right to say eye rather than eyes, for it is only one eye that has that extraordinary piercing power. No one on whom it has been turned in wrath or even in quick inquiry can forget it.

HIS GIFTS OF EXPOSITION.

Like all great orators Mr. Gladstone's personality is more or less suffused among his hearers. It is a kind of hypnotism to which an audience temporarily succumbs. In the House of Commons, except when concluding a great debate, that peculiar magnetic power is less plainly manifest than when he is swaying at will the fierce



From *Fuck*,]

A TICKLISH JOB.

[Feb. 18, 1885.

From *Weekly Freeman*,]

"RATS DESERT A DOOMED SHIP."

[July 22, 1882.

From *Fuck*,]

THOSE WICKED MOLES.

[Jan. 14, 1885.

Gardener Gladstone and his uprooted garden.

From *St. Stephen's Review*,]

THE FALSE PROPHET UNVEILED.

[Jan. 19, 1884.

democracy. But for argumentative cogency and sledge hammer cogency, some of his great Parliamentary performances are unrivalled.

As an expositor of an intricate and involved subject Mr. Gladstone is a veritable genius. In his Budget speeches he made financial figures as fascinating as a fairy tale, and he could make even a speech on the Irish Land question interesting. As a sophist no one can beat him among living men. The marvellous subtlety of his intellect enables him to make whatever cause he undertakes to defend appear for the time the only possible cause that a decent man could espouse. "He is plausible," wrote a critic in 1838, "even when most in error," a characteristic which he has never lost; and equally true is another observation of the same critic that, "when it suits himself or his party, he can apply himself with the strictest closeness to the real point at issue; when to evade the point is deemed most politic, no man can wander from it more widely." Mr. Russell recalls that when an eminent man once asked Mr. Gladstone, "Do you ever feel nervous in public speaking?" he replied, "In opening a subject often, in reply never." Some of his replies were masterpieces of vigorous argument and decisive logic, and many of them were improvised without a moment for preparation. One was that famous oration in which he demolished Mr. Disraeli's Budget in December, 1852; another was that in which he replied to Lord Palmerston on the Don Pacifico question; but perhaps the most famous of all was that in which he summed up the debate on the Franchise in reply to Mr. Lowe, in the memorable speech in which he warned his opponents, "You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side."

HIS DRAMATIC POWER.

As an orator Mr. Gladstone has every grace but one. He has never cultivated the virtue of brevity. But in him this is no defect, for so sweet and silvery is his speech that his hearers regret when the stream ceases to flow. One quality which he possesses in eminent degree has hardly been sufficiently recognised as contributing to his success as an orator. He is a born actor. I have already referred to the marvellous flexibility of his features. He has indeed a speaking face. But it is not only in his countenance that you see his dramatic gift. He acts as he speaks. Not that he ventures into the region where southern orators alone are at ease, but within the restricted limits of gesture and action allowed to an English speaker he is *facile princeps*. From the highest tragedy to the lightest comedy, and sometimes even to the broadest farce, Mr. Gladstone is everywhere at home.

The mere physical endurance entailed by some of his great speeches is in itself wonderful. Mr. Gladstone has repeatedly spoken three hours at the close of a long and exciting debate, which came on the heels of a day full of arduous and exhausting ministerial work. When he made the great Budget speech of 1853, which established his reputation as a financier, he spoke five hours, and what is perhaps even more remarkable, his hearers followed him with unabated interest even to the end.

III.—RETROSPECT AND FORECAST.

When I began to write this sketch I asked Mr. Gladstone if I might talk some points over with him, and in answer received a kind and characteristic reply. I naturally availed myself of this permission, and although our conversation was in no sense an interview, I may without indiscretion incorporate into this sketch some of the frequent observations which fell from Mr. Gladstone's

lips on that occasion. The previous evening he had been in the House pounding away with all his ancient vigour about the Mombasa Railway, but there was no trace of fatigue, nor did he seem to have aged much since I last met him by appointment on the eve of my departure for Rome. He was alert, vigorous, and full of his old fire and animation, confident as to the future, and full of complacency as to the past—with the customary and inevitable reserves and limitations.

THE KEY TO HIS POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT.

I told him that I had been trying to make a diagram of his career in the shape of a gradually rising tide which submerged first one and then another peak, but that I had considerable difficulty in drawing the plan, for the church and finance had so many peaks. In some cases the dividing of the ways had been clearly traced, as, for instance, in the Irish Church and in Home Rule, but how could we mark the watersheds of different phases of thought through which he had passed?

"They are numberless," he said, "and all differ one from the other according to the subject. It is inevitable that this should be so. But there is one great fact which, as I often say, is the key to all these changes. I was educated to regard liberty as an evil; I have learned to regard it as a good. That is a formula which sufficiently explains all the changes of my political convictions. Excepting in that particular, I am not conscious of having changed much. I love antiquity, for instance, quite as much as I used to do. I have never been a lover of change, nor do I regard it as a good in itself; liberty, however, is a good in itself, and the growing recognition of that is the key to all these changes of which you speak."

PROGRESS? THE CARDINAL.

It is always most interesting to know what a veteran thinks of the net results of his life's campaign. As I write I recall conversations with Mr. Carlyle and Cardinal Manning, octogenarians like Mr. Gladstone, who looked at life from very different standpoints. The Cardinal was buoyed up by an inextinguishable faith in progress. "We are like passengers," he said, "upon one of the P. and O. steamers. We meet each other day by day on deck and see very little difference in our position or in the sea or the sky. But every day we are nearer our destined port. So it is with human society. We may not appear to be making much progress, but depend upon it we are ceaselessly forging ahead." Another deep-rooted faith of his was powerfully reinforced in the last years of his life by the work of the Salvation Army and its social scheme. When he finished reading "Darkest England," he told me he felt as if the far-off and distant vision of the Christianising of England upon which he had ever fed his heart in days of adversity and of gloom had come appreciably nearer, and with renewed confidence and more joyful faith he trod the rest of his mortal pilgrimage.

PROGRESS? MR. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone's views on the progress of the race were written out at length in the *Nineteenth Century*, when Tennyson published his second "Locksley Hall." But it is always most interesting to hear from the lips of the speaker what he thinks, and I asked Mr. Gladstone whether on the whole he was satisfied with the results of the reforming activity of the last sixty years. He replied:—

In political affairs I think progress has been almost wholly good. But I am not an optimist, and I am convinced that the duties of government will always be more or less



From the *Weekly Freeman*,

[Feb. 11, 1882.]

GL—DST—NE: "Accept my kind 'Coercion,' dear,
And to my tender rule incline,
Give to my suit a willing ear,
And be your William's Valentine."



From the *Weekly Freeman*, [Feb. 13, 1886.]

MR. GLADSTONE AS CUPID.



From the *Weekly Freeman*,

[Dec. 3, 1881.]

HIS LATEST TRIUMPH.



From the *Weekly Freeman*,

[June 5, 1886.]

THE GREEN FLAG.

G.O.M.: "It shall wave over a happy, a prosperous, and a loyal Ireland."

imperfectly performed. As society becomes more complex, the work of the government will become more and more difficult. Still political progress has been good and almost wholly good. In Free Trade, for instance, it has been entirely good. I look upon that with the most perfect complacency. They speak sometimes of the greed of competition, but the greed of competition is not to be compared with the greed of the monopolist. The greedy competitor at least shares his gains with the public; but the greed of the monopolist is the greed of the robber. But as I often tell my juniors, we older men had a comparatively easy time these last fifty years—a much easier time than they will have to go through. I am very glad sometimes to think that it will not be for me to face the problems which are coming on for solution. The explanation of this is that all the questions with which we have to deal were capable of being resolved into a very simple principle. If you look at it you will see that, with some exceptions, such as the Factory Act, and one or two other minor matters, the great work of the last half-century has been that of emancipation. We have been Emancipating, Emancipating—that is all. To emancipate is comparatively easy. It is simple to remove restrictions, to allow natural forces free play. Now that that work has been almost completed, and we have to face the other problem of constructive legislation, we shall find it much more difficult."

PROGRESS? MR. CARLYLE.

As Mr. Gladstone uttered the words "Emancipating, Emancipating," there rose up before me the image of Mr. Carlyle as he sat in his long, grey, red-trimmed dressing-gown one bright wintry day in his study in Cheyne Row, at Chelsea, discoursing grimly upon the catastrophe towards which all mundane matters seemed fast hastening. He, too, had recognised that simple principle of Emancipation, and had resolved into it all the legislative achievements since the Reform Act of 1832. But I had better quote from Mr. Carlyle's own words, as he wrote them out in "Shooting Niagara: And After?" one of the wisest and most practically suggestive of all his political writings:—

All the millenniums I ever heard of heretofore were to be preceded by the chaining of the Devil for a thousand years—laying him up, tied neck and heels, and put beyond stirring as the preliminary. You, too, have been taking preliminary steps with more and more ardour, for a thirty years back, but they seem to be all in the opposite direction; a cutting asunder of straps and ties, wherever you might find them, pretty indiscriminate of choice in the matter: a general repeal of old regulations, fetters, and restrictions (restrictions on the Devil originally, I believe, for the most part, but now fallen slack and ineffectual), which had become unpleasant to many of you,—with loud shouting from the multitude as strap after strap was cut, "Glory, glory, another strap is gone!"—this, I think, has mainly been the sublime legislative industry of Parliament, since it became "Reform Parliament"; victoriously successful and thought sublime, and beneficent by some. So that now hardly any limb of the Devil has a thrum or tatter of rope or leather left upon it. There needs almost superhuman heroism in you to "whip" a garrotter; no Fenian taken with the reddest hand is to be meddled with under penalties; hardly a murderer, never so detestable and hideous, but you find him "insane," and board him at the public expense—a very peculiar British pytheum of these days! And in fact the *Devil* (he, verily, if you will consider the sense of the words) is likewise become an emancipated gentleman; lithe of limb, as in Adam and Eve's time, and scarcely a toe or a finger of him tied any more. And you, my astonishing friends, you are certainly getting into a millennium such as never was before—hardly even in the dreams of Bedlam.

I ventured to suggest that the repeal of archaic obsolete laws, which nominally chained down a more or less phan-

tasmagorical fiend, but left the real author of evil free course to roam abroad seeking whom he might devour, might be an indispensable preliminary to the chaining up of the Great Red Dragon, but the pessimist philosopher refused to be comforted. He was a true child of the Sagas, was Mr. Carlyle, and his system of the universe was rigidly modelled in some respect upon the mythology of the Eddas. Always before him, he saw the terrible Ragnarok or the twilight of the gods in which the universe of things would be consumed, after which righteous and well-minded men shall abide in peace in the golden halls, and another earth pleasant and verdant shall arise. But between us and that fair future lies

A storm age, a wolf age,
and then the earth shall meet its doom.

MR. CARLYLE AND MR. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Carlyle had small love for Mr. Gladstone, but his criticisms were apt to be based upon somewhat scanty materials. Of this I had an amusing illustration in 1877. Carlyle and Gladstone were then the two gods of my idolatry, and it grieved me to hear the way in which the Chelsea philosopher went on about the Liberal leader. "There is that Gladstone," growled Mr. Carlyle, "who is running up and down the country talking and talking, filling whole acres of the papers with his speech, and never, so far as I can see, a single wise word in the whole of it." "Really, Mr. Carlyle," I ventured to say, "I should have thought you would have been delighted with one of his recent speeches in which he expressed in his own way the same ideas as those you have been impressing on me. Do you not remember? The speech was made only a week or two since." "Remember," said Mr. Carlyle with disgust, "why, do you think I ever read his speeches. I have never read a word of them!" Mr. Carlyle was not the first nor is he the last to condemn Mr. Gladstone unheard. Mr. Carlyle was more felicitous in his sarcastic comparison between Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone.

"I have often been amused," said Mr. Carlyle, "at thinking of the contrast between the two men. There is Beaconsfield—he hasn't got a conscience at all, and he knows he hasn't got a conscience, and very well pleased he is that it should be so; but as for that other one—that Gladstone—eh, mon, what a conscience he has! There never was such a conscience as his. He bows down to it, and obeys it as if it were the very voice of God Himself. But, eh, sir, he has the most marvellous faculty in the world for making that conscience say exactly what he wants."

THE BLACK SPOT ON THE SUN.

But to return to our subject. Mr. Gladstone, although fairly well satisfied concerning political progress, is troubled and sore at heart about one matter. He entertains in all their ancient rigour his objections to Divorce. It is now past a quarter of a century since the Divorce Bill was carried in the face of his most resolute opposition. Mr. Russell, from whose admirable monograph on Mr. Gladstone I am constantly quoting, thus summarises the story:—"He spoke more than seventy times on the various stages of the Bill, endeavouring first to defeat it on the clear ground of principle, then to postpone it for more mature consideration, and when beaten in these attempts to purge it of its most glaringly offensive features." I found that after a quarter of a century's experience he was of the same opinion still, only if possible more so. "I hold to my old position," he said; "but," he added, with great emphasis, "although I admit, as we must admit, the enormous difficulties of the question, marriage



From the *Weekly Freeman*.]

[Jan. 15, 1881.

HALF-AND HALF.

MR. GLADSTONE: "Now, Mrs. Erskine, I fancy I've at last found a remedy for your excited condition! Doses of these administered alternately will set you right."

MRS. ERSKINE: "As usual, you are mistaken as to what I want. I will not be content with half measures. So, away with you, bag and baggage, unless you are prepared to give me what I need."



From the *Weekly Freeman*.]

[Feb. 6, 1886.

"Face to face with the greatest problems and the grandest opportunity of his life."—*New York Times*.

Suggested by the casket scene in the "Merchant of Venice."



From the *St. Stephen's Review*.]

[April 7, 1888.

IRELAND FOR EVER.



From the *Weekly Freeman*.]

[Oct. 29, 1887.

TRIUMPH!!!
The Grand Old Warrior bears in triumph through the land the banner of Home Rule, while his enemies are bound fast to his chariot wheels.

seems to me a great mystery. It is one of the most wonderful things in the whole world, and when I think of it I always feel that we must fall back on the old saying, that marriages are made in heaven. Marriage is to me the most wonderful thing in the whole world. But," he went on, becoming very grave, "I must say that of late years in the upper circles of society, so far as I have been able to observe the facts, and so far as I have been able to check them by the opinion of competent and impartial observers, there has been a very widespread change for the worse in this matter. That is to say, the number of marriages which obviously turn out bad is greater now—much greater—than it was before. I do not say that this is entirely due to the Divorce Act. I recognise with gratitude that there has not been that great multiplication of divorce which we at one time anticipated, but the fact seems to me indisputable that, taking the higher classes, marriages are not made on such high principles as they used to be. Take from 1832 to 1857, a quarter of a century, compare it with the following quarter of a century and you will find that the number of conspicuously unhappy marriages has very considerably increased. It is a melancholy fact which I fear cannot be denied. I speak, of course, only of the society with which I am personally acquainted."

This, of course, if Mr. Gladstone is correct is so serious as to counterbalance the gains in the political sphere, and it is the more remarkable inasmuch as this depravation of matrimony had gone on side by side with an unmistakable revival of spiritual religion in the Church.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Gladstone has all his lifelong been so sedulous an opponent of swashbucklerism in all its moods and tenses that some of us have felt that he underestimated the providential mission of Britain in the affairs of the world. Whether or not Lord Salisbury believes in England as the old Elizabethans believed in England, there are very few even of the most devoted disciples of Mr. Gladstone who feel that he shares the lift and inspiration that come from a contemplation of the great *role* which we have played, and are playing, in the history of the world. He made his *début* in that sphere by his great speech against Lord Palmerston's *Civis Romanus Sum* doctrine, and he has stuck to his text ever since. Somewhere, drowned in the great ocean of his speeches, there may be a passage in which Mr. Gladstone indulges in the proud swell of soul which every patriot must experience when contemplating the position accorded to his country in the peopling, in the governing, and in the civilising of the world, but it does not recur to the memory. Mr. Gladstone is usually so bent upon mortifying the Old Adam of national pride, that he has hardly time to devote a sentence to the expression of the awe and gratitude with which he recognises the immense vocation of Britain in the outer world. "Well, you know," he said, good humouredly, "if you have a son who is somewhat forward and is too self-complacent, and you have frequently to chide him for that, you do not like to increase his complacency by sounding his praises too much. You may allow it as a treat, but it ought not to be his daily bread. It is a mistake to think that this idea is exclusively Conservative. It was quite the reverse. Lord Palmerston was almost alone in asserting it, while the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Aberdeen were anti-Jingo to an extent almost inconceivable to-day. But I fully recognise that we have a great mission. The work of England has been great in the past, but it will be still greater in the future. This is true, I believe, in its broadest sense of the English-speaking world. I believe it is also true of England herself. I think that

the part which England has to play, and the influence of England in the world, will be even vaster in the future than it is to-day. England will be greater than she has ever been."

"THE TOO GREAT ORB OF OUR FATE."

Mr. Gladstone has always seemed to be too much awed by the responsibilities ever to have a thought for the glories of Empire. I remember in 1878 he had remarked to Mr. Baldwin Brown that one of the reasons that led him to deprecate any inordinate extension of the Empire was because he thought he saw a falling off in the *morale* of the Indian Civil Service, that we did not nowadays breed such men as the Laurences and others who had built up the fabric of our Eastern Empire, and had sustained it by their single-souled devotion to the welfare of India. He did not remember this when I recalled it to him, but he said, "whatever may be the case with the development of *morale*, I do not see the necessary development of brain power to enable us to cope with the vaster problems. I sometimes say," he added, "that I do not see that progress in the development of the brain power which we ought to expect on the principles of orthodox Darwinism. Development, no doubt, is a slow process, but I do not see it at all. I do not think we are stronger but weaker than the men of the middle ages. I would take it as low down as the men of the sixteenth century. The men of the sixteenth century were strong men, stronger in brain power than our men. Of course, I except Napoleon. There was a brain the strongest and most marvellous that was ever in a human skull. His intellect was colossal, I know none more powerful or immense."

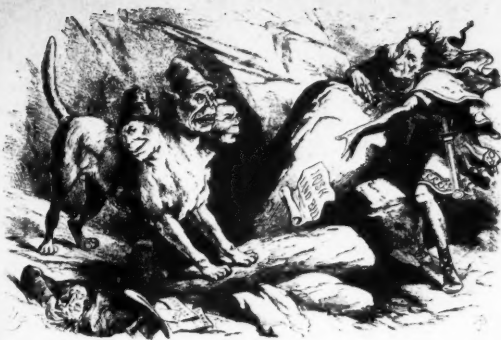
It is curious to find how persistent Mr. Gladstone's ideas are even in minor matters of detail. In this foreboding about the inadequate brain power of the race, he is exactly where he was fifty years ago. How true this is no one knows better than the present Government. What they do not see is that the only solution is to be found in decentralisation—in other words, in such Home Rule as will relieve the central authorities of that "bewildering multiplication of details" which at present almost absolutely precludes the taking of any wide outlook or the making of any statesmanlike provision for the problems and necessities of the future.

THE MAJORITY FOR HOME RULE.

Mr. Gladstone has of course no doubt whatever as to the issue of the next general election. Let it come soon or late, and the result will be the same. Nor does he fear that, however large his majority may be, it will be too large. "Only once," he remarked, "have we had too large a majority. That was in 1833, immediately after the Reform Act. But even if we had as large a majority now, it would not fall to pieces of its own weight. The issue is now so clearly and sharply defined that there would be no danger of disintegration, excepting, of course, from causes which would be equally potent if the majority were smaller." After that—well, that question did not come under the category of facts, but it is evident that Mr. Gladstone is keenly alive to the coming questions.

THE REFORM OF THE DEATH DUTIES.

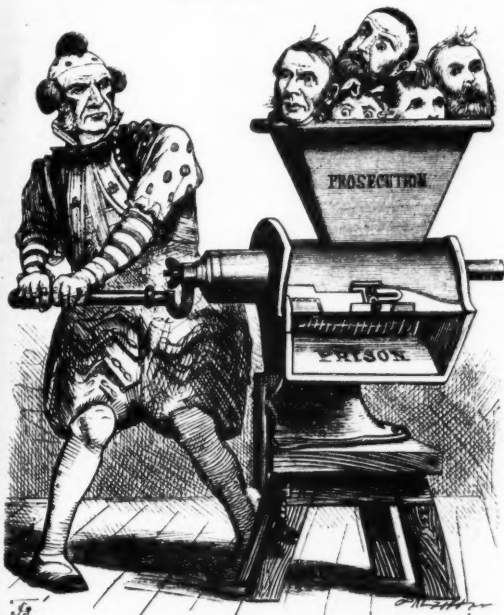
There is, for example, the question which each recurring death of a millionaire forces upon the public attention. Mr. Gladstone was the man who reformed the succession duties—a piece of work which Bishop Wilberforce rightly characterised as most Conservative, but which brought down upon his head the hatred and denunciation of the landed interest. The work he did on the succession duties was, from a parliamentary point of view, the heaviest he ever



From Judy.]

A SOP TO CERBERUS.

[May 2, 1870.]



From Fun.]

IRISH PANTOMIME.

[Dec. 29, 1880.]

The sausage-machine trick; or, converting Land Leaguers into good wholesome subjects.



From Judy.]

THE GREAT ORATORICAL ACROBAT.

[Dec. 10, 1879.]

"I sell 'em by the yard."



From Fun.]

"SOOTHING THE SAVAGE BREAST."

[April 20, 1881.]



From Fun.]

THE OLD PUMP.

[October 19, 1887.]

"Nothing to be got out of it, William!"

had to do. He had to get up and master the whole of the law on the subject. It is therefore possible that he might shrink from grappling with the death duties. But he laid such stress upon the subject in his Midlothian addresses that it would not surprise me if it figured conspicuously in his manifesto to the nation on the eve of the General Election. If he does deal with it, it is to be hoped that he will put the whole question on a plain uniform footing. There is obviously no final solution but one to sweep away the difference between duties levied on real and personal estate and also on different degrees of consanguinity. The State could then simply, on the mere fact of death, levy a tax of a certain percentage upon all estates without any regard to the nearness of kin of the persons inheriting to the person who has died, or to the question whether or not it is real or personal property.

A MUNICIPAL DEATH DUTY?

It is doubtful whether Mr. Gladstone will give much encouragement to Mr. Sidney Webb's scheme for levying a municipal death duty. He strongly condemns what he regards as the most objectionable way in which a beginning has been made in handing over this money to the local authorities. He doubts whether death duties should go to the rates. The rates are levied without raising political questions. With the Imperial taxes it is another matter. He of course looks at the subject from the point of view natural to one who is the custodian of the National Exchequer. If you tell him the ratepayer is poor, he replies—

"But the taxpayer is also poor. The local authorities may be very hungry, but the way in which the money has been given to the local authorities by the Conservatives, has been a direct incentive to extravagance. If we had to establish the system of giving grants from the State they ought to have been made for the encouragement of economy, and not for the encouragement of extravagance. It has been a direct premium on wastefulness, as for instance the withholding of the grant from communities which would not raise the number of their police to a certain number. If they had doubled the number of the police, they would have received a grant which is almost equivalent to the cost of the extra number of constables. This is almost like holding out a direct bribe by the State to encourage extra expenditure."

THE CHURCH AND THE CLERGY.

Shortly before calling upon Mr. Gladstone I had asked a statesman who knew him well what questions upon matter of fact he would ask if he sought for a key to this many-sided character. Instantly he replied, "Two questions would satisfy me. First, how does Mr. Gladstone reconcile it with his conscience to support marriage with a deceased wife's sister after having declared it to be contrary to the law of God for three thousand years and more? and, secondly, how he can vote for Disestablishment in Wales?" I did not put these questions to Mr. Gladstone. Had I done so Mr. Gladstone would not have had the least difficulty in explaining and justifying his change of front, for he never changes front until he has first laboriously satisfied himself that it is his bounden duty so to do. The deceased wife's sister did not enter into our conversation. On that subject Mr. Gladstone's views are unaltered, only he would no longer enforce them upon non-Churchmen. Mr. Gladstone referred repeatedly to the change that had come over the spirit of the Church of England. He said "that the Church had been entirely metamorphosed and its whole spirit transformed so that it was a newer church than fifty years ago.

It is not merely in details, but the clergy and the laity who think with the clergy look at everything from an entirely different standpoint from what they did. As a result the Church was immeasurably stronger and more vigorous than it was in times past." I asked him whether he was not of opinion that this being the case, Disestablishment, even in Wales, might be averted if the rural clergy, like their more rational clerical brethren in the towns, would but doff their silly "side" and consent to be *primus inter pares* with their Nonconformist brethren? Mr. Gladstone would not venture an opinion. His experience of the rural clergy was limited, being in fact confined to the parish of Hawarden, where an idyllic state of things prevails, and where even Disestablishment seems to be regarded with indifference, if not with complacency.

A PLEA FOR SEARCHING PREACHING.

"But one thing," he said, suddenly becoming grave, "I have against the clergy both in country and in the towns," he said, "I do not know whether the reproach applies to ministers of other congregations; I think they are not severe enough on their congregations. They do not sufficiently lay upon the souls and the consciences of their hearers their moral obligations, and probe their hearts, and bring up their whole lives and action to the bar of conscience. The class of sermons which I think are most needed are of the class one of which so offended Lord Melbourne long ago. Lord Melbourne was one day seen coming from church in the country in a mighty fume. Finding a friend, he exclaimed, 'It is too bad. I have always been a supporter of the Church, and I have always upheld the clergy. But it is really too bad to have to listen to a sermon like that we have had this morning. Why, the preacher actually insisted upon applying religion to a man's private life!' But that is the kind of preaching which I like best, the kind of preaching which men need most, but it is also the kind of which they get least. The clergy are afraid of dealing faithfully with their hearers. And," he added, "I fear, although I have not the same data for forming an opinion, that this is equally true of the Nonconformist ministers. Mr. Spurgeon, I admit, was not so. He was a good and brave man, and my remark does not apply to him. But there is not enough of such searching preaching in any of our pulpits."

THE GREAT HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

Before I rose to go I asked Mr. Gladstone what he regarded as the greatest hope for the future. He paused for a time, not rightly understanding the question. Then he said, gravely, "I should say we must look for that to the maintenance of faith in the Invisible. That is the great hope of the future; it is the mainstay of civilisation. And by that I mean a living faith in a personal God. I do not hold with 'streams of tendency.' After sixty years of public life I hold more strongly than ever this conviction, deepened and strengthened by long experience of the reality, and the nearness, and the personality of God."

Mr. Gladstone has at least had full scope for verifying this working hypothesis. It is something, nay, is it not perhaps the greatest of all the things we have to learn from him, to trust in God in all our work for man, knowing that there is a hand in the darkness ever near, which, if we but assent, will lead us in a sure path, although by a strange road, out of darkness into light, and in the midst of the storm and turmoil of life will keep us in perfect peace. (To be continued.)



From Moonshine,] (Dec. 13, 1890.
POT AND KETTLE—KETTLE AND POT.



From Moonshine,] (May 2, 1891.
"IRELAND STOPS THE WAY."
(I'de Mr. Gladstone's manifesto for the by-elections.)



From United Ireland,] BUBBLES.
(July 26, 1891.



From Moonshine,] (March 12, 1892.
THE G.O.M.'S IRISH POLICY.
With all their pumping they cannot get anything out of him.



From Judy,] A PIG IN A POKE.
(Oct 15, 1890.
"Sure, 'ere's a foine ould Oirish pig I'd be afther sellin' yez: wan af me own breedin'.
"Ab, she'll p's a braw b'it beast'n e d'ot, wattleff'r-co'sile the p'ke."

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

CARLYLE ON THINGS COLONIAL AND OTHERWISE.

SIR GAVAN DUFFY'S REMINISCENCES.

SIR GAVAN DUFFY concludes his admirable series of papers on "Conversations and Correspondence of Mr. Carlyle" in the *Contemporary* for April. The concluding paper begins characteristically enough with the declaration that of all preachers and prophets and divine men wanted in Ireland, and England, and Scotland, the most urgently needed was the divine dril-sergeant with his steel whip.

INORGANIC LONDON.

Mr. Carlyle seems to have foreseen the need for the London County Council. He said:—

If there was any possibility of getting honest work done just now, there was much need of quite other work than those people (the political reformers) had in hand. Think of the inorganic mass of men in the disjointed districts called London, with a population equal to that of half a dozen Greek States, bestridden by aldermen and vestrymen, with all their haranguing and debating apparatus, whom we are ordered to obey (if it were possible) as the guardians of our interests, but who could not supply us from year's end to year's end with a wholesome glass of clean water.

AUSTRALIAN DEMOCRACY.

When Sir Gavan Duffy went to Australia Mr. Carlyle wrote him several letters, in some of which he expressed his views of colonial affairs. Speaking of Sir Henry Parkes, then Emigration Agent for the colony of Victoria, Mr. Carlyle said:—

He gave me several more precise notions about Australian life; seemed to be thoroughly at home in the anarchic democratic Universal-Palaver element, and to swim about it, with a candid joy, like a fish in water; and indeed, I could not but own that in comparison with the old Colonial Office and Parliamentary-Fogie methods of administration, it might be a real improvement; and that, in short, in the present anarchic condition of England, there was nothing for it but to let her colonies go, in this wild manner down the wind, whither they listed.

PROTECTION IN THE COLONIES.

When Sir Gavan Duffy came home again Carlyle expressed himself pretty strongly:—

Bright, he considered one of the foolishest creatures he had ever heard of, clamouring about America and universal suffrage, as if there was any sensible man anywhere in the world who put the smallest confidence in that sort of thing nowadays. Their free trade was the most intense nonsense that ever provoked human patience. The people of Australia were quite right to protect their industries and teach their young men trades in complete disregard of Parliamentary and platform palaver. No nation ever got manufactures in any other way.

THE FUNCTION OF AUSTRALIA.

That was in 1861. Seven years later Mr. Carlyle expressed himself in tolerably plain Carlylese as to the discontinuance of emigration to Australia. This naturally seemed to Mr. Carlyle the worst possible news:—

The news itself was to me extremely bad. For the roaring anarchies of America itself, and of all our incipient

"Americas," justify themselves to me by this one plea, "Angry sir, we couldn't help it; and we anarchies, and all (as you may see) are conquering the wilderness, as perhaps your Friedrich William, or Friedrich himself, could not have guided us to do, and are offering homes and arable communion with mother earth and her blessed verities to all the anarchies of the world which have quite lost their way." Australia, of a certainty, ought to leave her gates wide open in this respect at all times; nay, it were well for her could she build a free bridge ("flying bridge") between Europe and her, and encourage the deserving to stream across. I pray you, if ever the opportunity offer, do your very best in this interest, and consider it as, silently or vocally, of the very essence of your function (appointed you by Heaven itself) in that Antipodal world!

This emigration policy on the part of the Australian Governments Mr. Carlyle declared in another place fairly took away one's breath. This is another instance of the similarity of the views of Mr. Carlyle and General Booth.

THE QUEEN AND H.R.H.

There are several interesting things in this last article besides Mr. Carlyle's views on the Colonies. Here for instance is Mr. Carlyle's view of the Queen and the Prince of Wales:—

She lived in such an atmosphere of courtly exaggeration that she ceased to comprehend the true relation and proportion of things. Hence the tremendous outcry over Prince Albert, who was in no respect a very remarkable man. He had had a certain practical German sense in him too, which prevented him from running counter to the feelings of the English people, but that was all. He was very ill-liked among the aristocracy who came into personal relations with him. Queen Victoria had a preternaturally good time of it with the English people; owing a great deal to reaction from the hatred which George IV. had excited. Her son one might fear would pay the penalty in a stormy and perilous reign. He gave no promise of being a man fit to perform the tremendous task appointed him to do, and indeed one looked in vain anywhere just now for the man who would lead England back to better ways than she had fallen into in our time.

LORD PALMERSTON.

There is a revival of the scandal about Lord Palmerston, who was accused of adultery by the husband of a school-mistress, and then excused himself at the age of eighty by saying, "*Que voulez-vous?* Boys will be boys." Sir Gavan Duffy says:—

Carlyle told me an amusing story about the same eminent personage. There was a State dinner at his house, including the cream of the official world. Every one present, except the wife of the American Minister, was familiar with a scandal which attributed to their host illegitimate relations with the wife of one of his colleagues, whom he married after her husband's death. Her son during the first marriage was brought in to dessert at the State dinner. When he approached the American lady she put her hand on the boy's head and looking affectionately at her next exclaimed, "Ah, my lord, no one need ask who is this young gentleman's papa."

Bringing to a close our notice of this long series of interesting papers, I must once more say how welcome it has been to read Sir Gavan Duffy's "Recollections." Here we have Carlyle as he was in fact, and a very different Carlyle from the thunderclouded dyspeptic who figures in Mr. Froude's pages.

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THE TZAR—PEACE KEEPER.

A GERMAN TRIBUTE TO RUSSIA.

In the *Neue Militarische Blätter* for March there appears, as coming from the pen of a German officer, a somewhat unusual article, in which the writer endeavours to show that the policy of Russia, at any rate for the present, is essentially one of peace. The article opens with a short sketch of the Tzar, which in some respects resembles the character sketch which appeared in the January number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

THE CHARACTER OF THE TZAR.

The writer says "If his real character is investigated, we find Alexander III. to be a man who forms his decisions slowly, but who, having once made up his mind, carries out his ideas with persistent steadfastness, regardless of consequences. One of his most prominent characteristics is the avoidance of all haste and precipitation. For years past Russian policy, as directed by the Tzar, has resembled the irresistible undercurrent of a mighty river. A thorough organizer, he directs all his efforts on great measures of policy, but he is quite deficient in the fantastic element, which gains its ends off-hand by the display of daring and brilliant conceptions. Unsuccessful struggles against old-established State abuses, not unmingled perhaps with thoughts of imminent peril to his own person, have, in spite of his best wishes and unremitting labour for the welfare of his subjects, to a certain extent soured his temper, and made him somewhat repellent and irritable, like some of his predecessors on the throne. He does not love to descend among his people, and in this respect reminds one of Justinian, who, within the jealously-closed portals of his palace, busied himself in weaving plans for the whole world. So, likewise, the Tzar, surrounded by his soldiers at Peterhof and Gatschina, unceasingly devotes his thoughts to the strengthening of Russia within her borders and to the external enhancement of the Empire.

THE DANGER OF DISINTEGRATION.

We live in an era of nationalistic aspirations, when the tendency of all subject races is towards individual freedom—that is to say, towards a condition which, if given way to, must weaken the central power and gradually disintegrate it. Such is the present condition of Austria, and such threatens to be the condition of Russia, with its heterogeneous conglomeration of antagonistic nationalities. To yield to the demand for a Russian Parliament would only be to give the rein to general discontent and mistrust, and would speedily bring to a head the racial antipathies which are now held in check. There is no possible bond of union between the dwellers in the Caucasus and those in the Baltic provinces; nor, again, between the Poles and the Kirghiz. The representatives of each nationality, if convoked in one central Parliament, would inevitably consider themselves prejudiced by the others; it would no longer be possible to smooth over racial antipathies, and chaos would ensue. Moreover, the establishment of a Parliament would speedily lead to strife against the central power, since it would be bound to consider the general interests of the whole State, and not those of individual provinces.

THE CZAR'S THREE ALTERNATIVES.

The Tzar has three alternatives before him; either to maintain the *status quo*, or to move in the same direction as Austria, i.e., towards decentralisation; or, finally, to endeavour to nationalize the empire at the expense of the subject races, and in favour of the most important—

Great Russia. He has chosen the third of these, and his watchword is now—Russia for the Russians. Whoever stands in the way of the fulfilment of this design, whether Jew, German, or Swedish Finlander, must inevitably go to the wall. To carry out this policy, however, time is required, for should war break out, and an enemy gain foot on Russian soil, revolution might possibly break out, and this would not only endanger the process of union, but might imperil the cohesion of the State. It is therefore essential to the policy of the Government that there should be peace, so as to afford leisure for the innovations now being introduced to take firm root. If this view of Russian policy is correct, then the inclination of the Tzar to be mixed up in a Continental war, which would directly militate against the system pursued during the last decade, must be very slight.

SECURITIES FOR PEACE.

The inducements which might sway him to break the peace could only arise either from the necessity of warding off internal dangers, or from a desire of conquest. As regards the first it is sufficient to point out that the great mass of the people appear more favourably disposed to the Tzar just now than they have been for a long time past, as is evidenced by the diminution of Nihilism and by the general tone of the newspapers and current literature. Whilst as regards the second, the present moment is clearly unpropitious for a war of conquest. Germany is less likely to cause embarrassment to the Russian Government in its dealing with internal affairs than is France with her republican and propagandist ideas.

THE RUSSO-FRENCH ENTENTE.

As regards the *rapprochement* with France, it is not Russia but France who will have to pay the reckoning. Neither nation has any solid bond of union, except, perhaps, hatred against Germany. The Russians hate Germany because she withheld from them the fruits of their victory over the Turks, and gave Austria territory for which she had made no personal sacrifices. That this probably saved Russia from war with England and Austria hardly affects the case. Nevertheless, the Russians possess a large amount of innate shrewdness, and this offers some guarantee that they will not lightly allow themselves to be made use of for the attainment of purely foreign designs. France, in the event of a successful war against Germany, would gain immeasurably; Russia, however, but little, and even what little she gained would prove a dangerous possession. On the other hand, if Germany were victorious, France, on account of the keen national feeling which animates her population, their generally well-to-do condition, and the fruitfulness of her soil, would feel the blow far less than Russia, whose defeat might shake the empire to its foundations. The stakes are too manifestly uneven.

PEACE.

Russia needs gold, much gold. The Tzar gained the goodwill of France in order to dip his hands in her well-filled coffers. Russia, on her side, will take good care not to venture too much for France. The Tzar's policy will remain unchanged: cautious, reserved, he will ever keep exclusively before his eyes the well-being of his own land. As, therefore, in Russia it is only the Government which makes war, and not the people, as in France, we may rest tolerably assured that peace will not be broken in that direction, always provided that circumstances do not arise which at present cannot be foreseen.

WANTED, 200,000 EMIGRANTS FOR MANITOBA!

A REMARKABLE ARTICLE BY MICHAEL DAVITT.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT, one of the honestest men in public life, is also an extremely able writer. It is a notable illustration of the literary talent which exists in the ranks of labour that two of the best articles in this month's reviews should be written by Michael Davitt and John Burns, both of whom have had no other university education than that of the workshop and the gaol. Mr. Davitt's literary gift, however, is much less important than his sterling honesty and courageous candour. In times past Michael Davitt was one of the most vigorous of the opponents of the policy which Mr. Morley, I believe, condemned as that of "manacles or Manitoba." We have had regretfully to number him with those who have been obstacles to the natural outflow of surplus labour to the unoccupied lands of other countries. Mr. Davitt, however, has now seen cause to change his views. He has been to Manitoba, and in the *Nineteenth Century* he publishes a remarkable plea in favour of the emigration of 200,000 English labourers to the Canadian back country. He says:—

AN INEXPRESSIBLE YEARNING.

No matter what one's views upon emigration may be—and mine are very radical and have been frequently stated—it is impossible to visit this vast and naturally rich region of the North-West, with its all but limitless extent of rich loamy-subsoiled land, without a yearning for the transplantation of some of the dense population of parts of Great Britain to these fruitful prairies. When one has to call to mind the slum-life of London, the squalid quarters of the working poor in Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, and other large centres of crowded social life, and the conditions under which tens of thousands of such people live—while, on the other hand, he views, day after day, millions of acres of arable soil hungering for the application of food-producing labour, it is impossible not to have one's opinions influenced more or less in favour of a movement which might ease and tend to eradicate these demoralising conditions of labour-life in Great Britain, while removing their victims to the advantages of those all but unpeopled regions of bracing air, and healthful life, and latent opportunities of a better and brighter social existence.

THE KIND OF COLONISTS WANTED.

It would, however, be a huge mistake to bring some of the class of people who overcrowd our cities at home out to the North-West. They are not the kind of colonists whom the country would suit, or who could help in its development. Those who have been brought up to agriculture, or who have strength and willingness to work the land, are the class of colonists who are wanted.

To propose the colonisation of the Canadian North-West by means of one or two hundred thousand agricultural labourers from Great Britain will seem a "large order." The opponents of emigration will be up in arms at once in opposition to any such suggestion. Paradoxical as it may appear, I am not, and never have been, an advocate of emigration.

MR. DAVITT'S ATTITUDE.

My present proposal is made homoeopathically. It would, if carried out, promote many interests which have not been benefited by the process of emigration that has called forth the objections of radical land reformers and other labour advocates, who demand the full utilisation of the soil of Great Britain for labour purposes before British workers are sent away to colonial or other countries in search of work which is practically denied them at home through the operation of the rent-earning system of land tenure. To withdraw 100,000 land-workers from the agricultural industry of these countries would enhance the price of the labour that would remain. Wages would necessarily go up, while the influx of labourers from the country into towns would be diminished, to the advantage of town toilers.

WHY EMIGRATION IS NECESSARY.

The lot of the landless agricultural labourer excites the active sympathy of reformers and demands the attention of the Legislature. He is also a disturber of the labour market in industrial centres. He is virtually driven off the land, by low wages and a cheerless prospect, into the towns and cities, or he voluntarily goes there in search of a more varied existence; and in the struggle to obtain his desires he brings down the wages of other workers, adds to the congestion of city life, and creates the social problem.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTION.

In the *Nineteenth Century* John Burns has a first-class slashing article in reply to Mr. Prothero, who ventured to cross his sword of lath with the claymore of the London Scot, with the inevitable result. After demolishing Mr. Prothero, Mr. Burns proceeds to set forth his views of the future of the London County Council, from which we learn that the police are not to be taken over until 1899, and that then 2,000 are to be left for the Home Office to control. The following passage may be commended to the attentive consideration of the *Times* and other opponents of moderate immoderation:—

Let Mr. Prothero and his political partisans cease carping at the greatest political fact of this century—the nascent commune of London that, in proportion to the attacks made upon it by vested interests, will play to Parliament the rôle that the Cordeliers and Jacobin clubs played to the States-General a century ago. Its influence will mould and dominate in a collectivist direction those political principles and institutions that to-day are arrayed against it. It must always be more popular with the people than Parliament. It ministers to their municipal and material needs. Its activity is seen in its parks, roads, and public places; it enters over the threshold of its citizens' doors; they feel its pulse, the people provide its motive power; its victories and its gains are theirs, its defeats they poignantly resent. Londoners, with the daily living presence of its Council's loving care before them, stood up as one man and annihilated at the last election the decaying remnant of Pinchbeck politicians who would sell London bound hand and foot to be sacrificed to Bumble and the middleman, and over its remains would promote a company to exploit the profits of their city's funeral feast.

Mr. C. A. Whitmore, M.P., in the *National Review*, endeavours to explain why the Moderates were beaten. London returned a majority of Progressives because the Moderate newspapers were so very abusive. The criticism of the Tory newspaper, says Mr. Whitmore—

was so acrid and so indiscriminate as to produce amongst the middle and poorer classes a revulsion of feeling in favour of men who were working out an administrative experiment of enormous difficulty. It had, moreover, by its continuous carping at the Council, and belittling of its position, tended to deter fit men from standing for it. Finally, in the attitude of the representatives of the Moderate Party, there was a want of adequate appreciation of the potential dignity and utility for administrative purposes of the County Council of London. There was not sufficient sympathy with the hopes of increased comfort and amenity in London life, which its creation had, howsoever wildly, excited.

Professor Stuart sums up the moral of the Liberal victory. The political moral of the election in Professor Stuart's eyes is that the Liberal party must make up its mind that it has to meet the cry of London by some definite and immediate action; and of all that is pressing and urgent, the most pressing and urgent is the complete and effective reorganisation of the incidence of London's local taxation. He thinks that Progressive London is in great danger from over-confidence and he sounds once more the watchword—organise, organise, organise.

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HINTS FOR LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE EXAMPLE OF DRESDEN.

PROF. PEABODY, in the *Forum* for March, has an article entitled "A Case of Good City Government" which contains some hints which Lord Rosebery and others who are studying the future constitution of the London County Council would do well to take into careful consideration. Prof. Peabody says:—

In the smaller field of municipal administration the German is at his best. The city works of Germany are not so magnificent as those of France, nor are the police so imposing or so considerate as those of England, but so far as concerns the essentials of good city government—the security of health, the precautions concerning life, food, drink, poverty, and crime, and the provisions for popular pleasure, which make a town good to dwell in—one feels that in the best German cities one has the most substantial administration of the world.

HOW IT IS GOVERNED.

He then takes Dresden as a typical German municipality, and describes the method in which it is governed. The vital point of distinction between the Dresden system and our own is that the German town council elects the aldermen, and entrusts them with the administration of the town. An alderman, therefore, in Dresden is a kind of cross between a permanent official and the chairman of our committees:—

The positive administration of city affairs lies with the Board of Aldermen, and it is in the composition of this Board that we meet the radical contrast with American methods. The Dresden *Stadtrat* consists of thirty members. Of these, sixteen, a majority, hold office without pay, and their duties are largely advisory and honorary. The remaining fourteen aldermen, however, are salaried officials, giving their whole time to departmental business, and dividing the important departments between them.

THE ALDERMEN.

All the aldermen, with two exceptions, are elected by the City Council for terms of three years, it being prescribed that of the fourteen salaried aldermen two-thirds must have had a professional training in the law, and have passed the state examination for that calling. The honorary aldermen retire at the end of their terms, unless re-elected for a second term of three years. The salaried officials, on the other hand, may be and as a rule are re-elected during their first term either for a second series of years or for life. It is by no means necessary that the persons thus elected should be, or should have been, in the city government, or should even be citizens of Dresden. The men sought for the mayor and deputy-mayor are persons who have distinguished themselves either in the same city or in some other town in the profession of city administration. Thus the present *Bürgermeister* of Berlin was, when elected, holding the same office in Breslau, the second city of Prussia, and was called to be mayor of Berlin precisely as a successful professor in the University of Breslau might be called to the larger university at Berlin.

SALARIED ADMINISTRATORS.

The salaried members of the Board of Aldermen of Dresden receive from 1,500 dollars to 2,000 dollars each per annum, the mayor 3,000 dollars and the vice-mayor 2,400 dollars—salaries which according to German standards are honourable, and which should be a little more than doubled to give them the same meaning to Americans. The incomes of the mayor and vice-mayor, it should be added, are considerably supplemented by two special funds bequeathed for the peculiar expenses of these offices. There is also a high degree of dignity and social importance attached to these positions; and still further, when a salaried official is no longer able to serve he gets a pension amounting to from 30 per cent. to 80 per cent. of his former

income, having during his service contributed to the pension fund 1 per cent. to 2 per cent. of his salary.

THE CHICAGO COUNCIL.

Another article which will be read by County Councilors with interest is Mr. Julian Ralph's paper, in *Harper's* for April, on "Western Modes of City Management." Mr. Ralph says:—

Of the general plan of Chicago's management there is little more to say. After the mayor has appointed his heads of departments (and all the 8,000 or 9,000 "feet," if he chooses), he divides his farther powers with the Common Council, which has been but little shorn of its inherited functions. Its committees follow the more important divisions of the government, and one of them, the finance committee, acting like New York's Board of Estimate and Apportionment, determines the cost of each year's undertakings. The Council is a very large body, and contains two members from each of the thirty-four wards of the city, one being elected from each ward every year. They are paid on the *per diem* plan for actual service, and, like almost all the officers of the government, are moderately recompensed. The city has experimented with bureaus headed by commissions and with intrusting the patronage to the Common Council. It has now had for years what is popularly known as "one-man power."

A MAYOR IN HIDING.

Chicago offers an extremely valuable opportunity for the study and comparison of municipal methods in general.

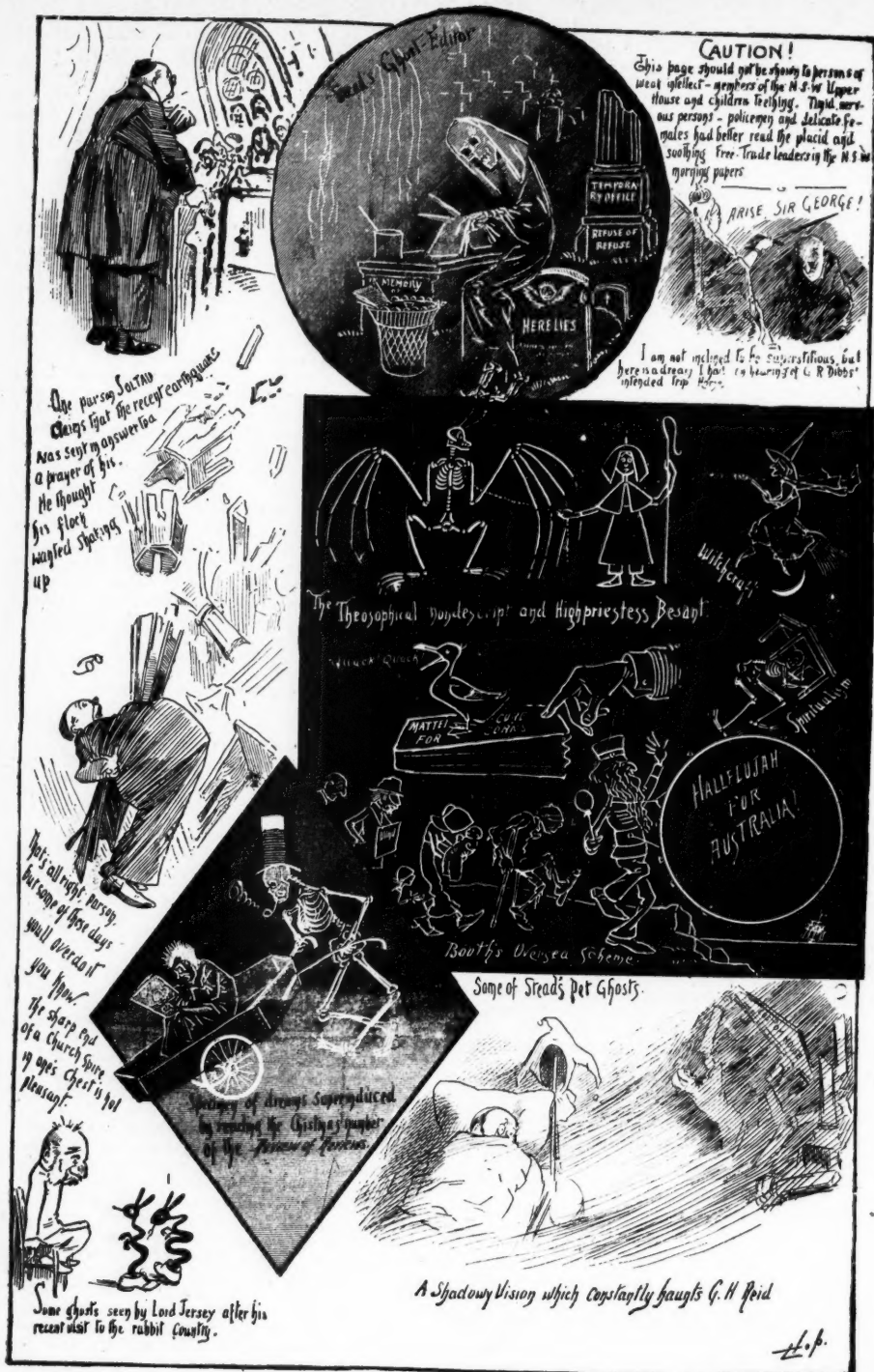
The worst feature, that which seems almost to caricature the worst products of partisan politics, is seen in the Mayor's office. The Mayor of Chicago has to hide behind a series of locked doors, and it is almost as difficult to see him as it would be to visit the Prefect of Police in Paris. When he leaves his office he slips out of a side door—the same by which he seeks his desk. The charm that the door possesses for his eyes is that it is at a distance from the public antechamber of his suite of offices. When he goes to luncheon he takes a closed cab, and is driven to some place a mile or more away, in order that he may eat in peace. The reason for this extraordinary and undemocratic condition of affairs is that the Mayor of Chicago is the worst victim of the spoils system that has yet been created in America. The chase for patronage fetches up at his door, and all the avenues employed in it end at his person. He is almost the sole source and dispenser of public place of every grade.

The parks are the glory of Chicago, and they are entirely managed by non-political men, hence they are free from the evils which beset the whole of the municipal administration.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MINNEAPOLIS.

Mr. Ralph gives the following account of the administration of another western city, Minneapolis:—

Of the government in general there is little more to be said than that it appears to be reasonably satisfactory to the people, and businesslike in its general plan and results. There are no bosses, "halls," or other organisations among the politicians. Here the mayor becomes a figure-head, and the Chicago plan is diametrically reversed. A recent mayor made this public comment on the case: "The mayor has but little authority; he has hardly more than an advisory power in any department." The government is by the Common Council, and the most important official is the City engineer. His salary is 4,500 dols.; the mayor's is 2,000 dols. The mayor appoints his Chief of Police, and may appoint the policemen. He also appoints his own secretary. The other officials, high and low, are the appointees of the Council. This consists of two aldermen from each of thirteen wards, who also order all public improvements and repairs and grant all licences. Politically, the present Council consists of sixteen Republicans and ten Democrats, and the membership is principally American, something like twenty of the twenty-six having been born in this country.



From the Bulletin.]

GHOSTS ON THE BRAIN.

[February 13, 1892.

DO THE DEAD RETURN?

AN APPARITION OF MRS. BOOTH!

THE magazines this month contain at least two remarkable stories of the apparition of the returning dead. The first, which will attract most attention, although the evidence as to its objectivity is much less than that of the second narrative, is, nevertheless, vouched for by Mrs. Booth-Tucker. It relates to the apparition of the late Mrs. Booth, which her daughter declares she saw and conversed with at the crisis of her recent illness when she was on her voyage home. The story is told at length in the Easter number of *All the World*. It is very simple and very interesting, even if it is dismissed as only being a dream. If so, the coincidence of its occurrence at the crisis in her illness is remarkable. Mrs. Booth-Tucker tells the story as follows in an article entitled "My Mother":—

It was a night I can never forget—out at sea. Those with me thought I was dying, and I thought so too, nor was I sorry. My spirit seemed, as it were, striving with my poor, weak body, wanting to be gone.

I SAW HER.

I had not slept for some days, at any rate not for many minutes together. I do not know whether I slept that night—I only know that all suddenly I saw her coming to me—she whom I had seen in suffering and pain, almost the same as then, and yet so different, so radiant, so happy, so "satisfied."

Whether in my dreams, or otherwise, I am sure God sent her to me that night. She sat beside me on the narrow bunk of my small sea cabin. Her eyes rested on my face and her hand touched mine. She was the same—my mother, and my heart poured out its pent up feelings without restraint!

It seems I told her everything that night—the regrets, the shortcomings, the wishes, the failures, the struggles, the mysteries, the pains. All came as like an ocean torrent that I could not check. I told her what a coward I had been; how different all seemed now that she had left us, and how, behind even my bravest efforts, I had indulged the secret longing to leave everything and to join her in Heaven.

THEN SHE SPOKE TO ME.

And then she spoke to me. Words so full of love and strength and power that my very soul rose up, and all my being seemed to grasp the comfort and the help she offered. *Wonderful words* they were!

She spoke of life and its chances—of the value that is put upon its opportunities in Heaven.

"Ah, its moments," she said—"its *very moments* I see to be worth countless millions now!"

I cannot remember half her words, but I know she so impressed me with the inestimable privileges of time, that every pulse in my being seemed to throb, while my very blood boiled in realising how blind and slow and backward I had been. I was ashamed in her presence—ashamed that I had ever wished to lay down my sword, that I had discarded earth and longed for Heaven.

THE RADIANCE OF HER FACE.

The very radiance of her face spoke to me.

And still she talked to me—talked of my brothers and sisters, and of the General—tender, sacred words they were; talked of the Army, and yet I can remember so few of the actual words she said, but the *impression* is with me still, indelibly stamped upon my inmost heart.

She charged me, oh, with what unutterable tenderness, and yet with faithfulness that lashed her arguments about my very soul—she charged me to be what she had striven to make me, to keep my vows to God and her, to love with a love unfeigned and disinterested each one whom she had loved: to prove my love to her by loving Christ, and to let her memory ever spur me on to broader, higher, grander things, than she had known, and "Live, live, live," she said, "remembering that night comes always *quickly*, and all is nothingness that dies with death!"

SHE BENT OVER ME AND KISSED ME.

I put my arms out to her and tried to tell her how I would be all—do all I could in following her. I tried to tell her how she had comforted me, that Heaven, and Christ, and God, with things eternal, would be ever nearer and nearer to me for having heard her words that night. And for a moment she bent over me as of old, and kissed me, saying, "Fight the fight, darling; the sympathy of Christ is always with you, and every effort you make is heaping up treasure for you in Heaven."

Then she left me, and I lay a long time thinking over her words, and weeping out my heart before the Lord.

From that hour I rallied. Twelve months have passed since that sea-tossed night, when God allowed me to see her face.

The impress of what I saw and heard and felt that night is on my heart, and I do not think it will ever pass away.

ANOTHER MOTHER'S APPARITION.

The other apparition is vouched for by the Rev. Minot J. Savage in the *Arena* for March:—

Early on Friday morning, January 18th, 1884, the steamer *City of Columbus*, en route from Boston to Savannah, was wrecked on the rocks off Gay Head, the south-western point of Martha's Vineyard. Among the passengers was an elderly widow, the sister-in-law of one of my friends, and the mother of another.

This lady, Mrs. K., and her sister, Mrs. B., had both been interested in psychic investigation, and had held sittings with a psychic whom I will call Mrs. E.

The papers of Friday evening, January 18th, of course contained accounts of the disaster. On Saturday, January 19th, Dr. K., my friend, the son of Mrs. K., hastened down to the beach in search of the body of his mother. No trace whatever was discovered. He became satisfied that she was among the lost, but was not able to find the body. Saturday night he returned to the city. Sunday passed by. On Monday morning, the 21st, Mrs. E. came from her country home to give the customary treatment to her patient, Mrs. B. Dr. K. called on his aunt while Mrs. E. was there, and they decided to have a sitting, to see if there would come to them anything that even purported to be news from the missing mother and sister. Immediately Mrs. K. claimed to be present; and along with many other matters, she told them three separate and distinct things which, if true, it was utterly impossible for either of them to have known.

1. She told them that, after the steamer had sailed, she had been able to exchange her inside stateroom for an outside one. All that any of them knew, was that she had been obliged to take an inside room, and that she did not want it.

2. She told them that she played whist with some friends in the steamer saloon during the evening; and she further told them the names of the ones who had made up the table.

3. Then came the startling and utterly unexpected statement—"I do not want you to think of me as having been drowned. I was not drowned. When the alarm came, I was in my berth. Being frightened, I jumped up, and rushed out of the stateroom. In the passage-way, I was suddenly struck a blow on my head, and instantly it was over. So do not think of me as having gone through the process of drowning." It was learned, through survivors, that the matter of the stateroom and the whist, even to the partners, was precisely as had been stated. But how to verify the other statement, as the body had not been discovered?

On Tuesday, the 22nd, the doctor and a friend went again to the beach. After a prolonged search among the bodies that had been recovered, they were able to identify that of the mother. And they found the right side of the head *all crushed in by a blow*.

The impression made on the doctor, at the sitting on Monday, was that he had been talking with his mother.

The doctor, my friend, is an educated, level-headed, noble man. He felt sure that he detected undoubted tokens of his mother's presence.

DREAMS AND DREAMING.

A REMARKABLE PREMONITION.

ONE of the most remarkable items of information in the present month has been the evidence given at the inquest on the Rainhill murders as to the revelation of the perpetration of the crime. According to the statement made by Mr. Alfred Deeming at the inquest, he was prepared for the horrible discovery of the corpses of his murdered relatives, owing to the fact that he had seen their bodies in a dream about the time the murder was committed. This evidence, given on oath, naturally created a profound sensation in the court, and may probably lead to considerable discussion of prophetic dreams.

A SOUTH AFRICAN DREAM.

Of these I have in my wallet considerable store. One of the most remarkable of them reached me from South Africa in the course of the month. It is as follows:—

Dear Sir,—I shall be glad if you will kindly allow me to state a few indisputable facts in relation to *dreams* that have proved too true, for they will, I am sure, interest your large constituency of readers generally, and especially those of a psychological turn of mind.

The facts are these: The Rev. Chas. Denyer, Baptist minister in Cradock, and president for last year of the Baptist Union in South Africa, died suddenly in the street while attending to his pastoral duties on Saturday morning, the 23rd of May, 1891. Mr. Denyer had been a student in the Rev. Mr. Guinness's College, England, was about 34 years of age, and one of the most devout and useful pastors in this colony. He has left a widow and four dear little children to mourn his loss, but I am thankful to say that a very handsome sum of money has been raised for the assistance of the family of our beloved brother. The town in which I live and labour is nearly three hundred miles away from Cradock. In my church I have a brother of the late Mr. Denyer, a young man, 25 years of age. His name is James Denyer, and he is employed as overseer on the floors of the De Beers Mining Company, Limited. Mr. James Denyer is a strong, healthy, young man of unimpeachable character.

James was working on the night shift the week that his Rev. brother died.

FIRST DREAM.

On Thursday morning, May 21st, and between seven and nine o'clock, he dreamt that he was in the drawing-room of his deceased brother's, which room is on the left-hand side of the lobby and near the front door, and while there he heard something which resembled the heavy footsteps of men. He went out into the lobby, and there saw a number of men bearing on a stretcher a dead man, whom he recognised to be his brother.

SECOND DREAM.

On the morning of Friday, May 22nd, he dreamt the same thing with this addition, that he went into his brother's study, which was on the other side of the lobby, with its door directly opposite the drawing-room door, and there in the study he saw his brother in his coffin.

THIRD DREAM.

On Saturday morning, the very day that his beloved brother died, he dreamt that there were thousands of people in front of his brother's house—that a funeral proceeded from the said house, that he was the only family mourner following, that they proceeded to the church, where a service was conducted, and thence to the graveyard, which graveyard he recognised.

In the afternoon of this day Mr. James Denyer had to return to his duties on the floors. While there, the floor manager, R. Archibald, Esq., who had married the first cousin of the wife of the late Rev. Charles Denyer, received a telegram informing him of the sad fact of the sudden death of the aforesaid Rev. Denyer that morning about 10.30, and requesting him to break the news to the brother of the deceased. When the doleful message arrived Mr. Archibald was in the act of paying

the men in his department, and therefore could not go and break the sad news to Mr. James Denyer. He sent one of his subordinate officers in his conveyance to make known the fact that his brother was dead. As this messenger drove up over the floors to the place where Mr. James Denyer was employed, the latter came away from his work to meet the cart, and said to the messenger: "I know what you are come for; you are come to tell me that my brother is dead." The reply was, "I am sorry to say that that is the case."

FULFILMENT.

Mr. James Denyer took train and arrived at Cradock on Sunday morning about 8 o'clock. He proceeded at once from the station to his brother's house, he entered the study as he had always done, and there he saw his brother in his coffin—exactly as he had seen in the vision. He found that his brother had been carried home on a stretcher as he had dreamt; thousands did attend the funeral; a service was held in the church; he was the only member of the family who followed the corpse to the grave, and it was the same graveyard that he saw in his dreams. In fact, the whole series of events corresponded exactly to the visions of the surviving brother. These dreams were actually *made known* before he had heard of the death of his brother. Moreover, he had not heard from his departed brother for more than a month, and had not the slightest reason to suppose but that he would live for many years. These facts I can vouch for—the young man is still in Kimberley and in the employ of the powerful and generous company known as the De Beers Company, and as your REVIEW OF REVIEWS is extensively read here I am sure your many readers will believe that what I have stated is literally true. I have made these facts known from my own pulpit to a crowded congregation.

A REASONABLE INFERENCE.

Now, Sir, what is the meaning of all this? Certainly neither a disorganised stomach nor a diseased liver can account for such dreams. Is there not a science which we have greatly neglected, and are there not voices from the other side of the veil which we have culpably neglected?—Believe me, dear Sir, very truly yours,

JAMES HUGHES, Baptist Minister,
Kimberley, South Africa, Feb. 6, 1892.

MR. LANG'S GHOST STORY.

In *Longman's Magazine*, in "At the Sign of the Ship," Mr. Andrew Lang tells the following ghost story:—

Talking of St. Andrews leads the mind to Archbishop Sharpe and Wodrow's story of Sharpe's wraith. The prelate was at Edinburgh; he wanted a document in his desk at St. Andrews (he had a house near the harbour; only a gateway survives), and he sent his running footman to bring the paper. The man came in six hours, arriving at the house at four in the afternoon. The pace is excellent, but, in the "Bride of Lammermoor," Scott gives an account of the great speed and endurance of these athletes. As he entered the Archbishop's room the footman saw the prelate sitting at the bureau which contained the paper. "You have ridden fast, my lord; I did not see you on the road," said the servant. The appearance arose, and moved out of the room. The man called the steward, and both saw the Archbishop standing, with a forbidding countenance, at the top of the stairs, whence he disappeared. It is a very good instance of a wraith or "apparition of the living." The ingenious Mr. Stead, whose historical ghosts are carefully handled, should consult Wodrow's "Analecta," where the tale occurs. There is a ghost story in every ten pages, illustrating the uniformity of habit and custom so notable in spooks. The house of the Archbishop, by the way, was haunted, according to a letter which Wodrow received from another minister; and a later archbishop, investigating the affair, got a terrible fright. The Psychical Society might make researches in historical ghost stories; they would be more interesting than many of the Society's "Transactions."

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A SKETCH OF MISS CLOUGH.

THE FIRST PRINCIPAL OF NEWNHAM.

MISS ELIZABETH S. HUGHES, sister of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, contributes to the *Educational Review* a very sympathetic tribute to the memory of Miss Clough, first principal of Newnham, who died on February 27th. Miss Clough was born in 1820, she was Welsh on her father's side but her mother was Yorkshire. The poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, was her brother. When only two years old the Cloughs went to America and remained there for fourteen years. When she was twenty-two Miss Clough started a school in Liverpool with a friend. Ten years later she removed to Ambleside where she opened a school. Her brother died when she turned forty, and it was when she

deepest and most spiritual side of life. One felt very keenly that sacred things were to her most sacred. Newnham College is not connected with any special section of the Catholic Church, and it was a matter of no small importance that its first principal was herself so Catholic that she could detect real religion under many forms, and sympathise with those who held very different creeds.

In *Atalanta*, Jane Lee, vice-principal of the Old Hall, Newnham College, writes a notice of Miss Clough. Miss Lee mentions that among her pupils at Ambleside was the granddaughter of Dr. Arnold, who is now Mrs. Humphry Ward. The little girl had a very high spirit, and Miss Clough found it hard to control and restrain the future authoress of "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve":—

In thinking of her character, the qualities which perhaps



THE LATE MISS CLOUGH.

(From a photograph by Bell, Ambleside.)

was living with his family that the movement in favour of the higher education of women began. She took a leading part in the agitation in favour of women being admitted to local examinations, and some years later she assisted in getting the University Extension Scheme carried out. It was not until 1871, when she was fifty-one years old, that she was asked to take charge of a house for the reception of women students who came to Cambridge. From that time she has been the leading figure at Newnham, of which she was the first principal. Her intense interest in everything human that surrounded her was her most marked characteristic. She seemed to be greatly interested in every human being that crossed her path. She was cautious, sympathetic, unostentatious, and absolutely unselfish:—

No account of Miss Clough can be at all complete which does not refer to the way in which she responded to the



MRS. SIDGWICK (MISS CLOUGH'S SUCCESSOR).

(Photographed by Grey and Davies, of Bayswater, from a painting by Mr. J. J. Shannon.)

stand out most prominently are her large-mindedness, her sound judgment, her silent devotion to duty, her entire self-forgetfulness; but, alongside of these, memories of other qualities throng forward—of her patience, her hopefulness, her freedom from scorn or contempt of any, and, perhaps not least, her delightful sense of humour. She was most just and impartial in her views of things as well as people. She was not at all a sentimental person, although she had strong and vivid sentiments about many things; but she disliked silliness of any kind; she had too much humour not to do so. Even in the last week, when she knew that she was going to die, she shrank from being sentimental or emotional on the subject of her death, but spoke of it with a smile and quite cheerily; and in some written instructions which she left behind she expressed a wish that her funeral service might not be long, "for it would be a grievous thing if any people made themselves ill at my funeral."

MY SUCCESSOR AT THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

THERE are two articles in the magazines this month devoted to Mr. E. T. Cook who was my assistant on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and who has for the last two years and more filled the editorial chair in Northumberland Street.



MR. E. T. COOK.

The first of these articles appears in *Search Light*, and is illustrated with a portrait which I reproduce here:—

When Mr. W. T. Stead took over the editorship of the paper, Mr. Cook succeeded Mr. Alfred Milner as assistant editor, and soon proved what an admirable choice had been made. The two men seemed to complete one another to a singular degree, and during the many years they worked together Mr. Stead always found in his assistant a thoughtful adviser and loyal friend.

Even in those old days Mr. Cook always took a considerable part in the editing and arranging of the "Extras" which have become such a feature of the paper. Not only was he the sole writer and compiler of "The Guide to the House of Commons," which has proved a boon not only to the public, but to the whole of journalistic Great Britain, but he also arranged and edited the series of articles which culminated in the "Best Hundred Books Extra," a pamphlet which contained letters and contributions from all the known men of the day, including Sir John Lubbock, Matthew Arnold, and John Ruskin.

Those who have the honour of knowing the author of "Modern Painters" are aware of the high esteem in which he holds Mr. E. T. Cook. Many years ago Ruskin said that there was somebody at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office who knew more about his writings than he did himself. It is needless to add that Mr. Stead's assistant editor was the "somebody" referred to.

His little book on Mr. Ruskin's work and message to the modern world is interesting from many points of view, for Mr. Cook is not only an admirer of the great art teacher and critic, he is also an enthusiast for both British and foreign art, and although getting through an enormous quantity of miscellaneous work, has found time to write a standard work and guide to the National Gallery; it is also to him that the *Pall Mall Gazette* owes the accurate and admirable art notes which have always been a feature of that paper.

The other article appears in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*:—

Mr. Cook succeeded to the editorship of the *Pall Mall* at a most trying period. He had to follow Mr. Stead—one of the most impressive, the most impetuous, and most strenuous journalists of his day. He had perhaps to correct the notion that the *Pall Mall Gazette* was a paper which, with all its brilliancy and force, had become a thorn in the side of its party and a social luminary of somewhat eccentric orbit. But he had also to maintain its unrivalled power of putting points, of leading the public mind to the root facts of the social and political problems of the hour, of preserving the

literary standard of the paper, and of keeping up its independent note while falling more regularly into line with the average Liberal thinking of the hour. It must be held that Mr. Cook has succeeded in all these directions. It has been said the *Pall Mall* is "steadier" since it lost Mr. Stead. It coruscates less, but it serves its party more. On social questions there has been less change than was generally anticipated. Mr. Cook shared his chief's sympathies, though he may not always have approved of his methods. Mr. Edward Tyars Cook is an Oxford man, hailing from New College. He found his first mission in connection with the University Extension Movement. He at one time had some thought of entering the Civil Service, but eventually turned to journalism. An Oxford tutor gave him an introduction to Mr. John Morley, and for some time Mr. Cook wrote for the *Pall Mall* without being added to the staff. Mr. Cook found Mr. Morley a strict disciplinarian, who regarded an uninvited intrusion into his editorial room as a sin of the first magnitude. From the time when he began to make an impression on the paper he was able to strengthen it on the one very important side in which it had long excelled any other English journal—namely in the careful collection and arrangement of political facts.

To the art department of the *Pall Mall Gazette* Mr. Cook has been able to give a special attraction. The *Budget*, which is now a substantial success, has been transferred to the care of Mr. Charles Morley, nephew of the statesman, and a journalist of singular quickness, brightness, and fertility of ideas. Mr. Charles Morley is perhaps the nearest approach to an American journalist the English press has yet produced, and under his management it is understood the *Budget* has made a handsome return to Mr. Yates Thompson's treasury.

Mr. Cook is a trained leader writer, with a notable faculty for discerning points and presenting them with a certain clear and curtly concentrated style, very well suiting the mission of the *Pall Mall* as a review of the morning press. He is a first-rate writer of *précis*, and his notes are always felicitously touched. During his editorship he has availed himself very largely of that new phenomenon, the woman journalist, and some of the best stuff in the *Pall Mall* has been contributed by women. Under the management of Mr. Cook the financial prospects of the paper have improved, and the *Pall Mall* to-day is probably on a stronger basis than at any period of its history.

Mr. Cook is the most diligent of editors. He is always at his desk at half-past seven in the morning, and very frequently does not leave it until late in the afternoon. He is a little reserved in manner, and presents in this respect a curious contrast to Mr. Stead, for whom, by the way, his old lieutenant still cherishes a real affection. As he was a thoroughly loyal servant he has made a wise, kindly, and judicious chief. He does not "prevade" London with the omnipresent activity of his predecessors, but he still does an occasional interview, and rarely misses any of the chief picture shows of the year. He has a very gifted and brilliant young assistant in Mr. Garrett, the nephew of Mrs. Hawcett, of whom a career of real eminence may safely be predicted.

Mrs. Butler.

THE *Dawn* is Mrs. Butler's organ, and this month it does not appear. The cause of this suspension of the publication is, we regret to say, the state of the editor's health. Mrs. Butler's sister has sent a circular to the subscribers, stating that Mrs. Butler—has had a severe and protracted illness—inflammation of the lungs and ophthalmia, following on influenza. She hopes that she may be able in the course of the summer, if she lives, to take up again in a measure her correspondence on behalf of the cause which will be ever dear to her heart; but at the same time, in order to avoid future disappointment, she begs her friends not to expect to find in her again the same power of working as she may have had in the past. The injury to the lungs is not likely ever to be entirely repaired at her age, and she is gravely warned against any exertion which would increase that weakness.

SOME LEADING JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

ARTICLES on journalists are becoming more and more the feature in the magazines. In the *Search Light* for April there are no fewer than half-a-dozen journalists sketched with their portraits. The first place is given to Madame Severine, who is described as the leading lady journalist of Europe, a title which will turn some of her journalistic sisters green with envy.



MADAME SEVERINE.

Madame Severine is stated to be one of the most delightful and interesting personalities in the Parisian literary world. She writes in the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, and the *Gil Blas*. She writes a regular weekly article or leader in these three papers. Since she gave up editing the *Cri du Peuple* she has become a woman of the world, and has abandoned many of her Anarchist theories and prejudices.

Mr. Wemyss Reid, of the *Speaker*, is another journalist, but Mr. Reid is so

much more than a journalist that he hardly belongs to the category. He is novelist, manager, and man of letters, and I note a prophecy that he is to be a baronet before he dies. Another journalist who is more than a journalist is the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, who, after serving a term as American ambassador at Paris, is going back to take charge of the *New York Tribune* during the presidential term next autumn. There is a hint that he is in the running for the vice-presidency, and is a dark horse for the presidency.

Cassell's Saturday Journal for April includes in its series of "Editors of To-day," Mr. C. P. Scott, of the *Manchester Guardian*. Of Mr. Scott the writer says:—

He has always been deeply conscious of the responsibilities of his position and profoundly sensible of the power of the Press; and from the first he resolved to give all the influence of the *Guardian* to the strengthening of agencies which contribute to the elevation of the people, the diminution of ignorance and vice, and the extension of everything that makes life purer, brighter, and healthier. With this object, he made himself personally acquainted with the slums of Ancoats—the East-end of Manchester—and he saw for himself the character of the homes of the operatives, the nature of their amusements, and the need for reform in both directions. In these efforts Mr. Scott has been ably seconded by his wife, who is almost as well known as her husband in Ancoats. She is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Cook, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of St. Andrews. As a member of the Manchester School Board, this lady has often displayed her sympathy with progress and her ability as an administrator.

Speaking of the *Manchester Guardian* office the writer says:—

No one can visit the splendid offices of the *Guardian* in Cross Street without being struck with the order pervading

the whole establishment. It has the reputation of being one of the best fitted offices in the kingdom; and certainly, with respect to the accommodation provided for its literary staff, it is not to be surpassed. The quietude, decorum, and comfort of the well-regulated reporters' room, for example, must be the envy of every journalist admitted to this sanctum. Here at headquarters, in his editorial chair, Mr. Scott may be at work, directing the vast concern, or he may be busy in his study at his residence, the Firs, Fallowfield, in one of the pleasantest suburbs of the city. A telephone enables him freely to communicate with the office, or with any part of Manchester. Mr. Scott is very popular with the pressmen of Manchester for his courtesy to all, ready discrimination of talent, and appreciation of good work done.

Another provincial editor who figures in *Search Light* is Mr. Palmer, of the *Yorkshire Post*. Mr. Palmer, from being assistant editor of the *Sheffield Telegraph* and editor of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, is now editor of the *Yorkshire Post* at a salary of £1,200 a-year. He is now thirty-nine; Mr. Cook is thirty-five; Mr. Wemyss Reid, forty-three; Madame Severine, thirty-five; Mr. Whitelaw Reid, fifty-five.

Another journalist who is described both by Mr. Massingham in the *Leisure Hour* for April and by the *Search Light*, is Mr. Mudford, of the *Standard*. Mr. Massingham thus winds up his account of the *Standard*:—

It is perhaps the danger to modern newspapers that their fortunes are so closely bound up with those of the company promoter. The peril does not, of course, vitally affect the *Standard*, whose prosperity rests on too solid a basis to be shaken by any ill wind that blows from Capel Court. But it is quite possible that the era of excessive good fortune which has furnished England, as it has fur-



MR. MUDFORD.

nished America, with a line of merchant princes is about to close.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

WALT WHITMAN'S DEATH SONG.

Harper's Magazine publishes Walt. Whitman's last poem to accompany a picture of the Valley of Death:—

Nay, do not dream, designer dark,
Thou hast portray'd or hit thy theme entire;
I, hoverer of late by this dark valley, by its confines, having glimpses of it,
Here enter lists with thee, claiming my right to make a symbol too.

For I have seen many wounded soldiers die,
After dread suffering—have seen their lives pass off with smiles;
And I have watch'd the death-hours of the old; and seen the infant die;

The rich, with all his nurses and his doctors;
And then the poor, in meagreness and poverty;
And I myself for long, O Death, have breathed my every breath

Amid the nearness and the silent thought of thee.

And out of these and thee,

I make a scene, a song, brief (not fear of thee,

Nor gloom's ravines, nor bleak, nor dark—for I do not fear thee,

Nor celebrate the struggle, or contortion, or hard-tied knot),
Of the broad blessed light and perfect air, with meadows,

rippling tides, and trees and flowers and grass,

And the low hum of living breeze—and in the midst God's beautiful eternal right hand,

Thee, holiest minister of Heaven—thee, envoy, usherer, guide at last of all,

Rich, florid, loosener of the stricture-knot call'd life,
Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death.

"MARAH," BY LORD LYTTON.

The *National Review* gives copious extracts from "Owen Meredith's" posthumous volume of poetry, entitled "Marah." Lord Lytton was a pessimist like the preacher in Ecclesiastes. So he calls his last poetic print "Marah," after the bitter fountain in the Wilderness. The note of the book is thus sounded in the prologue:—

Lured by the promise of a better land,

They wander'd in the wilderness of Shur;

Vagrants from bondage fled, a weary band,

Whose weariness each day made wearier;

And waterless was all the desert sand,

No wells at hand!

A place at last they reach'd, in sore distress,

Where water flow'd, but from a bitter spring.

Then cried they, 'Here we die of thirst, unless

God turn this bitter sweet!' And, murmuring,

They call'd it Marah. Nor can speech express

More bitterness.

Here is Lord Lytton's summing-up of the disillusion of life:—

I have search'd the Universe, beneath, above,

And everywhere with this importunate lyre

Have wander'd desperately seeking Love,

But everywhere have only found Desire.

I have probed the spheres above, the spheres beneath.

Their dim abysses have echo'd to my shout

Invoking truth. But 'time, space, life, and death,

And joy, and sorrow, only answer'd, "Doubt!"

"Vanity of vanities," says the Preacher, "all is vanity."

IN A LONDON STREET.

Louise Imogen Guiney has a remarkable little poem in *Harper's* for April, entitled, "In a London Street." I quote two verses:—

Tho' sea and mount have beauty, and this but what it can,
Thrice fairer than their light here battling in the van,

The tragic light, the din and grime,

The dread endearing stain of time,

The beating heart of man.

The bells in dripping steeples; the tavern's corner glare;
The cabs like glowworms darting forth; the barrel-organ's air;

And one by one, and two by two,

The hatless urchins waltzing thro'

The level-paven square.

Not on the Grecian headlands of song and old desire

My spirit chose her pleasure-house, but in the London mire.

IF YOU WERE HERE.

The *New England Magazine* for March publishes a "Song in Winter," by the late Philip Bourke Marston, "If You Were Here." I quote the first two stanzas and the last:—

Oh love, if you were here,

This dreary, weary day;

If your lips warm and dear

Found some sweet word to say,—

Then hardly would seem drear

These skies of wintry gray.

But you are far away—

How far from me, my dear!

What cheer can warm the day?

My heart turns chill with fear,

Pierced through with swift dismay,—

A thought has turned life sore.

If you, so far away,

Should come not back, my dear;

* * * * *

But I would come away

To dwell with you, my dear;

Through unknown worlds to stray,

Or sleep,—nor hope, nor fear,

Nor dream beneath the clay,

Of all our days that were.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF LABOUR.

There is a long and ambitious poem in the *Arena*, entitled "The Battle Hymn of Labour," by Nelly Booth Simmons. It is too long for its purpose, consisting of twenty-two stanzas. It is based on Tennyson, but some of its verses are not lacking in vigour. I quote two:—

From the serried ranks of labour springs a leader, here and there.

Now at last they rouse to action; they have waken'd from despair.

Far along life's endless turmoil, thro' the voices of the world,

Lo, the challenge of the toilers like a thunderbolt is hurled.

"Thou has coin'd thy golden eagles, O thou alchemist

accurs'd,

From the tears of helpless babes, of mothers hunger'd and

athirst.

Yet bethink thee now, O spoiler! dealing in thine hellish arts.

Thou dost play with men,—not puppets,—men, with human

heads and hearts."

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

In *Good Words* there is a touching little poem by William Savage, entitled, "The Old Homestead." I quote the last three stanzas:—

All is changed; all is changed!—for the dear,

Loving dead, who illumined the place,

Have been laid under daisies and grass many a year!

What is home, if it lack the loved face?

Let us never go back! The old years,

The old homestead have vanished. No more

Shall we see them at all save in sleep, through our tears.

We shall never more darken the door.

But the sunset for ever shall gleam

On the window-panes, there where it stands

In the wood-muffled meadows—the house of a dream,

A fair dwelling not fashioned with hands.

A PIOUS PICNIC.

A RE-UNION CONFERENCE AT GRINDELWALD.

DR. LUNN, the general editor of the *Review of the Churches*, was so delighted at the success of the party which he took to Grindelwald in the winter that he has fixed up a series of conferences on the "Re-union of Christendom," to be held in that pleasant valley in July and September. In the *Review of the Churches* for February, he announced that he had arranged for a party of seventy-five to be accommodated at the Schwartzer Adler from June 27th on into July; and a party of twenty-five—in addition to the editorial party, the speakers at the conference, and their friends—at the Hotel Bär.

Herr Fritz Boss has kindly undertaken to arrange for the erection of a large booth in some place conveniently near to the two hotels; and the conferences will be held in this booth on two or three evenings in every week. On the other evenings the party will, no doubt, have their concerts and various social gatherings; and in this way the monotony and listlessness which all summer tourists complain of as being an inevitable accompaniment of summer evenings in Switzerland will be entirely obviated. The days will be spent, as they were spent by our winter party—in mountain climbing and other healthy recreations.

The Bishop of Ripon, the Rev. Canon Freemantle, Canon Body, Canon Wilberforce, Rev. W. Hay Aitken, Dr. Clifford, Rev. H. P. Hughes, Rev. R. F. Horton, Mr. Percy Bunting, Dr. Mackennal, and Dr. Parker have accepted invitations to attend. By this means Dr. Lunn promises to provide a twelve days' holiday for ministers and Christian workers for 10 gs. The 10 gs. will cover the return journey to Grindelwald and hotel expenses for ten days there. In addition there is to be a conference on Anglican and Nonconformist Sisterhoods, and Mrs. Amos is going out to take charge of a large chalet, where she will be glad to receive any young ladies who may care to take part in this outing.

The second of the three parties arranged for July will no doubt be the most representative and interesting, but all promise an enjoyable combination of pleasure and profit. The March number of the *Review of the Churches* contains full particulars so far as July is concerned, and a forecast of similar excursions in September, when the Bishop of Worcester, Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Barker, Canon Wilberforce, Dr. Stokes (Trin. Col., Dublin), Dr. Parker, Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D., and Rev. F. W. Macdonald are announced as taking a leading part. These arrangements have called forth some interesting expressions of opinion on the question of Re-union. The following is

DR. DALLINGER'S OPINION.

Rev. W. H. Dallinger, LL.D., F.R.S., writing to express his great desire to be present, and wishing success to the scheme, says:—"There is nothing with which I have a larger or deeper sympathy than with the efforts for the 'Re-union of Christendom.' In its relatively near

accomplishment lies, as I believe, the only practical hope of Christianity as a moral and spiritual World-Restorer. Re-union is certainly the only means of finally coping with the distortions and upheavals inevitable to the powerful advance of knowledge. United Christendom could and would explain much, and could afford to surrender much, where a large yet loyal insight and perception of what was true rendered it wise. In the voicelessness consequent upon our fractured condition we practically concede nothing, for the concessions of one fragment are ignored or disallowed by others. But meanwhile thought amongst men of enlightenment is in no sense controlled or really guided, and not only spirituality but morality (in my judgment) suffers."

A STEP TOWARDS CHAUTAUQUA.

"It has long been a matter of surprise to many," says Dr. Lunn, "that no effort has been made to realise on the Continent of Europe a similar programme to that which has been so great a success in America in connection with the Chautauqua movement. Our gathering will, however, have one great point of similarity. The lectures and addresses of leaders of religious thought upon the questions with which they are most intimately conversant will in many respects resemble those which are delivered in the great American summer school. At the suggestion of some friends, who desire to see the gathering at Grindelwald made as useful as possible, I have decided to attempt in an exceedingly tentative fashion a distinctly educational side to the gathering. I have, therefore, arranged with four tutors to undertake special reading with individuals for the formation of small classes for study in any of the following subjects: Divinity, Law, History and Political Economy, Mathematics, and Classics. A small hotel or pension will be secured in or near Grindelwald for the tutors and their pupils, and an inclusive charge of £25 for a month's tuition will be made to cover railway fares, hotel expenses, and tutor's fees."



From a photograph by

[Turner and Drinkwater, Eul.]

THE WETTERHORN, AS SEEN FROM GRINDELWALD.

“WILLIE”

A CRUEL CHARACTER SKETCH OF KAISER WILHELM.

In the *Contemporary Review* for April an anonymous writer dips his pen in gall in order to depict the German Emperor, whom he describes as a born actor, eaten up with egotism and consumed with vanity.

THE EMPRESS AND HER SON.

The writer, however, says that the story of his heartless conduct to his mother is groundless:—

The real fact of the matter is, that his strong-willed mother used grievously to outrage his vanity by ordering “Willie” about long after he had come to the conviction of his divine mission. Even now the Emperor has unconsciously a feeling of profound awe—yes, of jealousy—for his mother; and if she would only frankly acknowledge the heaven-sent Evangelist—the Great Man—in her son “Willie,” there is nothing she could not do with him. But his mother is a proud and obstinate woman.

HIS ITCH FOR NOTORIETY.

The writer has more than a sneaking kindness for Prince Bismarck. He declares that the back of Germany's character and intellect is ominously up, and that the Germans are heartily sick of the phrasiness of their ruler. A very characteristic extract from Carlyle, written fifty years ago, is pressed into the service of describing the young Emperor—

Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under the sun. A great man? A poor, prurient, empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the emptiness of the man, not his greatness.

HIS INCONSISTENCY.

His restlessness, his love of noisy notoriety, his craving to have constant paragraphs written upon him in the newspapers, are very unworthy of a man who stands in his position, nor do his subjects pay much regard to his sermons on economy, which contrast very strongly with his personal habits:—

For, on the other hand, they hear of extravagant projects for building an Imperial palace in Frankfort-on-the-Main (since abandoned), of expensive pleasure steamers kept up, of sailing yachts, of four million marks thrown out for a special train of carriages picked out in white and gold, and lastly of a brand-new cathedral to enshrine the tombs of the Hohenzollerns, and to cost the trifle of ten million marks.

A PERPETUAL FIDGET.

The Emperor has not read a book for years, and all his time is taken up with trotting round and quickly grasping the outward aspect of many things. He has made after-dinner speeches which arouse resentment and contempt. He has made mischief with his dilettantism in every department of the State. He is perpetually posing as an earthly providence. His nervous irritability is in danger of degenerating into recklessness, and Germans hear with alarm of his proposed journeys to Copenhagen

and Roumania. He has no eye for the true proportion of things, and he is continually irritating those whom he would do well to conciliate. Altogether, the writer would have us believe that, instead of being a heaven-sent ruler, a Napoleon of peace, “Willie” the German is a mere theatricality, a hollow fraud, without either heart or head—bitten by a tarantula of restlessness which leaves him no time for sober thought, and may easily precipitate him into the abyss.

DR. BAMBERGER'S ESTIMATE.

In the *New Review* Dr. Bamberger has the first place in an article on the “German Crisis and the Emperor.” The first part of it is chiefly devoted to a dissertation upon Prince Bismarck's Socialist policy. The most interesting part of the article is to be found in the last two or three pages, in which he gives us his estimate of the Emperor's character. He attributes the Kaiser's attitude as the direct result of the cult of the House of Hohenzollern by some historians having erected their veneration for the dynasty into an ecstatic and mystic religion, a species of fanaticism without parallel in history—

Never of the Antonines, nor of the Medicis, nor of the Bourbons, nor of the Hapsburgs was it maintained in such dithyrambic strains that every ruler of their house must, by the mere fact of his existence, be a pattern of superhuman perfection lawfully placed on the throne. The sense of its own power which has increased so greatly in Germany, and more especially in Prussia, since the war of 1870, has become personified in the reigning house and in the wearer of the crown.

THE SUM OF THREE FORCES.

If we take into account the important part played by State activity in the tendency of its late legislation, and, further, the enormous success which Bismarck obtained, and which the world attributed less to his acknowledged intellectual superiority than to his strong will—a feeling which found utterance in the appellation of the Iron Chancellor; if we sum up the three forces—Hohenzollern, Bismarck, and energy—taken in their widest sense, and if we picture to ourselves a young man brought up in this atmosphere, prematurely called upon to combine (according to his view of the matter) in his own person these three attributes, we shall be able to conceive with what claims on himself and on the world the youthful sovereign mounted the throne. He felt an irresistible impulse to be a great monarch, and the self-inspired creator of a great epoch. His disposition, no less than the fashion of the time, more especially the military taste which finds expression in the display of dazzling spectacles, tempted him to symbolise his high calling by the most effective stage surroundings. With the impatience of youth he longed to bring about some great event, and was more bent on a striking beginning than on a slow maturity. He accordingly set out on his travels to foreign courts in order to conquer the sympathies of dynasties and nations at a gallop, and to bring under their notice the magnificence of his majesty. With the same object he convened the International Conference for the solving of social problems, and inaugurated the reform of public instruction, in which he set out with the notion that the strength of the personal impulses that he followed was the very thing whereby to accomplish the difficult tasks of life, and give them the impress of creative force. An inward activity and craving for excitement and movement, the belief that the will is everything, and the wish to show the world by visible manifestations that his view was the right one, impelled him to restless demonstrativeness.

Notwithstanding all this, Dr. Bamberger concludes with reassuring us that, in spite of all the Kaiser's love of military power and pomp, he is deeply penetrated by the belief that it is an unspeakably holy thing to preserve peace, and this being so, he thinks we can leave future developments to time.

WHY SIR CHARLES DILKE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

MANIFESTO BY MR. GUINNESS ROGERS.

MR. GUINNESS ROGERS was recently paraded by one of the gang of Ananias and Sapphira as a Nonconformist who believed in the innocence of Sir Charles Dilke.

HIS VINDICATION NOT WORTH NOTICE.

This circumstance renders his article in the *Contemporary Review* for April, on "Nonconformists in Public Life," all the more interesting. Those innocents, who were so



REV. J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

devoid of all knowledge of the tactics of this great conspiracy to defeat truth and justice, will be amazed to find that the chief objection Mr. Rogers has against me is, that I condescend to take any notice of Sir Charles Dilke's vindication. The proper thing to have done, according to Mr. Rogers, was to have treated the vindication as out of the question altogether. Sir Charles Dilke had been found guilty, he had been condemned in two successive trials, I might safely have left the pam-

phlet to work its own effect. What that effect was Mr. Rogers measures by his own experience. It was the publication of that twaddly vindication which first seems to have convinced him that the story told in the divorce courts may have been true after all.

ANSWERING A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

That may be so, but it is often necessary to answer a fool according to his folly. It is absurd to say that by so doing I recognised the authority of the tribunal to which he had appealed. In the first pamphlet which I published, I protested even more strongly than Mr. Rogers himself has done against the idea that any vindication excepting in a court of law could be regarded as worth talking about. The question I said was closed. It was closed in a court, and it can only be re-opened in a court, but as it is necessary to take away occasion from those who desire to take occasion, and as there is good warrant for being all things to all men if by any means we may save some, I countered Sir Charles Dilke on the ground which he had himself chosen, without for a moment recognising the fitness of the arena into which he had retired. This difference of opinion, however, matters little. Mr. Guinness Rogers says:—

A SUGGESTED COURT OF HONOUR.

Sir Charles Dilke was not in the position of an accused man, but of one who had been condemned in two successive trials. That verdict, arrived at by a careful process of law, can only be reversed by some tribunal of admitted legal competence. It need not necessarily be one of the established courts, in which we are told it would be very difficult to raise the old issues again. It would be sufficient, so far as the practical business of politics is concerned, that it should be a court of honour constituted of eminent lawyers, whose impartiality would be admitted by both sides. Without some authoritative deliverance of this kind, Sir Charles's own pledge is unredeemed. Surely this position is an impregnable one, and to abandon it in order to engage in a battle of pamphlets is a mistake in strategy.

But surely it is somewhat absurd to assume that you abandon a position merely because, while you occupy your citadel, you make a sally for the purpose of clearing the enemy out of the first parallel which he has opened for the attack of the fortress.

DILKE DOOMED AND POLITICALLY DEAD.

It will be seen however, that the whole point at issue between myself and Mr. Guinness Rogers is one of tactics, our end is absolutely the same. He declares that were Nonconformists to say that the brilliant gifts and the long services of the politician ought to cover the faults of the man, they would simply commit moral and political suicide. If Nonconformists failed to insist upon the vindication which Sir Charles Dilke has promised, but which he has not supplied, they would throw discredit upon their previous action. Whatever loss the Liberal Party might suffer from his permanent seclusion from political life.

Even that would be trivial when compared with the injury which would be inflicted were he to assume the position which his talents would secure for him, without such a full vindication of his character. Up to this period nothing has been done in this direction, and the delay only suggests that no further defence is intended. If judgment inclines more and more against Sir Charles Dilke every day, it is not because of the strength of the case put up by his opponents, but because of his own failure to fulfil the pledge he was understood to have given. Until that is done his action may embarrass the friends who would gladly see him restored to his old position, but that restoration is impossible.

That is satisfactory and conclusive. It is a pity that Mr. Guinness Rogers did not speak as strongly twelve months since; but better late than never.

A PERSONAL WORD.

I have to thank Mr. Guinness Rogers for pointing out, as I have repeatedly done, that I am no party to the suit, and that even if I were proved to be the worst man in the world, it would do nothing to rehabilitate Sir Charles Dilke's character. I note in passing that the one specific cause of complaint against me which Mr. Guinness Rogers mentions is the service which I was able to render to the Empire in calling attention to the necessity of strengthening the navy. Mr. Rogers thinks this did "much mischief." For my part, I regard it as a greater service than any which I ever ventured to hope I might be able to render my country, even in the most sanguine dreams of a fervent youth.

THE FRENCH IN TUNIS.

AN article in the *Internationale Revue über die gesammten Armeen und Flotten* draws attention to the extensive fortifications now being erected by the French at Biserta ("The French in Tunis"). Biserta, with its inland harbour ten miles long by eight broad, which can only be reached by a canal five miles in length, is capable of sheltering with absolute security the entire fleets of the world. If ever the talked-off canal between Bordeaux and the Gulf of Lyons is completed, the French fleet will be able to move in and out of the Mediterranean without danger, thereby making the retention of Gibraltar by England worthless from a strategical point of view. It seems probable, therefore, that at no distant period Gibraltar may be ceded to Spain for one of the Balearic Islands. With the English fleet at Minorca and the Italian at La Maddalena, the French Mediterranean fleet would be completely crippled, and France would be entirely cut off from her colonies and protectorates in Africa.

THE INALIENABLE RIGHT TO LIVE.

AN IRREDUCIBLE MINIMUM OF PROPERTY.

THERE are two articles in the reviews this month which tend to show that we are rapidly approaching the legal recognition of the right of every individual to a certain irreducible minimum of the means of subsistence. These articles proceed from very opposite camps.

MR. MOULTON'S SUGGESTIONS.

The writer of one is Mr. Fletcher Moulton, who, in his paper in the *Fortnightly* on "Old Age Pensions," maintains that:—

The common element in all these plans from which, in my opinion, they derive whatever true value they possess, is that they propose in a more or less effective way to endow the poor, or to aid the poor to endow themselves, with an income which is beyond the reach of fortune.

Would it be immoral to render inalienable such a modicum of property as does not exceed that which is requisite to support life honestly? Provided that the State can ensure that it will be devoted to this purpose, I think it would not. In my eyes it is a natural and proper extension of the principles which preserve to a man his liberty, however deeply he be in debt, and which save to him sufficient wearing apparel notwithstanding that he is a bankrupt and his property is to be divided among his creditors. It is not to the public good that he should be stripped of these, neither is it to the public good that he should be rendered utterly destitute.

The idea here struggling for recognition is that as human liberty is inalienable, so an irreducible minimum of substance by which life can be maintained must also be inalienable. As no man can sell himself for a slave, so no man will be allowed to mortgage or pledge his five shillings a week, for instance, which is now regarded as the indispensable minimum upon which life can be sustained. The idea is not fully worked out, but we shall certainly hear more of it before long.

A HINT FROM THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

The other writer is Mr. Michael Davitt, who does not discuss the question, but contributes valuable information for its consideration by quoting in his article on "Impressions of the North West," in the *Nineteenth Century*, the terms of the Homestead Law in that region:—

The following real and personal property are declared exempt from seizure by virtue of all writs of execution issued by any court in the Territories (Revised Ordinances N.W.T. cap. 45):—

1. Clothing of defendant and family.
2. Furniture and household furnishings of defendant and family, to value of 500 dols.
3. Necessary food for defendant's family for six months, which may include grain and flour, or vegetables and meat, either prepared for use or on foot.
4. Two cows, two oxen, and one horse, or three horses or mules; six sheep and two pigs, besides the animals kept for food purposes, and food for same during the six months beginning in November.
5. Harness for three animals, one waggon or two carts, one mower or scythe, one breaking plough, one cross-plough, one set harrows, one horse-rake, one sewing machine, one reaper and binder.
6. Books of a professional man.
7. Tools and necessities used by defendant in trade or profession.
8. Seed grain sufficient to seed all land under cultivation not exceeding eighty acres (two bushels to acre, and fourteen bushels of potatoes).
9. Homestead up to eighty acres.

10. House and buildings, and lot or lots upon which same are situated, up to the sum of 1,500 dols. in value.

No article (except of food, clothing, or bedding) is exempt from seizure where the judgment and execution are for the price of such article.

Candidates in want of something better to fill up their programmes for the coming election might do worse than propose some modification of the Canadian homestead law in his country.

THE FIRST STEP TO FEDERATION.

MR. R. T. REID ON HOME RULE.

IN the *Contemporary Review* for April, Mr. R. T. Reid, Q.C., M.P., has a very thoughtful article concerning the changes which will be necessitated by the concession of Home Rule if the Irish members are left in the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Reid sees very clearly that Home Rule for Ireland will inevitably bring in its train Home Rule for Scotland and England, and the establishment of a truly federal system. He thus sums up his own paper:—

EXCLUSION IMPOSSIBLE.

Absolute exclusion of Irish members means an alteration in the status of Ireland, which must either be followed by her release from all contributions to Imperial expenditure, or provoke an unanswerable complaint of inferiority to every other self-governing part of the Empire. Retention of Irish members, with liberty to take part, as heretofore, by voice and vote on all subjects, affixes a disadvantage to England and Scotland by daily subjecting them to Irish interference in their internal affairs, including the choice of their Ministers, without a corresponding right to interfere in the internal affairs and choice of Ministers in Ireland—a grievance alike practical and sentimental, which, though slightly abated, would not be substantially removed by a reduction in the number of intruders.

RETENTION INVOLVES RECONSTRUCTION.

Retention of Irish members, with liberty to take part only upon Imperial questions, unless accompanied by a reconstruction of our Ministerial system, involves such instability, that the mere necessity of avoiding constant changes of government would weaken the authority of the House of Commons, and thereby enhance that of the Crown or the House of Lords. Of these three methods the first would be convenient for our ease, and simple to perfection, but a vast innovation, either not just or not final. The second would be unjust to Great Britain, inconvenient as breeding a legitimate resentment, simple enough if it could be maintained, and of a novelty quite startling, because though Great Britain may have inflicted, she has never hitherto submitted to, inequality. The third method would be free from injustice, except that created by the worry, complication, and impotence inseparable from a constant succession of short-lived governments, or by a diminution of popular power, which ever might appear to posterity the lesser evil.

THE INEVITABLE SOLUTION.

For each of these three methods could be but a stage in a journey longer or shorter toward the fourth, namely, the maintenance of a House of Commons and an Imperial Government precisely as they are now, committing to representatives of Great Britain and Ireland respectively the duty of making and administering their own domestic laws. This method alone is at once just, convenient, and simple, involving in reality less of novelty than any other. It would maintain the status of Ireland without encroaching upon self-government in Great Britain, avert risk of Ministerial instability, preserve the authority of the House of Commons, and offer a visible sign of union which Unionists could hardly gainsay. And though scoffed at by many as an intolerable innovation, it would in truth be redolent of ancient usage, and salutary in itself, even were it not demanded by necessity.

EARLY STRUGGLES OF A POPULAR AUTHORESS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

ONE of the best-written and best-illustrated articles in *The New England Magazine* for March is by Mrs. Maria S. Porter, and is entitled, "Recollections of Louisa May

Alcott." The life of the authoress of "Little Women" was one of peculiar beneficence and self-abnegation—heroic and faithful to the end. "Do the duty that lies nearest" was her life motto; how thoroughly she lived up to that ideal is shown in Mrs. Porter's "Recollections."

Miss Alcott, who began to write at a very early age, passed her childhood and early girlhood in the pure, sweet atmosphere of a home where love reigned supreme. Her mother was

a remarkable woman, a great reader, with a broad practical mind, untiring energy, and a highly sensitive organisation. Her father, on the other hand, was absolutely devoid of practical knowledge of life, and an idealist of the extreme type. When one day Mr. Alcott looked at a story which Louisa fondly hoped might be accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*, he sent the chilling message, "Tell Louisa to stick to her teaching; she can never succeed as a writer."

This message, she said, made her exclaim to her father: "Tell him I will succeed as a writer, and some day I shall write for the *Atlantic*!" Not long afterwards a story of hers was accepted by the *Atlantic* and a cheque for fifty dollars sent her. In telling me of this she said: "I called it my happy money, for with it I bought a second-hand carpet for our parlour, a bonnet for Anna, some blue ribbons for May, some shoes and stockings for myself, and put what was left into the Micawber Railroad, the Harold Skimpoe Three per Cents, and the Alcott Sinking Fund."

In 1850, when Louisa was eighteen years of age, her mother accepted a position as visitor to the poor in Boston, and also opened an intelligence office to assist gentlefolk reduced from affluence to poverty to obtain situations where, without an entire sacrifice of pride they could earn an honest independence. One day, a tall man dressed like a clergyman, came in to procure a companion for his invalid sister and aged father, describing the situation as a most desirable one, and adding that the companion would be in every respect treated as one of the family. Utterly depressed at the want of success which had attended all her experiments in teaching, sewing, acting and writing, Louisa herself volunteered for the post, replying to the feeble expostulations of her mother by declaring, "I do housework at home for love, why not there for money?" Alas! she quickly dis-

covered that so far from being a companion to an invalid sister she was expected to do all the rough work of the house, bring water from the well, dig paths in the snow, split kindlings, make fires, and be, in fact, a veritable Cinderella. She, however, drew the line at boot-blackening, and flatly refused to do that. "That evening," she said, "I enjoyed the sinful spectacle of the reverend boot-black at the task." At last she escaped from this drudgery, carrying with her a small pocket-book, containing what she fondly hoped was, at least, an honest return for seven weeks of the hardest work she ever did—

Unable to resist the desire to see what my earnings were, I opened my purse—and beheld four dollars. I have had many bitter moments in my life, but one of the bitterest was then, when I stood in the road that cold, windy day, with my little pocket-book open, and looked from my poor, chapped, grimy, chilblained hands to the paltry sum that had been considered enough to pay for the labour they had done. I went home, showed my honourable wounds, and told my tale to the sympathetic family. The four dollars were returned, and one of my dear ones would have shaken the minister, in spite of his cloth, had he crossed his path.

Mr. Alcott, the idealist, and his English friend, Mr. Lane, were the leaders of a small community who established themselves at "Fruitlands." The life at "Fruitlands" is thus described:—

The diet at "Fruitlands" was strictly vegetarian; no milk, butter, cheese, or meat could be eaten or tasted even within the holy precincts—nothing that had caused death or wrong to man or beast. The garments must be of linen, because those made from wool were the result of cruel shears to rob the sheep of their wool, and the covering of the silkworms must be despoiled to make silken ones. The bill of fare was bread, porridge, and water for breakfast; bread, vegetables, and water for dinner; bread, fruit, and water for supper. They had to go to bed with the birds, because candles, for conscientious reasons, could not be burnt,—the "inner light" must be all-sufficient; sometimes pine knots were used when absolutely necessary. Meanwhile, the philosophers sitting in the moonlight built with words a new heaven and a new earth, or in the starlight wooed the Oversoul, and lived amid "metaphysical mists and philanthropic pyrotechnics."



ORCHARD HOUSE, CONCORD (THE HOME OF THE "LITTLE WOMEN".)

But this "Utopia" vanished into thin air. Meanwhile Louisa exerted herself to the utmost to be the family helper in sewing, teaching, and writing. When once her stories were accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*



BUST OF MISS ALCOTT, BY WALTON RICKETSON.

it was for her smooth sailing. She and all the Alcotts, by the way, were Anti-Slavery people, and the friends of all the leading Abolitionists. When the war came Louisa's blood was up, and away she went to the front to nurse the wounded soldiers. In this way she came near losing her life, for while in the hospital she contracted a typhoid fever, from the effects of which she never entirely recovered. Her "Hospital Sketches," based on the experience of this time, is to many the most interesting and pathetic of all Miss Alcott's books. With shattered health she returned after the war to her writing and her home duties. Slowly but surely she won recognition, but it was not until she had written "Little Women" that full pecuniary success came. From the time that the success of "Little Women" established her reputation as a writer, until the last day of her life, her absolute devotion to her family continued. Her mother's declining years were soothed with every care and comfort that filial love could bestow; she died in Louisa's arms, and for her she performed all the last offices of affection—no stranger hands touched the beloved form. The most beautiful of her poems was written at this time, in memory of her mother, and was called "Transfiguration." On March 4th, 1887, Mr. Alcott died, and on March 6th the daughter followed, the tidings of her death being communicated to the friends who had assembled to bury her father.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AT BERLIN.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

On October 1st, 1894, it is hoped that the new Houses of Parliament, now in course of erection, will be ready for occupation; but much energy and industry will be required to complete the building by that date, though

the time seems a long way off, and an average of five hundred workmen are daily employed on the work. In *Schorer's Familienblatt* (Salon Ausgabe), Heft 6, there is a description of the gigantic scheme by Herr A. O. Klaussmann. It is interesting to learn that the scheme includes some provision for visitors.

The architect, Paul Wallot, was born in 1842 at Oppenheim-on-the-Rhine, and studied in Hanover and

Berlin. After travelling in England and Italy he settled at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, where many splendid buildings now bear witness to his activity as a private architect. After taking first prizes in competitions at Dresden and Vienna he competed in 1882 for the erection of the new German Houses of Parliament, with the result that the execution of the work was entrusted to him. He then went to Berlin, where he has since been elected a member of the Academy of Arts.

In *Vom Fels zum Meer*, Heft 8, Herr Cornelius Gurlitt has an interesting article on the same subject, with illustrations showing some of the details of the great work.

Interesting particulars are also given of the quantity of stone and mortar required, and the quarries from which the stone has been drawn. In one block of the building fifteen millions of bricks have been used. In length these bricks would stretch from St. Petersburg to Lisbon. To cover the brick wall it has taken 14,000 cubic metres of sand-stone, weighing about 700,000 cwt. The quarries laid under contribution were at Alt-Warthau, in Silesia; Nesselberg; Burg-Preppach, near Würzburg; Heuscheuer, near Kudowa; and the Teutoburg Forest. Some single blocks of stone required for columns weighed 500 cwt., and as each capital is nearly two metres high it was impossible to hew it out of one block. Much of the cutting and chiselling was done after the blocks had been got into position. Now the capitals stand completed, the largest in Germany, and only surpassed in size by those of St. Peter's in Rome, which measure 2½ metres. With regard to the Assembly Hall where Parliament is to sit, it is interesting to find that it will measure 25 by 37 metres for 400 members, as against 14 by 23 metres in our House of Commons, which has accommodation for some 300 members.

The responsibility of the carrying out of all technical details is in the hands of Baurat (Builder) Heger. He has to cope with the finances and to see that the construction is solid, that proper precautions are taken to guard against fire, that the building shall be properly heated, ventilated, and lighted, and that pipes are laid in the right places. It requires enormous organisation to arrange that stone does not fail at the moment it is needed, and that no delay is caused by want of mortar. The materials have also to be tested. Every outside stone is numbered, and is brought in a rough state to be hewn more perfectly when it is in its place, and if one stone should be missing the work would be stopped. Contracts have to be made and contractors looked after, and accounts have to be carefully checked to make sure that the money allowed for each section is not exceeded.

In the upper floors Herr Wallot is quite as busy with his artists. Even when all the blocks have been cut and are ready the architect begins to doubt whether his single ornaments will have the effect he desired to attain, or whether they will blend harmoniously with the whole, and a thousand other doubts will worry him. Sometimes the effect is very different to what he hoped to produce when he put his ideas in geometrical form on paper. In despair he will call a sculptor, and have a model of the building made, and even then he will have his doubts about some detail. And there are other endless details of decoration. Reinhold Begas, the sculptor, is already at work on his "Germania in the Saddle," and other large pieces have already been put in hand by Schaper and Otto Lessing.

There is a third article on the New Parliament Houses by Herr Hermann Buschhammer, also copiously illustrated, in *Westermann*, for April.

Chinese Slavery in America.

THERE is a very awful paper in the *Californian Illustrated Magazine* for February, which describes the slave trade which is carried on between China and the Pacific Coast; the victims are in almost all cases very young girls. It seems that there is a regular traffic in young women, sometimes quite children being brought across the Pacific, and sold into slavery of the worst kind. The paper, which is of painful interest, is entitled a "Stain Upon the Flag," and is illustrated with portraits of some of the hundreds of young girls and women who have been rescued from worse than death by women's missions, or the Jesus women, as they are called by the Chinese girls.



PAUL WALLOT.

THE FIRST OF LIVING BAPTISTS.

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF DR. CLIFFORD.

MR. JOHN DERRY, Editor of the *Nottingham Express*, thus describes Dr. Clifford in the *Young Man*:—

Dr. Clifford, of Westbourne Park Chapel, is before the eyes of the world more prominently than any other Baptist preacher. In the pulpit, on the platform, and through the press, he is seen as the man who best represents the most progressive forces of his denomination. It is more than thirty years since he came from the country to a decayed London church, as a young student preacher, and he has been steadily making his way to the front from the first.

WHERE TO FIND HIM.

Wherever there is social or political ferment, there is Dr. Clifford in the midst with a word of wise encouragement for what is best in the movement; whenever modern thought laps round the bases of the Christian faith, and timid men fear that the foundations are being sapped, there is Dr. Clifford adroitly strengthening the structure, instead of trying to keep back the tide. He is always alert, eager, and practical, foremost in the onset upon what he believes to be evil, and handy with any lawful weapon. He is as ready to write a newspaper article, edit a magazine, or take an onerous chairmanship, as he is to preach a sermon, make a political speech, organise an institution, or build a chapel. This many-sided man, to whom all work comes alike, is by far the most interesting personality among the Baptists since Mr. Spurgeon died.

The first twenty-two years of Dr. Clifford's life were spent on the borderlands of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, about midway between the two county towns. He was born at Sawley, in Derbyshire, in 1836; but his parents soon moved to Beeston, a few miles from Nottingham. The lad had a pious mother, and before he was fifteen he was a member of the little Baptist Church at Beeston.

A DILIGENT STUDENT.

After a three years' college course, during which his industry and fine power of mental application more than made up for the deficiencies of his early education—for he was born poor—he accepted the pastorate of Praed Street Baptist Chapel, London, though on the condition that he should be allowed to continue his studies uninterruptedly. At that time the Church only had a membership of sixty. Though the young pastor—he was twenty-two—threw an enormous amount of energy into his work at University College, his congregation rapidly increased, and his successes as student and preacher were simultaneous. In the eight years that followed his settlement at Praed Street he took the B.A. degree at London University; the B.Sc., with honours in Logic, Moral Philosophy, Geology, and Palæontology; M.A. (being placed first in his year); and LL.B., with honours in the Principles of Legislation. Afterwards he attended the School of Mines in Jermyn Street for some years, and in 1879 was elected a F.G.S. The degree of D.D. was conferred on him by the Bates' University, America.

When he was a young man the deacons and young people of his Church would join him at early morning and other classes for the study of Moral Philosophy and the Greek Testament.

WESTBOURNE PARK.

Praed Street Chapel soon became too strait for the congregation, and the minister and people set about building their present home at Westbourne Park. The chapel is now in the fifteenth year of its service, and the cost of building (£15,000) has long ago been paid.

The practice of amiable welcome has been carried to perfection at Westbourne Park. You will probably be asked where you prefer to sit, and, wherever you choose, you will be sure to see the preacher easily. In him power, energy, intellectual and moral virility overlie a beautiful gentleness, sweetness, and sympathy. You see both characteristics in the big craggy skull piled round and above the dim, kind

eyes. You hear them in the two voices with which he preaches; one packed with its message, earnest, driven, forceful, explosive; the other sinking, perhaps wearily, at the end when the effort is over, and a confidential talk, with the congregation or in prayer, has to follow—sinking into a pathetic gentleness, the sweetness of a kind and trustful heart closing over the eagerness and stress of a keen and strenuous intellect.

A PREACHER FOR THE HERETIC.

Dr. Clifford is the preacher for the unregistered Christian man. He meets doubts fairly: not as a sworn enemy. He has opened his mind freely to the noblest thought of modern literature, and he knows that it is friendly to Christianity. He confidently answers the question, Can a man read widely, think fearlessly, and be a Christian? Christianity is a spirit. If you think you have it, and if you will try to let it express itself in humanising work, you may join Dr. Clifford's Church without baptism, and without any very searching spiritual inquisition; but with the preacher himself there is no such nebulousness. He plies himself with questions, from which he allows no escape, driving himself into the last corner of his religious belief.

HIS CHURCH AND CONGREGATION.

Round him gather men who, on some points, are out of touch with his beliefs, and who may not approve of all his methods, but who are drawn to him by the robustness of his thought, the genuineness of his culture, the remarkable sweep and fulness of his sympathy, and, above all, by the beauty of his mild, tolerant, pervasive piety. The Sunday announcement of different meetings to be held during the ensuing week, in association with the chapel, is quite a considerable item in the routine of the service. Some of the institutions are original. Thus the Young Men's Bible Class, meeting on Sunday afternoon, occasionally invites lecturers to speak on social topics. Mrs. Ormiston Chant, on "Poverty and the Poor-Law," may serve as an instance.

SOME OF HIS WORK.

The Sunday evening social meeting, to which the stranger is invited by a card, is held for an hour and a half after the service, "as a means of providing pleasant intercourse of a homely character," often sorely missed by young men and maidens in London. Of course there is a Literary and Debating Society; but more characteristic of the moving spirit at this great centre of light in the genteel West is the Ruskin Club, which meets between seven and eight on a week-day morning, in the Church parlour, for the study of Ruskin's works—"A Crown of Wild Olive" being chosen as the opening volume. But the Church branches out more widely still, and provides a Servants' Home and Free Registry, while the thrifty have their own Building Society, with Dr. Clifford as President. The Westbourne Park Institute, an admirable educational enterprise, is also sheltered under the wing of the Church.

He does not hesitate, when these and other questions are to the front, to openly take a stand for his principles on the political platform. "Democracy, physical research, and religion," he said, not long ago, "are the prime energies of the modern world making for the establishment of the new order of human life." He has all the generous thoughts and aspirations of youth unspoiled.

MISS HELEN ZIMMERN has a very copiously illustrated paper on the "Autograph Portrait Gallery in Florence." It is a pity that the printer could not do more justice to the reproduction of the illustrations. There seems to have been too much ink on the rollers.

THERE is an article in the *Lyceum* of March 15th which every one should read who is interested either in agricultural co-operation or in Irish prosperity. It is entitled "Co-operation in Ireland," and describes the working of the creameries around Limerick.

THE powerful and somewhat sombre story, "The Secret of Wardale Court," is finished in the April number of *Temple Bar*.

THE HOME RULE CRISIS IN NORWAY.

I.—FROM THE SWEDISH POINT OF VIEW.

POLITICS in Norway and Sweden are approaching a crisis; so much so that even the union may be imperilled. Orvar Svenske, in *Svensk Tidskrift* writes a long and interesting article on "The Union Question from a Swedish Point of View." He deplores the strong language of the Norwegian Press, and of Norway's most popular author, Kielland, who, in his recent work, "Mennesker och Dyr" ("Men and Beasts"), has launched some very stinging epithets at the Swedes. "Consider," says Orvar Svenske, "how the feeling must be in our sister country when the Mayor of Stavanger can find it advantageous to again place before the public this hate-filled pamphlet? Continual dropping will wear away a stone, and surely these continual denunciations of the Swedes must at last foster a genuine hatred of us amongst the Norwegians. And what worth is there in the union if one side hates the other? Or is it possible that, should a serious opportunity of testing arrive, there will be sufficient loyalty to the union to lead to the fulfilment of mutual obligations in spite of the bonds of inner sympathy being broken? It may indeed come to pass that the feeling in Norway against Sweden will become such as to render it more desirable, even to Sweden, to dissolve the union than preserve it so artificially. Nevertheless, our loyalty to the union forbids us to hasten this development. We should, on the contrary, seek if possible to calm the heated uprising in Norway. . . . We believe, however, that there is still so much reasonable judgment to be found amongst the Norwegians that the matter will not be forced to such an issue. One must consider that it is the reckless play of intriguing parties for popularity that has brought about the present Norwegian Union programme. Right and Left (Conservative and Liberal) have sought each to curry favour by flattering and satiating the national pride, and in that competition have been driven, step by step, down the road of promises and responsibilities. But it is quite another question whether or not they will have the inclination and the courage to uphold and carry out the proud promises and phrases of the election platforms. The impending crisis holds greater perils for Norway than for Sweden. Meanwhile on this side of the Fjeld," concludes Orvar Svenske, "we may calmly bide our time, and await the moment when possibly Norway itself may force us, in our turn, to lay aside loyalty to the union, and to look solely to our own Swedish interests in arranging our relations with our restless neighbours."

II.—FROM THE NORWEGIAN POINT OF VIEW.

So much for one side of the question. The defect of Mr. Svenske's article is that it gives to outsiders no idea whatever of the nature of those claims of Norway which have led up to the crisis. The case for the democratic party in Norway (the party in the ascendant) has been stated to us by a prominent Norwegian. The Swedish writer quoted above denounces the "strong language" used in Norway, and quotes as an instance a recent work by Kielland, but he does not say that the Liberal press of Norway has pretty generally condemned the tone of that work, which cannot be fairly taken as an instance of the attitude of Norwegians generally. Ever since the Act of Union in 1814, when Norway, a "free, independent, indivisible, and inalienable State," united with Sweden under one king, the Norwegians have made rapid strides in literature and commerce, but especially as a maritime power. Her shipping trade is three times as great as that of Sweden; in fact, reckoned by tonnage, Norway ranks next to England

in Europe. The democratic instincts of her sea-loving people have lifted her into this position of importance among the maritime countries of the Continent. But while the democratic party is in the ascendant in Norway, the opposite is the case in Sweden, where the aristocratic element predominates, and the tendency is to presume too much upon the glories of a long past age. The Liberal party in Norway is in a condition of determined agitation, its aspirations lying in the direction of an independent Foreign Office and Consulate; and if the official party in Sweden should succeed in defeating, for a time, the claims of Norway in this direction, the Norwegians appear to be determined to continue the agitation, even though it should end in separation. That, however, is not what they desire; nor is it probable.

It is all a question of ambassadors and consulates, although for the moment the burning question is one of consulates. As things stand, representatives of both Sweden and Norway in foreign countries are responsible to the Swedish Foreign Minister, who is practically responsible to nobody. The democratic party in Norway, ardently longing to be at peace with all her neighbours, and to be free to develop her already increasing trade with foreign countries, hanker after a Foreign Minister of their own, who shall be answerable only to the Norwegian Storting, and who shall have the power to appoint Norwegians to the foreign embassies, and Norwegian consuls in foreign ports. Nor have they any intention of settling down until they have carried their point. For the moment, however, as we have said, the question is one of consulates. The question of ambassadors, they say, can wait. But, strong in the knowledge that their shipping trade with foreign countries is so much more important than that of Sweden, they are vigorously asserting the justice of their claims—claims, by the way, which are in perfect accord with the Constitution and the Act of Union. They regard the whole question as, for example, one of business partnership. If Norway decides that the consulate partnership shall be terminated it is her business, and hers alone; that Sweden, as a party to the partnership, has an equal right with Norway in determining how old business arrangements shall be terminated; but that she has no right to settle for Norway the question whether or not Norway shall have her own responsible consuls. That, however, is exactly what Sweden claims a right to do. This, then, is the origin of the present political crisis. It is whispered about that the reactionary Government in Sweden is seeking to put pressure upon the King by threatening to make this a Cabinet question. That the strong language is not monopolised in Norway is shown by the fact that some in the Swedish press have gone so far as to talk about sending 60,000 soldiers into Norway—if it were possible; but they have had the good sense to admit that Sweden is not strong enough to do that. "No," said our Norwegian informant, "Sweden must eventually give way and admit the justice of our claims."

The University Extension Movement.—The secret of this movement, says the *Student*, a little magazine just started by the Tyneside Students' Association, lies in its body of earnest, sympathetic teachers, whose souls are in their work, and who have faith in their students. It is not that they have produced great scientists or deeply learned men of letters (they don't profess, as they are often accused of doing, to "teach chemistry in twelve lessons"), but that they have opened the hearts of the people to the sweet influence of knowledge.

THE DOOM OF PARIS.

A VISION OF WHAT MAY HAPPEN 3000 A.D.

M. LOUIS GALLEY, in the *Nouvelle Revue* for March 15th, gives a vivid picture of what may conceivably happen to Paris 1,200 years hence. It describes prophetically how at that epoch the Eiffel Tower was the only existing relic of nineteenth-century Paris, and even that was the subject of dim traditions, no *savant* being able to explain the name with certainty.

EUROPE IN THE THIRTIETH CENTURY.

All northern Europe had been depopulated by the advance of the Polar glaciers—Germany no longer in existence, Russia had spread out over the whole of Asia; the United States of Europe, whose capital was Marseilles, included all the remaining nations. South of the Mediterranean were the United States of Africa, with Algiers as their capital. Paris was as gay and pleasure-loving a city as in the old days, in spite of the increasing rigours of the climate. There was scarcely any poverty and no illness—all possible microbes having been catalogued and exterminated, or rendered harmless by preventive measures—the doctors' occupation was gone. Their place was taken by scientific chemists and professors of physiology. The art of preserving health and appearance had been carried to such perfection that very few people appeared to be old, and the population, as a whole, was remarkable for good looks. These Parisians—a composite race—consisting of the select survivors of the great northern catastrophe—cared nothing for art or literature, and very little for music; though, occasionally, monster Wagner concerts were given in vast halls. There were no museums, picture galleries, or public libraries. The very language was constructed on the labour-saving principle, and formed a species of spoken shorthand, consisting almost entirely of nouns and adjectives.

A NEW JOURNALISM AND AERIAL LOCOMOTION.

No one read anything but the daily papers, and these were reduced to the smallest possible size. Political news, or the latest events of the day, were indicated in a few words. All comments were suppressed, nothing but bare statements of fact being allowed. The old-fashioned argumentative journalists had been displaced by reporter-gymnasts, the most distinguished of them being the one who had the swiftest *aeronef* and could reach the scene of events soonest. There was hardly any street traffic. A few electric vehicles were to be seen, but the *aeronefs* or improved balloons, worked by sails and screws, were a much more popular means of transport. They were of all sizes, from the large ones with ten rows of screws, of which there was a regular service taking the place of trams and omnibuses, to the small private ones, gilt and ornamented like royal yachts. When plying by night, and showing various-coloured lights, they glittered in the sky like a rain of stars.

A MATERIALIST GENERATION.

Then people were happy and knew it—which is rare. As long as no one spoke to them of God, or death, or love, which brings trouble—or the family, with its affections and trials, which are subversive of all peace—they were content, passing through life with a philosophic selfishness and making it as enjoyable as their riches would permit. When the cold became excessive, the lower classes took refuge in the winter gardens—immense glass palaces artificially heated, while the rich started in their *aeronefs* for Algiers, or even Lake Tchad, which by this time was surrounded by delightful villas. Either could be reached in a few hours; and many of these

winter visitors were in the habit of returning to Paris once a week to attend to their business.

THE COOLING OF THE EARTH.

For some years past the cold had perceptibly increased in mid-winter, and the snow had fallen more abundantly than in former times. Some exceptional snowstorms had been photographed in which the flakes appeared to touch one another and form a solid mass. But these storms were of short duration, and the snow had been melted by means of chemicals discharged from an apparatus specially designed for the purpose, and drained off through the sewers into the Seine. This year, however, after a week of exceptionally mild and spring-like weather, the sky was suddenly covered with clouds so dense that the summit of the Eiffel Tower was no longer visible. The public *aeronefs* after a time ceased to run, but a few private ones were still about.

NOT AN EVENT, BUT A DISASTER!

The police then prohibited all traffic till the weather should change. The temperature was mild. A smart breeze sprang up,—then a whiteness was perceptible at the zenith, and the snow began to fall slowly in larger flakes, so that in one hour it was over 60 centimètres deep in the streets. The melting-machines at once set to work, and streams of water poured into the Seine. The snow continued all night, and in the morning it became evident that what had been looked upon as an event was going to prove a disaster. The policemen working the machines were nearly worn out, and at nine, when a pale daylight was struggling through the grey sky, it was discovered that the supply of chemical salts was exhausted. The snow fell all day; it was now impossible to make headway against it, and by the evening every door in the city was blocked. Towards midnight, a sudden gale from the north scattered the clouds and cleared the sky, the thermometer dropped far below freezing-point, and the drifts soon became a solid mass of ice. All who could left their houses by the windows or balconies and made for the nearest *aeronef* stations. There was a frantic struggle in front of the sheds; there was now neither right nor law, neither servant nor master; the stronger thrust the weaker out of the way and trampled them under foot.

THE END.

The *aeronefs* were launched—some disappeared from view in the gathering clouds, others fell as if pierced with invisible arrows. Through the *faubourgs* extended black lines of people trying to escape on foot. . . . They were all frozen to death before they had gone more than a kilometre, and the snow, once more falling thickly, soon buried them without leaving a trace. Within the city, all who remained of its six million inhabitants, had crowded into the square where stood the Eiffel Tower. The snow was already half way up the arches which supported the first floor. The city had already disappeared. There was no sound or movement of anything living in the air. There was a cry, "The Tower! The Tower!" Many had not even thought of this refuge. The lifts would not work—choked by the frozen snow. There was a rush for the stairs, and a fearful struggle in the narrow passage. Men seized each other by the throat, by the hair, revolvers were fired with scarcely a sound in the very air. At last the strongest made their way into the narrow ascent and climbed up and up, while the curl of the snow around them rose almost as quickly.

When day dawned there were a few frozen corpses still clinging to the bars on the platform of the electric lantern. Paris was dead.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE SPIRITUAL FATHER OF THIS CENTURY.

THE VICOMTE DE VOGÜÉ, in reviewing a recent book on Chateaubriand, contributes to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for March 15th a very agreeable study of that writer, once so popular, now so much neglected. To show that there was an abiding element in the popularity, and that the neglect is not altogether just, he relates how, in the *salon* of a Russian country-house, an old lady was praising the writer of her youth, and defending him against the irreverent scoffs of the younger generation. A gentleman present at last proposed to put the matter to the test. Some pages of "Atala" were read aloud to two girls who had never even heard of the book. Their ready tears showed that its pathos was not wholly dependent on a bygone fashion.

M. de Vogüé finds two salient points in Chateaubriand's disposition: pride—the rugged pride of the long-descended Breton gentleman—which was never stronger than in his most democratic or most cynical moods, and "desire," that longing for the unattainable, which is the key-note of the "romantic" school, and is the root of that gentle melancholy, that longing for solitude, and love for forests, rocks, and seas, which came in with the century. M. de Vogüé explains the feeling in this way:—"Paganism knew what it wanted—its longings and their objects were both limited to what was to be had on this earth. Christianity enlarged the scope of the mind by opening prospects of happiness beyond the grave. With the decay of faith in modern times, the hopes of Heaven vanished; but the wants they had so long fed remained, and could find no satisfaction." Such an age was just suited for the appearance of a hero like René, with "his great secret of melancholy." Chateaubriand could not escape the influence of his time, and circumstances combined to render him more susceptible to it. Born on the Breton shore, familiar with the winds and waves of that "bitter coast of France," he grew up with the sea in his heart, and "that sad, far-off look which we always see in the eyes of the children of the ocean." His father had spent a great part of his life in voyaging, partly for love of the sea, partly in order to repair the fortunes of a fallen house. The boy's first desire was to be a sailor; an accident prevented him from taking passage for Pondicherry in the *Indian*. The incident, says M. de Vogüé, is typical of his life; up to his last breath he was always going to sail by the *Indian*. No matter what position he was in, he was always looking forward to some happy change beyond it.

His works reflected his age, as well as himself, and they are passing away with it. The *Genie du Christianisme* was the expression of a faith, of a society in a state of transition. Another world is rising, rough, serious, practical, pitiless for the elegance and pretty conventions of the society which is disappearing. Napoleon built the social dwelling-house of the century with his *Code*, Chateaubriand the ideal one in his *Genie*. The new world will ruin both at one blow. Its *Genie du Christianisme*—for it will have one—will be the exact opposite of the former one. It will be the work of a great scientist and originate in a laboratory. Chateaubriand will suffer an eclipse, for his greatness and beauty serve no common measure with the greatness and beauty elaborated nowadays. Later on, a historical reaction will no doubt bring him readers. But though nothing should remain of him but his name and the memory of his influence, they will be the name and the influence of the spiritual father of this century—the man, after Napoleon, who has done the most and the best towards moulding it.

THE PRIEST DETHRONED BY THE PUBLICAN.

A PLEA FOR THE CHURCH.

M. ANATOLE LEROY-BEAULIEU, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for March 1st, devotes his third paper on the above subject in great part to the consideration of workmen's syndicates. While asserting the right of free associations as the best safeguard for individual liberty and the welfare of the workers, he looks upon the existing syndicates as one of the greatest dangers of the age. They are on the way not only to abolish all individual freedom, but to usurp all the powers and functions of the State, and are irreconcilably hostile to religion and to the real welfare of nations. It is only in this article that we discover the real point of M. Leroy-Beaulieu's defence of the "right of association" so eloquently insisted on last month. It is the restoration of the Roman Catholic religious orders he pleads for, these exemplifying the true principle of association as against the false one shown in the syndicates. Hatred and strife are the watchwords of the latter as peace and Christian love are of the former.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu protests vehemently against the complaints frequently made of the mischievous interference and domineering spirit of the clergy. Such complaints, he admits, may have had some ground in past time; in the present day they are a mere traditional parrot-cry. The fact of the matter is that the clergy interfere too little. They are looked upon with jealousy and suspicion—any manifestation of interest in the lives and affairs of their neighbours is at once set down to a meddling spirit of intrigue, and, repulsed and discouraged on all sides, they are forced to bury themselves in their books and let the world wag as it will. "Would that the masses of the people," he says, "would choose the Church as the mouthpiece of their grievances! The misfortune is—and this is what is making a social war inevitable—that the Church no longer has any influence over the masses, that in our *faubourgs* the Gospels are an unknown book—almost as much so as if they had never been translated from the Greek, that the shadow of the Cross is nothing but darkness to a people who formerly found strength and consolation at its foot."

One of these assertions reads oddly in the light of the well-known facts connected with the publication of Henri Lesserre's version of the Gospels. Lesserre's prefaces confirms the fact of the wide-spread ignorance alluded to, but the sale of the book—till it was suppressed by Papal decree—reached a figure which scarcely bears out M. Leroy-Beaulieu's theory of the origin of that ignorance.

The village *curé*, formerly the universal counsellor and confidant, was too indispensable a person to be left without a substitute; and his vacant place, says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, has, almost all over France, been taken by—the wine-shop keeper. The *mastroquet* is present at every critical moment, especially during strikes, prompting the action of the syndicates, stirring up the men against the employers, advancing, in case of need, money towards the strike fund, in the certainty that a rise in wages will ultimately be for his benefit, and being repaid for his trouble by the chance of, at some future time, representing the labour interest in the Chamber of Deputies.

Another point touched on, which we have no space to treat fully, is the probable displacement of the centre of gravity of the Catholic Church. M. Leroy-Beaulieu does not for a moment admit that Rome is not sufficiently "up to date"—not equal to meeting the needs of this or any other age—but he is willing to concede that she may be "played out" in *Europe*. That is to say, the "candlestick may be removed out of its place," and her temporal and spiritual power enter on a fresh lease of life in America.

MORE TRIBUTES TO MR. SPURGEON.

DR. JOSEPH COOK, OF BOSTON.

JOSEPH COOK, of Boston, in *Our Day* for March, devotes his Boston Monday Lecture to Mr. Spurgeon's character and career. Mr. Cook is exceedingly eulogistic: he says that Mr. Spurgeon has blessed our generation as probably no other teacher has done in our time. Since apostolic days the Mediterranean has given up to God from its historic shores no one soul that has been more useful to humanity than that of this great teacher. Mr. Cook quotes a remark of Dr. Cuyler:—

I affirm that no archangel in heaven deserves a higher reward, according to his powers, than Charles Haddon Spurgeon; and this I say, continued Dr. Cuyler, with all due respect to the archangel.

He quotes a saying of Mr. Spurgeon's own to the effect that he had preached to more men in one place for more years than any preacher who had ever lived. Mr. Spurgeon's key note, his undertone, his atmosphere, were biblical; the very axis of the man was evangelical truth. As far back as 1854 Mr. Cook remembers:—

I recollect vividly myself going into the empty upper rooms of those classic Latin commons at Phillips' Academy, Andover, and reading aloud for an hour, nearly every Sunday morning, from the sermons of this then young and so recently unknown preacher of London. His light was beginning to fall on this land as early as 1854, and it has been growing more bright and intense and beneficent here, as in many another land, ever since.

In after life Mr. Cook met him, and some of the best things in his paper give us his reminiscences of the great preacher. He protests against the erroneous belief that Mr. Spurgeon was uneducated; he says, on the contrary, that Mr. Spurgeon was liberally educated in essentials. When he visited him at Mount Benlue he found him in a house crowded with books. He noted that Mr. Spurgeon would go to—

Certain shelves where old Puritan divines were arranged, and pat the books on the back as a man does a favourite steed. He was attached to his theological library, not only on the Puritan shelves, but to long collections of books representing various phases of theological thought and investigation.

He answered his letters once a week, and spent his time in studying.

When he prepared a sermon, he conducted the work like a master. He knew the value of the saying, "You must fill the reservoir, then open the floodgates and let the sermon escape naturally." He was reading and meditating all the week, more or less, on theology and personal religion, and on the signs of the times; and in the latter part of the week arranged his discourses. He made very brief notes. He had unforced and incisive fluency, coming from both native endowment and abundant early practice, so that he spoke as easily and as naturally as a bird sings; and yet, although his unstudied public language was marvellously well chosen, although he was a born orator, he said to me once in his study, "Nothing that I say in public is fit to be printed as I say it." The proof sheets of his last discourse lay on his table. I said to him, "It is presumable that you do not need to make many changes." "I tear everything to pieces," he replied, "for I am disgusted to see myself accurately reported. I make as many changes as the time usually permits; and it is not safe to leave proof-sheets here too long, lest I re-write the entire discourse."

Mr. Cook calls attention to the fact that although he once drank wine he gave it up in the last years of his life, and was accustomed to say that more men had been

killed by grape juice than by grape shot. With one more extract I conclude. Here is Mr. Cook's interesting appreciation of Mr. Spurgeon:—

Come near to Mr. Spurgeon so as to breathe his personal atmosphere, and the thing impressed upon you, in case your experience were what mine was, would be that the man lived constantly in the mood of secret prayer. The first subject he introduced when I first met him was, answers to prayer in personal experience. He believed as thoroughly as that he existed that he had had again and again, at crises of his experience, answers to prayer.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

In the *Sunday Magazine* Archdeacon Farrar has an interesting article on "Modern Preaching and Mr. Spurgeon." He begins by discussing the well-worn subject as to whether or not preachers should read their sermons. He records the fact that Canon Liddon, Canon Melville, Dr. Chalmers, Bishop Wilberforce, Phillips Brooks, Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman, Dean Stanley, and Dean Church, all read their sermons. He then compares Mr. Spurgeon to various other preachers. He thinks that he was inferior to Mr. Beecher in power of eloquence, and in results to Mr. Moody and General Booth.

A single small volume of Bishop Lightfoot's, or Dean Church's, or Canon Liddon's sermons contains more originality, more literary beauty, more deep religious thought, more that attracts the minds of students and scholars, than all Mr. Spurgeon's two thousand five hundred printed sermons—many of which I find very unreadable.

As an orator, he was inferior to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Archbishop Magee, or the Bishop of Derry. By way of counteracting the effect of the flood of eulogistic appreciation that has been poured out over Mr. Spurgeon, Archdeacon Farrar feels bound to say:—

There was in his sermons an almost entire absence of weighty thought, of winning style, of stately and noble rhetoric, of even an approach to fair insight or deep spiritual originality. These were not his gifts at all. He had but few advantages of education; his theology was two centuries behind the age; he was as intolerant of the opinions of those who differed from him as though he were possessed of a *plus-quam* Papal infallibility; his sallies were not always decorous; his metaphors and illustrations were often such as could not have been used by a man of refined habits.

Archdeacon Farrar then proceeds to draw up under ten heads the secrets of Mr. Spurgeon's immense power and usefulness. Briefly summarised they are: his wonderfully tuneful and well moderated voice, his remarkable humour, his great insight into character, his faculty of illustrating even the most abstruse subject by the most homely images. Among other sources of his power Dr. Farrar lays stress upon the fact that he subordinated his whole life to his preaching. He owed much to his consummate familiarity with Scripture. His courage and sturdy independence added greatly to his strength. This strength was none the weaker because it was associated with considerable intellectual and theological narrowness which gave effectiveness and intensity to his opinions. One more extract and I have done:—

Of all Mr. Spurgeon's many sources of strength, the truest, the greatest, the most permanent, was this—he was, whatever may have been his human frailties, a most sincere Christian, a truly good man; and he sought his best inspirations in his Bible and on his knees.

REV. NEWMAN HALL.

In *Good Words* for April, the Rev. Newman Hall writes an interesting article on Spurgeon. He says:—

He never *tried* to be witty. It grew out of his subject; as the snowlike foam on the ocean wave, adorning it, not

delaying it, a part of it, the great wave of persuasion rolling on unconscious of the foaming flakes melting away behind; or as the blossom on a strong tree, not a vulgar gewgaw fastened on from outside, but growing out of the vital sap and helping to produce the fruit which is permanent. I have often gone to hear Spurgeon and have forgotten all about him and have gone away, not seeing the Tabernacle but feeling I was in heavenly places. Once I went to Exeter Hall to hear Spurgeon, but forgot all about him and that I was standing. I was up in the third heaven, and went away thanking God for a preacher who made me forget himself and think only of his Master.

It was his custom to defer ostensible preparation till Saturday evening. I asked how he would set about it, and he said in substance:—

"After six o'clock family worship I bid my friends good-night, and take a turn in the garden or my study, revolving several texts. Presently one strikes me, and I write on a page of notepaper a brief outline of thought. Then I read whatever my library can supply. The language comes when preaching. This for the morning. I do the same on Sunday afternoon for the evening."

Speaking of Mr. Spurgeon's sayings, Mr. Newman Hall says:—

A young man speaking to him somewhat boastfully of his broad views, avowed himself an Agnostic, on which Mr. S. said—"I know something of Greek but more of Latin; and the Latin word is *Ignoramus*."

I saw him once lying on a couch and twitching in great pain from gout. He said, "Some of our friends think themselves perfect saints. We all thought a certain brother perfect till he said he was. Most of these are old maids or retired officers with few cares." (Another twitch of pain.) "If they had gout and the bell was not answered quickly, they would find some of the old devil left in them. He asked me to pray with him, saying, 'I know you can be short. A dear brother was praying with me one day at such length that I had to say, 'Stop, stop! I can't bear any more.'"

He told us of two passages of arms in his early ministry. "Dr. Cumming, in a letter to *The Times*, said that Spurgeon needed more honey. I replied that if Cumming would send me some honey I would send him some salt which might do him good. They dealt more in salt at the Tabernacle." Beecher had said that Spurgeon owed his popularity no more to Calvinism than a camel owed its excellence to its hump. "I replied," said Spurgeon, "that the hump was a store of fat on which the camel lived on a long journey, and that its value depended on its hump."

"The Gospel in some sermons is like a sand-bank with martins' holes when you've taken away the sand."

The following anecdote is given on the authority of Mr. Gough, the temperance orator—

In the infirmary was a boy dying of consumption, "Holding his hand the great preacher said: 'My dear boy, it's hard to lie here all day in pain and cough at night. Jesus loves you, He bought you with His precious blood and knows what is best for you. But He will soon take you home and tell you the reason.' Then, laying his hand on the boy, without the formality of kneeling, he said, 'O Jesus, this dear child is reaching out his thin hand to find Thine. Touch him, dear Saviour, with Thy loving, warm clasp. Lift him as he crosses the cold river, that his feet be not chilled with the water of death; take him home in Thine own good time. Show him Thyself as he lies here, and let him know Thee more and more as his loving Saviour.' Then he said, 'Now dear, would you like a canary in a cage to sing to you?' and told the nurse to get him one next morning." This was only a sample of his constant and loving care of the children.

MR. G. HOLDEN PIKE.

In the *Sunday at Home* Mr. G. Holden Pike tells a story which illustrates Mr. Spurgeon's dislike of professors of perfect salvation:—

Mr. Spurgeon, on one occasion, showed him through the

gardens, and explained how, under certain gardeners he had employed, things had gone wrong in the vinery and elsewhere. While they were professors of Christian "perfection," the men had neglected their work, and the grape-vines especially had got into a deplorable condition. "You see, these men were so holy that they did not get here till eight in the morning when they should have been here at six," remarked Mr. Spurgeon; "and therefore I discharged them and took on sinners in their place." The change at once brought about an improved outlook.

CAPRIVI COMPARED WITH BISMARCK.

No name has been more to the fore during the last two years, and during the present year, than that of Count Leo von Caprivi, hence the interest attaching to the sketch of the German Chancellor and the work he has achieved since he took office, which appears anonymously in the April number of *Nord und Süd*.

How did Prince Bismarck rule? and what ways were open to his successor to make rule possible? are the questions which the writer addresses to himself, and attempts to answer.

The most striking characteristic of the Bismarck regimen may be said to have been the almost unlimited power which the Prince managed to wield, in spite of all opposition. Yet this power did not depend on any absolute force; it was exercised on the principle of a free constitution, which granted complete freedom of movement to public opinion, as well as to the parliamentary forces. Prince Bismarck, however, was only enabled to continue so long as the ruling statesman because among the men and the parties who tried to resist him, none could awaken in themselves the belief that they would one day be in a position to hold together the complicated building of the State. Moreover, the longer the Prince maintained his power, the less any one thought of a serious danger one day threatening the State. All the same, it was evident that before the young Emperor came to the throne confidence in the Prince was beginning to fail, but it was the Emperor alone who came to the decision that he and Prince Bismarck must part.

Born in 1831, at Charlottenburg, the eldest of a family of five, Count von Caprivi received his early education at Frankfort-on-the-Oder and at Berlin. At the age of eighteen he entered the army, and from that time to 1890, when he was called to the Chancellorship, his military education and career continued in one long series of advancements and promotions, the most extraordinary being his appointments as Chief of the Admiralty and as Chancellor to the Empire. He has himself observed, since he has been Chancellor, that he never wished to be anything but a soldier, and if he could begin life over again he would still be a soldier. His most noteworthy characteristic is that he always recognised the advantages of each succeeding position, and made the most of the opportunities which each afforded him.

Very few have acknowledged the enormous difficulties which must attend any successor to Prince Bismarck, and hence the wrong and unworthy motives which have been ascribed to Count von Caprivi's every act since he came into power. He no sooner sought to bring relief to the social democrats than he was accused of attempts to reconcile the social democratic party. In the same way his policy with regard to the commercial treaties with central European States has been attacked and abused, while his endeavours to reform the unsatisfactory mode of taxation in Prussia and the whole Empire were said to have been made to buy temporary services from the separatist parties.

THE CULT OF MR. WHISTLER.

BY A WORSHIPPER.

THE Whistler Exhibition, which was opened last month in London, has been the occasion of a considerable amount of criticism of that painter, whose portrait I am glad to be able to publish herewith. Whatever be the merits or demerits of Mr. Whistler as a painter, he has the faculty of exciting idolatry on the part of a select company of his disciples. This faculty is perhaps quite as remarkable as any of his pictures, and therefore I quote, as a sample of it, the closing passage of Mr. Walter Sickert's article on "Whistler To-day" in the *Fortnightly Review*.

The "Nocturne in Blue and Silver—Bognor" (24), again, can never be surpassed. The blue of the summer sea, growing black with intensity at the horizon, the silent stars, the ghostly wreaths of cloud trailing in the watery sky.



MR. WHISTLER.

Four little boats hover like great moths and melt their phantom sails in a dusky sea. Three show lights that glimmer on the water. Though it is night, it is light enough to see the white foam turned over by the bows of the two nearer boats. That on the far right is going about under your very eyes, leaving a white track in the wondrous water. The waves creep in while they seem not to move, except where they curl and break and tumble at your feet on a dusky shore. You are conscious, at the water's edge, of shadowy figures going about their mysterious business with the night. All these things and a million-fold more are expressed in this immortal canvas with a power and a tenderness that I have never seen elsewhere. The whole soul of the universe is in the picture—the whole spirit of beauty. It is an exemplar and a summary of all art. It is an act of divine creation. The man that has created it is thereby alone immortal a thousand times over. Who are we that we should scribble and nag at him?

Let no one object to Mr. Sickert's hyperbole. It is but the incense which a devotee offers at his idol's shrine. As a pendant to it I must quote the passage in which a critic, in the *Novel Review*, describes his veneration for Mr. Oscar Wilde, writing—

This is astral music; and if he who wrote it has not lived aforetime in Egypt and in Syria, in violet-crowned Athens and Dante's own city of flowers, I have misunderstood the music. I prefer to think that he has haunted some black colossal temple of Isis, a pure priest in saffron robes, and looked into the eyes of the sphinxes with eyes as long and as subtle as their own; that he walked with the Saviour among the lilies of the field in Palestine; that he talked with Sophocles in white Colonus, or listened to Agathon's rose-red praise of love and joy with Socrates at the symposium that Plato tells us of. He has beheld the Phoenix rise from its ashes, and knows the meaning of it all; he has worshipped the ibis and the serpent, and tenderly buried the bones of dead kine in the isle of Prosopis; he has known the rites of Melitta; he has seated himself at a table in Galilee and broken bread with the Lord; he has fed the sparrows of Aphrodite in the temple precinct of her marble abode in Paphos.

THE HORSE WORLD OF LONDON.

MORE INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES.

THE excellent series of articles in the *Leisure Hour* was continued in the March number, with an account of the "Queen's Horses, the Carriage Horses, and the Coach Horses." The Queen has a hundred horses in London, each of which has 2,500 cubic feet of air allotted to him at the Royal Mews. The Queen's creams come to London when three years old from Hampton Court, then they live and are buried in the service in which they are born. They are never left alone day or night, and the man in charge sleeps in the stables. They have never gone out but once with unpaired manes; that occurred in 1831, when William IV. had to rush down in haste to dissolve Parliament. The old stage coach weighs four tons, and cost £7,652 16s. 9½d. Of carriage horses in London there are about 40,000, the total value of which is about two millions and a half. The number of carriages in London is about 22,000, and the average carriage horse only does fourteen miles a day for five days a week; 80 per cent. of the carriage horses are hired from the job master, some of whom have as many as 500 pairs. There are twice as many private carriages in London as there are cabs. The value of the carriages is about a couple of millions, so that the carriages and horses and harness are altogether about five millions. In 1890 we imported 19,400 horses of an average value of £17 each, and exported 12,900 of an average value of £54 each. At one time Ireland horsed the whole of the Belgian army.

In the April number Mr. Gordon continues his account of the horse world of London. The horses dealt with this time are more miscellaneous. From his paper we take the following facts:—

If the three hundred thousand horses in London stood in single file, they would reach from St. Paul's Cathedral to John O'Groat's house. One hundred thousand horses cross the City boundary every day. Not more than four thousand horses go to Epsom on Derby Day, each of which has, on an average five persons behind him.

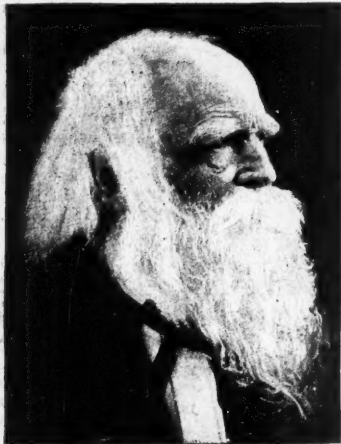
Mr. Gordon says the middle-man is supreme in the horse world:—

Some of the "masters" do an enormous business, the one in the largest way being apparently Tilling, of Peckham, who has a stud of 2,500 horses. He horses the fire brigade, the salvage corps, and, since New Year's Day, he has begun to horse the police.

HAPPY HOURS WITH A NEW ENGLAND POET.

INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS OF WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

"BRYANT'S New England Home" is the title of a descriptive paper, by Henrietta S. Nahmer, in the *New England Magazine* for March. The birthplace and ancestral home of William Cullen Bryant is a hamlet of which the great world knows little, situated among the



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

mountains of western Massachusetts, in a green valley 1,800 feet above the sea. In the corner of a sloping meadow, at the junction of two roads, is a green grave. There once stood a little house, in which, on the 3rd of November, 1794, the frail infant came into the world who was destined to such pre-eminence as poet, journalist, and citizen. This spot, which

sweeping circle of eastern hills, is now marked by the simple granite monolith recording the date of his birth. No more beautiful spot could have been chosen by the poet, for it was these same "rock-ribbed hills" which, from a higher point, were the inspiration of the youthful Bryant.

ABOUT BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

A more lasting monument to the poet's grateful remembrance by his townspeople is the little stone building in the valley, with its choice collection of literature, a gift perpetually fresh and inspiring. The writer worked during some happy, memorable weeks in helping to arrange and classify this library of books. While the building for their reception was in process of construction, the books were temporarily placed in a building near the Bryant homestead. Hither came the grey-haired poet each morning, climbing the hill with agile step, and with cheering word and helpful suggestion marking those hours as never-to-be-forgotten places in the highway of life. One morning, a young fellow, coming into this room, with its floor piled high with books, remarked, "I suppose you have read all these books, Mr. Bryant?" "Not quite all, but I know something about them all, probably," was the response. The mornings were enlivened by anecdotes suggested by the work, and as this worker spoke of her poor comprehension of Browning, he replied: "Perhaps Browning might say in regard to his poems as Jean Paul Richter said when some one asked him what he meant by a certain work, 'When I wrote it there were two who knew, myself and God, but now only God knows.'" Glancing at a book written by Hurlbut, he remarked, "He wished to introduce me to Napoleon III., an honour which I declined, regarding him as a murderer." With his severe truthfulness, he deprecated Froude's "sacrifices to brilliant effect." He said, "Until Grote wrote his history of Greece the historians all leaned to the aristocratic side, and gave the narrative of events a turn unfavourable to popular rights." His memory at threescore and ten was remarkable; the delighted listener will not soon forget the serene look of the poet as he leaned against the mantel, the books scattered in

confusion around, repeating passages from Pope or Tasso in the original, with easy change to the "Biglow Papers."

IN THE CHURCH ON THE HILLSIDE.

Still another precious reminiscence, shared by a little handful of delighted friends and neighbours, is that of September 2nd, 1877, when the poet walked to the little church at West Cummington, a distance of four miles, with his staff in hand, quietly taking his seat among the country worshippers. At the close of the services the pastor remarked that Mr. Bryant had kindly consented to read some of his poems. With the benign presence of the sages of old, Mr. Bryant rose and said that he was very happy to comply with the pastor's request, as the people assembled were his neighbours and the descendants of those among whom he had lived when in youth he had written these poems. The simple rendering of "Thanatopsis," with the cultured, musical voice, was most effective. He spoke of "the character of this poem of Nature, which in her different phases appealed to the writer," and said he "wrote it when he was eighteen and while wandering through the woods of Cummington." Beginning the poem, he read to the words, "comes a still voice," saying that this portion was written at a later period, when he was twenty-one and when it seemed to him that the poem was incomplete in form. He then read the original poem, which ends where the prayer begins, "So live, etc.,"—this portion having been written in the year 1821, thus "adding the moral idea," he said, "to what had been originally simply an adoration of Nature." From this he passed to the reading of the exquisite "Water Fowl." This poem, "also a poem of his youth," he said, "was written at a time of great discouragement, when he was about starting in life, uncertain as to his career, and alone." Just as the western sky was suffused with the red of departing sunlight he saw a water fowl apart from its kind



THE BRYANT HOMESTEAD.

flying solitary and alone on tireless wing, as it had been doing all day, and the thought occurred to him, he said: By what Invisible Power has it been held up through the long day? The lesson it spoke to him he has told us in the matchless poem. He then said that "these were poems of his youth, but he would read one more, written in his old age." He said he "was by many years the oldest person present, and we might not feel the significance of the poem at the time, but he hoped we should all live long enough to do so." He then read, "Waiting by the Gate." When he closed, with the words—

"With neither dread nor longing to depart,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me—"

the tears stood in my eyes, and with hushed breath and subdued footfall we passed out from the little white church on the hillside to our homes, feeling the benediction of a sacred presence.

What augury could have told, on that bright autumn Sabbath, that with swift foot the messenger was coming and that a few months later, in the glorious June, as he had wished,

"The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break."

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

A SWEDISH TRIBUTE TO THE FRENCH NOVELIST.

Ord och Bild is the title of a new illustrated monthly, which was ushered into the world of periodical literature at Stockholm with the beginning of the year. It is published by Herrar P. A. Norstedt och Söner, and edited by Herr Karl Wahlen, of No. 7, Nybrogatan, Stockholm. It is printed on good paper, full of finely-executed pictures and ornamental etchings, and is altogether got up in a very tasteful and attractive style. Add to this the fact that all its contributors are well-known and clever writers, such as Helena Nyblom, Gustaf af Geijerstam, Ellen Nyblom, Oscar Levertin, etc., and there can be no doubt that *Ord och Bild* (Word and Picture) will soon succeed in winning for itself a wide circle of friends, and come to be considered one of the finest—if not the finest—of Swedish magazines. Ellen Nyblom's "Songs" in the February number are perfect little gems of poetry, "Day Falls Asleep" being especially fine. "Thoughts" is also very pretty, though I think a more appropriate title might have been found for this little piece of tender, erotic fantasy.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

Ord och Bild has amongst its many interesting contributions a well-written article by Hellen Lindgren on Guy de Maupassant. The article is headed by a fine portrait, from which the great French writer appears to be almost handsome, haughty, and fiery enough to serve as a model for one of Ouida's magnificent creations.

A PESSIMIST WHO LOVED LIFE.

Pessimist though he was—and his pessimism seemed ingrained in the very core of his heart—there was a brightness about him, and an airy nonchalant gaiety that was irresistible and made him a favourite. *Très drôle* the laughter-loving French were wont to call him. His character was such a strange, fascinating mixture. He could be "as wild as any scampish lad, as delicately sensitive as any girl, as intensely gallant as any courtier." It seems rather paradoxical to say so of a pessimist, but he looked really on the bright side of life, and if he talked and wrote much and discontentedly of its bitterness he nevertheless helped himself heartily enough to its sweets. And, to quote Hellen Lindgren's trite remark, since it is possible to live with a pair of "ragged" lungs, surely one may manage to live, too, with a "ragged" heart.

WITHOUT A HEART?

Maupassant's style of writing was somewhat similar to his uncle Flaubert's, whose amanuensis he had been, but with this difference: "Maupassant never betrayed by so much as a word that he possessed any warmer feelings." Through Flaubert's steely coldness one could feel the beating of the romantic heart. Realistic, materialistic and outspoken, Maupassant is of the Zola and the Strindberg school, only less brutally unchivalrous to womanhood than the latter perhaps. How often and how well does not Maupassant, who otherwise writes of *L'amour-distracted* as if he neither knew of nor believed in anything else, describe the truer and more lasting affections of the human heart? Yet it is the bitter pessimism of his writings that has proved the more fascinating—the curry flavour that, in this most pessimistic age, is the favourite seasoning. He is so quaint in his plump straightforwardness, so thoroughly bizarre.

HIS GROTESQUE HUMOUR—

What can be more humorously grotesque than the way in which he seeks to show that the artist's

instinct is never judged rightly by the world because he is an exception and out-of-place amongst his fellowmen. Boitelle, in *La Main Gauche*, is a lover of contour and colour. He delights to stand and gaze at birdcages, admiring the bright hues of the little tropical feathered dwellers within, until one day he sees through the opening of a door in a café, what he has never clapped eyes upon before—a negress. The study in black enchants him so much that he completely loses his heart to the ebony-hued beauty, whom he discovers to be a waitress, and they become engaged. But alas! strangely enough, what has so charmed him proves odious and repulsive to all others, and at last he is obliged to part with his treasure, for, says his mother, "She is too black; it is like the devil himself." So poor Boitelle, because of his uncommon, but no doubt truly artistic taste and the misfortune it brought upon him, loses thenceforth all interest in the unartistic world.

—AND SICKLY FANCY.

There is a sketch of Maupassant's *La Chevelure*, which Hellen Lindgren says, shows up the perils to which such an artist's temperament as his is exposed, though she hardly has courage to narrate it. It is the story of a maniac, who tells how he fell in love with a woman's hair which he had found in an old drawer. The long, soft, waving tresses so grew upon his imagination as he stroked them that, at last, his mind conceived them a living creature. It is just such a growing sickness of fancy as this that Maupassant has shown in his later works—an inclination to sink, like Edgar Allan Poe, into the ghostly and morbidly fantastic. It seems, says Hellen Lindgren, as if his writings foreshadowed his own fate. And now "*le dieu malveillant et économe*" he writes of has revenged himself. The clever but overworked brain of Guy de Maupassant has thought itself away.

NORD UND SÜD.

DR. PAUL LINDAT's periodical, *Nord und Süd* (North and South), is more literary than social or political, but this was to be expected in a review edited by a man once feared and worshipped as the "Prince of Critics." As a writer of piquant theatrical notices, witty reviews, and feuilletons innumerable, Dr. Lindau first made himself a name in the literary world. After a little time, however, when he would seem to have spent all his wit on his literary contemporaries, he resolved to show them how much better he could do, and took to writing poems, dramas, and novels. In 1872 he founded a weekly called *Die Gegenwart* (The Present), and edited it till 1881. In his *Nord und Süd*, to which he does not often contribute himself, he gives us every month a biographical and critical sketch, with portrait of some poet, author, artist, or musician; a complete tale; discourses on literature, art, etc.; and occasionally a travel paper. The character sketches form, perhaps, the most useful and striking feature, for it is always an interesting personality, generally a man of the moment, who is selected for treatment. In the April number, for instance, it is Count von Caprivi, whose military career and two years' work as German Chancellor, are set forth by a famous, though anonymous pen. In the same number Dr. Lindau begins a new novel, "Hangendes Moos," and there are interesting articles on Wieland, Ibsen, and Helene, Duchess of Orleans, besides others on "Vienna and its Architecture" and "Criminality in Germany." The review has just entered on its sixteenth year.

WHAT IS LEFT OF THE OLD TESTAMENT?

SOME CRITICISMS OF THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

THE *Review of the Churches* for March 14th contains a symposium upon the above subject. Principal Cave has a somewhat disappointing paper, from which, however, may be extracted the following succinct statement of what is claimed for the higher criticism by the highest of the critics:—

PRINCIPAL CAVE.

For if it be true, as these extremers critics allege, that solid historical knowledge of the Old Testament begins with the days of Amos, Hosea, and Isaiah, many traditional opinions will have to be reshaped. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to say nothing of Adam and Noah, would have to be relegated to prehistoric times; Moses and the Exodus and the Wilderness would become legendary; so would the epochs of the Judges and of the early Kings. On such a hypothesis the Sinaitic legislation is a myth; the Voice which Moses heard from between the cherubim is imagination; the association of Moses with any but a germinal portion of the so-called Mosaic law is problematic. Indeed, if the extreme left wing of the Higher Critics are right in their contentions, no such change in conviction as that which must speedily follow has been seen since the Copernican theory supplanted the Ptolemaic.

Further, if the extremers theories of the Higher Criticism approve themselves as true, great doctrinal readjustments will be necessary. Over the idea of revelation, for example, a momentous change would pass. Instead of being the supernatural gift of Deity to the Chosen People during the lifetime of Moses, the Levitical religious system would become the natural and slow outgrowth of the religious instincts of man. In other words, instead of a religious system revealed by Moses, as a religious system was revealed by Christ, we should have a faith like modern Hinduism, which has grown during a thousand years through Vedism and Brahmanism and Buddhism and various philosophies and poetries. In a word, a Pantheistic idea of revelation would be substituted for a Christian. On such a theory, too, the Doctrine of God must be to no inconsiderable extent remodelled, and the doctrine of man, and the doctrine of sin, and, as recent discussions clearly show, the doctrine of the Person of Christ.

Notwithstanding this, Principal Cave still thinks that it is better to have criticism like this than no criticism at all.

PROFESSOR DAVISON.

Prof. Davison, after setting forth his views on the subject, sums them as follows:—

We conclude that the present controversy concerning the books of the Old Testament need not disturb the religious faith of Christians, *first*, because so large a part of the Old Testament is untouched by criticism; *secondly*, because where criticism has been busy, it is rather the form and vehicle than the substance of Revelation that is affected; *thirdly*, because where the substance is affected, the case of destructive criticism is at its very weakest, and depends largely upon rationalistic pre-suppositions and rooted disbelief in the supernatural. But we would not minimise the importance of the discussion. Very serious questions are raised by it, and very important interests are at stake. There is quite enough in the attitude and temper of criticism to make defenders of the faith watchful and alert. There is nothing to cause in the simple believer either panic or suspicion.

MR. HORTON.

Mr. Horton is more outspoken. He declares that the higher criticism has made the old view of the Bible quite impossible for any candid man who faces the facts; but he says:—

It has not injured the Bible itself in the least, it has not lessened its authority, it has not lessened its spiritual value, it has not explained away its inspiration. The historical

books will not be presented to us as documents infallibly guaranteed against the possibility of error—a contention which is confuted by the careful perusal and collation of the books themselves—but as a sufficiently accurate record of a nation's life, the life of a nation which was very manifestly a people chosen by God to accomplish a unique religious work in the world by forming the cradle of the Saviour of men. And the prophets—yes, the prophets above all—will for the first time be understood by English readers; and the unmistakable inspiration of their utterance will be felt as their place in the development of Israel and their function as the organ of revelation are at length recognised.

It is the gravest count against the old or the Jewish way of regarding the Old Testament, that it makes men think that God was more manifest in the Exodus and the giving of the Law than He is now in the days of the Holy Ghost; and that instead of encouraging us to grasp the promise of our Lord that we shall do greater things, because He is gone to His Father, it is always suggesting that the greatest things were done ages ago, and that God has in some way withdrawn from His world and hidden Himself behind a veil since those earliest and brightest times. From this delusion the work of the Higher Criticism is, we may believe, destined to deliver us.

LORD DUFFERIN AND MR. LIONEL TENNYSON.

To the Editor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Sir,—The following paragraph from a leading article in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS of January 15th, page 39, has attracted my attention. It is there stated, on Sir Edwin Arnold's authority, that—

Mr. Lionel Tennyson, Lord Tennyson's son, met his death owing to the sensitiveness of Lord Dufferin to a Muscovite plesantry. At a review at Delhi a Russian aide-de-camp sneered somewhat at the readiness with which the English officers put on their rain-coats when a rain-storm burst over the troops. Lord Dufferin, hearing the remark, promptly dropped his rain-cloak to the ground; his example was followed perforce by all his staff, and Mr. Lionel Tennyson, being drenched to the skin, got the cold from which he never recovered.

In reference to the foregoing statement, and the painful and sinister inference founded upon it, I ask permission, as one of the aide-de-camp of the late Viceroy who was present at the review in question, to state:—First, that Lord Dufferin wore a plain frock coat on the occasion, and never put on a cloak of any sort or description from the beginning to the end of the day. Secondly, neither did Lord Dufferin's staff nor the Commander in Chief's staff wear any cloaks on the occasion. Thirdly, that Mr. Lionel Tennyson was not at the time Lord Dufferin's guest; nor did he accompany him to the field; nor did he form part of his staff; nor did he wear uniform. Consequently he was at liberty to protect himself from the weather in whatever manner might have been requisite. I do not believe even that he was on horseback, but he was staying with Sir Euan Smith at the time, and was not in our vicinity. The fact is the whole story about the rain-cloaks, the Russian officer and his criticisms, is a myth from beginning to end.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) FREDERICK ROWAN HAMILTON, Colonel,
Aide-de-camp to the late Viceroy of India

Those who have been celebrating the Tercentenary of Comenius will be glad to read the four articles on him and his place in the history of education which appear in the *Educational Review* of America for March.

The *Educational Review* contains an article on "The Museum in Educational Work," which is full of useful hints that may bear good fruit if they fall in the way of teachers and managers of public and elementary schools.

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THE WORK OF THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

In the *Forum* for March Mr. Walter Besant describes the work that has been done by the British Society of Authors in a paper which is rightly complacent:—

It is now nearly eight years since a small body of men, fifteen or twenty in number, met to discuss the question whether anything might be done by union to remedy abuses which were strongly felt, but had never been formulated, proved, or defined. This was the origin of our society, which now numbers 750 members, and is every year increasing in strength, in reputation, and in the clearness of its aims.

When the Society got to work, he tells us:—

We laid bare a condition of things which at first sight made it seem as if the publishing business of England was based on systematic fraud.

He then explains the various methods in which the authors were swindled by publishers, specifies the six principles upon which the Society declares authors ought to act in their dealings with publishers, and explains what the Society has done to enforce these principles.

WHAT THE SOCIETY HAS DONE.

Besides publishing *The Author* and two pamphlets full of interesting particulars, they have educated public opinion, with the following results:—

Many publishers, especially the younger men, are gentlemen who have their clubs and their social positions. Social position is like marriage: the man who has it gives hostages to fortune. He cannot afford to have it said that in business transactions he systematically cheats. Cold looks greet him, club acquaintances avoid him; he finds the atmosphere of the club chilling. This has already happened in one or two instances; it is the first expression of public opinion in its infancy.

What else can the Society attempt? I wish I could publish in these pages, in order to show its work, the letters of a single day. Agreements are sent up for examination, questions of difficulty about copyright in articles or books, questions as to cost, questions as to the trustworthiness of publishers, questions of every kind. Our secretaries are supposed to know everything; hard by our offices are those of our solicitors, to whom are referred almost every day some points of difficulty. We keep authors out of the hands of dishonest publishers—this is a tremendous weapon. There are certain houses from which we have kept many thousands of pounds; we prevent authors from signing unfair agreements; we have readers to examine the manuscripts of young writers and to advise them. The new American copyright law has introduced a whole sheaf of difficulties. In a word, we are the only body which has ever existed for the maintenance and defence of literary property for its creators and producers.

WHAT IT HAS STILL TO DO.

There remains before us one more service to literature. We desire above all things to formulate the broad principles upon which publishing should be conducted, so as to give the author the full share that belongs to him and to recognise to their utmost the services of the publishers.

I do not think that the problem will prove insoluble, once fairly tackled. I have myself a solution to offer, if I can only persuade other people to accept it.

Whatever method is adopted must depend entirely upon the success of a book, and therefore must be some form of royalty. Publisher and author must be interested in its success, each in his own fair proportion. In this place I can only point out the thing as one which must be attempted.

For my own part I have seen, every day since the formation of the Society, fresh evidence of the necessity of such a corporation as our own.

THE AMERICAN AUTHOR.

Mr. Charles B. Todd sets forth the case of the American author, and makes out that he is as much swindled by his publisher as the English. Mr. Todd says:—

In New York City alone are nearly a dozen publishing-houses of great wealth, and a score more in a highly prosperous condition. One rarely hears of a publisher failing, from the Cheap Johns and publishers of penny dreadfuls to those of a higher order. On the other hand, there can scarcely be pointed out an American author who is able to make even a decent living by his books.

However, the vital question is: How can this state of things be remedied? A partial remedy could be found, no doubt, in the formation of an American society of authors similar to the Incorporated Society of Authors of Great Britain, or the *Société des Gens de Lettres* of France. The British society is organised for the protection of literary property. It has been already of incalculable benefit to the British author. The organisation of a similar society has been long mooted among American authors, and signs point to the present time as being ripe for it. The writer, in his inquiries among literary men, has found every one in favour of it, and none opposed to it. Such a society should be organised on the most liberal basis.

WANTED, AN AMERICAN BESANT!

It should be open to every one, young or old, male or female who has written a book, whether published or not, and to recognised writers for the press. It should retain the best legal counsel; it should provide from its concentrated wisdom and experience a form of contract in which the author's right should be protected—such contracts having been hitherto drawn by the publisher for the protection of his interests. It should have at least one executive officer, who should be an author of experience, and who should give information to all members applying for it, and take cognizance of all complaints, and who should have for counsel and assistance an advisory board composed of three of the ablest and most experienced members of the Society. Finally, it should assume, and carry to the courts if need be, all clear cases of extortion and oppression of authors on the part of publishers. Such a Society would save American authors thousands of dollars yearly, and chiefly to the young and inexperienced, who need help most.

An Australian Quarterly.

The *Sydney Quarterly* for December, 1891, has a portrait and biography of Mr. G. H. Reid, who also contributes a paper on the present stage of the federal movement. Mr. Reid deprecates federation by such measures as the Convention Bill, which he thinks has unmistakably collapsed. He would prepare for ultimate union in all things by immediate co-operation in some. He would not postpone federal defence until federation was accomplished. The editor has a paper replying to some recent criticism on colonial matters, which is notable if only because of the extraordinary misconception which it contains of the papers of Mr. Francis Adams in the *Fortnightly*. Mr. Adams's critic says:—

That our system of education is not denominational is sufficient in his eyes to condemn it utterly, while he views with horror the fact that Sydney people do not compensate for being wicked on six days of the week by making themselves miserable on the seventh. That bugbear of a certain class of Englishmen, a "Continental Sunday," is referred to by Mr. Adams as a very terrible thing, and he prophesies from its supposed existence in New South Wales the most disastrous consequences to the colony.

Mr. Adams may well rub his hands and laugh when he reads this grotesque perversion of his position. Mr. Alexander G. Hamilton has an interesting natural history paper under the title of "Along a River Frontage."

HOW TO SOLVE THE SERVANT GIRL QUESTION.

BY MRS. ISABEL PYFE MAYO.

In the *Victorian Magazine* Mrs. Mayo has an interesting article, entitled "Domestic Servants: a Problem and a Possibility." She suggests that we should—make a start with a little Guild of "Sisters of Help in Domestic Life," superior and educated women, with inclinations in this direction, to which they might give practical outlet if they could thus enjoy a common ideal and share mutual aspirations, have a friendly centre, and be strengthened by a sense of community.

The members of such guild, without question of social rank or further extent of education, should all pass such simple examinations in English, writing, and arithmetic, as would certify their ability to discharge all duties of this kind likely to rise in the path of domestic work. Without any sectarian bias, they should be all members in full communion with some religious body. Only those should be accepted who are of unimpeachable character, good physique, and pleasing appearance and manners. But considering the great variety of domestic requirements, there might be, at least at first, no restriction as to age. A pretty and suitable uniform should be selected, and each member, when formally spoken of or addressed by her employers, should have "sister" in prefix to her Christian name; and the "sisters" would go out under arrangements as to salary, leisure, holidays, and one or two simple rules concerning sleeping accommodation, such as have been found to work well under nursing organisations.

This scheme, "wild" as some may count it, is not without precedent—and successful precedent—up to a certain point. A guild of this type has been actually already in existence for sixteen years—i.e., the Guild of Aid in Home Duties, which has its quarters at Zeals, Bath. But this organisation is exclusively Church of England, and its "Aids" only render temporary household help in domestic emergencies. All we suggest is, that a similar organisation be started on a broader basis, and that the "help" offered be permanent—the more permanent the better for all concerned!

Might not the suggested "Sisters of Help," in the first instance, reserve themselves for those households where they would truly be received as such—where the mistress is a bread-winner, or alone, elderly or feeble? Many of the difficulties which would beset such a beginning in ordinary households would not arise in these, or only in very modified and manageable form, while all a woman's natural rights to some leisure, to personal freedom, and to living, feeding and sleeping arrangements compatible with self-respect, would be joyfully conceded to anybody whose character could be trusted, and whose carefulness and economy could be relied upon. The helped and the helper would together set themselves to do justice to each other, and to find out the best plans for overcoming little difficulties as they arose.

Of course, a "Sister of Help" would understand that the word "menial" must vanish from her dictionary. There can be nothing menial in any duty necessary for the health or comfort of a household. The weakness of the "lady-help" idea lay in the fact that it generally implied the relegation to somebody else of what was considered the more objectionable parts of the household work. Naturally this other person resents this, general domestic warfare and mutiny ensue, and everybody wants to be "lady-help."

No, the "Sister of Help" should be prepared to do to the bottom whatever function she undertakes.

If the experiment be tried on this small scale, and prove that superior women can work happily in domestic service, and that its frictions can be smoothed away by the frank concession of certain privileges as undoubted rights, then it is quite certain that the scheme could easily enlarge and modify its borders. The best households—those in which true comfort and peace are held in highest value—would be the first to offer these concessions; and women seeking employment—the present domestic servants among others—would see that character and capacity could demand the concessions which all would covet, and they would take lesson accordingly.

THE SOCIAL AWAKENING OF LONDON.

Mr. ROBERT A. WOODS, a young American, who spent a year in the East of London studying the social question on the spot, contributes the first paper to the series of the "Poor in Great Cities," which *Scribner* begins to publish in the April number. It is entitled "The Social Awakening in London," and is copiously illustrated by pictures from Mr. Hugh Thomson's ready pencil. Mr. Woods has already published a book on the subject, which shows him to be a careful observer and a patient student of social phenomena, but this article will attract attention more from its pictures than from its letterpress. The frontispiece gives us a scene from a socialist meeting in Hyde Park, but the bulk of the illustrations are devoted to Toynbee Hall and the Salvation Army. We have portraits of General Booth and Mr. Barnett, views of St. Jude's and of various phases of the work in a Salvation Army factory, together with illustrations of the People's Palace, inside and out, and portraits of Mr. Charles Booth and John Burns and Tom Mann. Speaking of the new Trades Unionism, Mr. Woods says:—

If John Burns and Tom Mann should both be elected Members of Parliament, there would be among the nation's legislators no men of truer hearts and more temperate lives, and few of greater native ability than these heroes of the masses.

Mr. Woods thus concludes his survey:—

The first stage of the social awakening is over—that of scattered experiments and of general investigation. The next, and even more significant stage, the stage of expansion, is already entered upon. There is sufficient reason to expect that the County Council will not stop in its undertaking of social administration in the interest of the people, until it has assumed the complete ownership and direction of the gas and water supply and of the tramway lines. The replacing of large unsanitary tracts of buildings with model tenement houses, will have to be continued in several other places after the work in Bethnal Green is completed. There is coming to be a marked increase of efficiency in the local parish boards, which are charged with executing the laws for sanitation and poor-relief. The co-ordination of all more obvious charities, and their comprehensive working in each district, will go on until there shall be as well organised checks against pauperism as there now are against crime.

With the field in general thus laid out, there is already full promise that each considerable section of the metropolis will have at least one public institution for the recreation and higher education of the people. The churches and the university settlements may be looked to for the gradual development of all less formal and more personal influences toward making life healthier, happier, nobler. Meanwhile the long, slow struggle of the working men, rising into dramatic interest in its fitful outbursts, is destined to bring them to a position of independence, and in so strong and pure a democracy as the County of London, ultimately, as they become worthy of power, into a position of control.

New Magazines.

THE new month has brought with it several new magazines. Among those which have appeared since the last notice are three more penny magazines for "unseen reading" in schools—the *School Monthly*, the *School and Home Magazine*, and the *Girls' School Magazine*—all three illustrated, and containing useful, entertaining, and instructive reading, and published by Glen and Hall, 379, Strand. The *Minstrel* (115, Fleet Street) is for poets and musicians, and is the organ of the Minstrels' Club. Its price is 3d. *Gathered Leaves* (129, Fleet Street) costs 1d., and is for the family circle. The latest magazine to reach us from Seoul, and is called the *Korean Repository*.

THE PIANO AS A FACTOR IN MUSICAL ART.

UNDER this title Mr. John S. van Cleve writes, in the March number of *Music*, an apology for the "universally cultivated, pestiferously present" pianoforte, in which he also makes interesting references to some other instruments.

THE COUNTERPOINT-COMPELLING KING.

The modern concert pipe organ (he says) is the sublimest and most complete product of human mechanical ingenuity. In the five centuries of its existence it has fostered at least half of all the sublime choral effects known to art, and has always been the bosom friend of counterpoint. . . . It is the counterpoint-compelling king of musical instruments.

THE APATHY OF THE PUBLIC.

There is a topic which philosophic writers upon music might brood and comment upon:—

It is astonishing how rapturous is the love which the professional organists feel for their instrument, and it is equally astonishing how apathetic is the passive listening public; indeed, I know of few phenomena in the history of American musical art more strange, perplexing, and perhaps discouraging, than the utter indifference which has been shown for the last ten years in Cincinnati to her great and magnificent Music Hall organ. No capital is more completely sunk than the 30,000 dols. invested in that organ.

THE LITTLE BROWN MAGICIAN.

At the opposite point of the horizon from the organ is the "marvellous little brown magician," who came into the world two hundred years ago—the violin:—

Here is an instrument small, not great; simple, not complex; delicate almost to fragility, not ponderous; capable of uttering for the most part only one sound at a time; but so sensitive to the personality of the player that it becomes like an audible heart. Its enormous emotionality and its unlimited dexterity are its two chief advantages.

THE PIANO.

The pianoforte, like the organ and the violin, has played a mighty rôle in the development of musical form. It may be called the protagonist on every stage of musical display in this century, both for good and for evil, for enlightenment and for imitation. It is worth remarking that nearly every great composer has been a pianist, and often the leading virtuoso of his time. The effects of the pianoforte upon musical art historically have been to stimulate and render possible more than half of the entire compositions now in the world.

SOME OF ITS ADVANTAGES.

To summarize the qualities which Mr. van Cleve attributes to the piano as a sound producer and a music maker: Its advantages are compendiousness, the pedal, its flexibility, its enormous dynamic range, its accentual power, and its power to reflect the player's personality—

The pianist may congratulate himself that he has the universe in little at his bedside and beneath his subtle fingers at any moment of the day. The pedal is like prussic acid, which imparts deliciousness to the peach; but get too much of it and you die in agony. The pedal, diffused dexterously and used at all times, but never at the wrong place, generates a vast number of the most evanescent and subtle as well as the most beautiful and novel effects known to any instrument.

In dynamic range the piano has only two rivals—the organ and the orchestra. In the delicacy with which great artists feel the relative importance of tones and tone groups too subtle to be expressed in coarse, clumsy notes, yet containing the very life of the work, the pianist is supremely great. . . . The pianoforte tone has a decided and thoroughly original beauty to the ear all its own, if we add also the immense variety of tone qualities produced by various instruments, some of the brilliant metallic type, some of the soft, sweet, and muffled quality.

THE AGE OF ENERGY AND BIOLOGY.

A PROPHECY OF THE FUTURE.

MR. CLARENCE KING, who organised the United States Geological Survey in 1878, discourses, in the *Forum* for March, on the Education of the Future, upon which he holds somewhat advanced notions.

THE SCIENTIFIC BRAIN.

He thinks it ought to be possible now to chart the course of growth of a healthy all-round mind, and devise a whole system of education which shall work in harmony with the natural sequences of human nature, instead of crassly thwarting them on every side as we do at present:—

The purely scientific brain is miserably mechanical; it seems to have become a splendid sort of self-directed machine, an incredible automaton, grinding on with its analyses or constructions. But for pure sentiment, for all that spontaneous, joyous Greek waywardness of fancy, for the temperature of passion and the subtler thrill of ideality, you might as well look to a wrought-iron derrick.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

Mr. King is somewhat vague, but he has good sensible ideas concerning the learning of languages. He indulges in the following prophecy of things to come:—

Thus far, of the two great discoveries of the age, conservation of energy and biological evolution, the first only has been made practical in human affairs. We are mastering the industrial use of energy as fast as we comprehend its nature. Toil is to be purged of its grime and its iron hardship; the mechanic and domestic arts will be made refined and delicate. Transit of persons and commodities and ideas must be far more swift, safe, and economical than now. We shall whisper around the globe. An instrument will be devised which will give at once a legible and audible record of the pulsations of human speech, and thus end that tedious and retarding conventionality, the alphabet. Energy will be made cheap. Flight through the upper air will be a daily matter of course. We shall contrive numberless other things that have not yet entered into the heart of man, all growing out of the conservation of energy. Meantime the other great secret of nature we have discovered, biological evolution, slowly unfolds its absorbing picture of the laws and phenomena of life. Yet, strange to say, we have done almost nothing to make its astonishing revelations conduce to the physical and moral welfare of the human race. A trifle in medicine, or, rather, surgery, and a beginning in the breeding of domestic animals, are all we have done.

THE ABOLITION OF DISEASE.

If the future of man's mechanical industry lies under the shadow of the laws of energy, the future of his whole bodily nature, its health, beauty, and organic purity, its strength of muscle, nerve, and brain depends upon intelligent obedience to the new table of biological commandments. In his ignorance of human biology, man has done little or nothing to protect society from the fatal percentage of disease, crime, and incompetence. Like a patient beast of burden, humanity has staggered since Eden under a load of ills, nearly all of which might have been prevented by a rigorous application of scientific biological restraints. We have been quick to adopt railways, but we cannot realise heredity; we have eagerly put our ear to the telephone, and been wilfully deaf to the voice of science, which is offering to tell us how to make our own children strong and fair. Whenever a quickened sense of moral responsibility brings us to resolve to improve the human body, biology will furnish all the details for intelligent procedure. We accept the army of incompetence, of insanity and disease, as a burden from Providence, and think ourselves very virtuous for liberally wasting the pound of cure when the ounce of prevention is utterly neglected. This is the age of energy; next will be the age of biology.

The Church and the Labour Movement.

MR. W. H. WILKINS has an article in the *Newbery House Magazine* for April, in which he appeals, but will appeal in vain, to the Church of England to grapple with the labour problem. He says:—

There is a great opportunity before our National Church—a greater than any since the days of the Methodist Revival of the last century. Will she miss it as she missed that golden chance; or will she avail herself of it, utilising these new-born energies and enthusiasms, and proving to all the world that the Church of England is the Church of the English people? That is the alternative I propose to consider. The labour question is emphatically the question of the hour. The air is rife with strikes and rumours of strikes, with conflicts of labour against capital, and disputes between employers and employed. One mighty factor in our national life alone remains silent—the Church. Combination, legislation, discussion—all these panaceas have been tried and tried in vain as a means of mitigating the bitterness of the strife, or of bringing about a compromise. What is wanted is an arbitrator—patient, kindly, impartial, just. Where should such be found? I answer emphatically In the national Church. She is the highest guardian of the people; anything which touches them must touch her also, and she cannot afford by silence or neglect to shirk the duty laid upon her, if she is to retain her place in our national life.

Mr. Wilkins wants the Anglican Church to speak *ex cathedra* to the English-speaking people throughout the world. If she cannot do this, he says, she will indeed be the helpless, State-bound creature of Parliament that the Liberationist Society delights in depicting her.

Admiral Farragut.

THERE is an interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on Admiral Farragut by Edward K. Rawson. I quote three paragraphs:—

After the war was over, Farragut made a European cruise. At dinner with the King of Belgium, an eye-witness relates: "I have never in all my life seen the like of this," said the old field-marshal at my side. "The dinner is over, we are all ready to rise, and we are all tired of the table, but the King cannot leave your admiral. He has captured all Belgium; we are his prisoners; we shall never get away; we shall all die here. What is there about Farragut that is so fascinating?" "I cannot tell you, unless it is that the admiral is so very natural." "No, that is not it," replied the marshal; he has magnetised the King. Farragut is a magician."

Sincerely religious in his nature, his faith was a marked characteristic in his life. He tells of himself that, at the critical moment in the battle of Mobile Bay, when defeat or victory hung in the balance, he offered up this prayer: "O God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on?" And it seemed as if, in answer, a voice commanded him to "go on."

Golden Mashonaland.

THERE is a well-illustrated article by Frank Mandy, entitled "Golden Mashonaland," in *Scribner's Magazine* for April. It gives an account of what the writer observed in his march into the country. It is on the whole very favourable, but it does not disguise the difficulties which are to be met with:—

Less than eighteen months ago very few even knew where Mashonaland was situated. The schemes for its settlement were looked upon as the impracticable visions of enthusiasts. Impenetrable forests, unfordable rivers, and impassable mountains barred all ingress to the land of promise; to say nothing of hordes of bloodthirsty savages lying in wait to slaughter all who attempted it. And now, Mashonaland has been won and occupied; over four thousand busy, energetic men scattered over it; two good roads made from the south, and a road from Salisbury to the east coast, which will very

soon become a railroad. Telegraph communication has been made to the Nuanetsi River, within two hundred and thirty miles of Salisbury; mines are being opened; farms taken up; magistrates appointed at the various centres; and Mashonaland is advancing with rapid strides to take its proper place as the flourishing home for the surplus population of England, and a veritable El Dorado for enterprising spirits from Europe and America.

The article contains, among other things, a portrait of Captain Selous. Mr. Mandy is convinced that Mashonaland is very rich in gold, and, as he prospected two of its gold districts for seven months, and was in communication with other prospectors, he has a right to speak. He says that all the prospectors were enthusiastically satisfied with what they discovered.

The Coffee House as the Missing Link.

In the *Charities Review*, for March, Robert Graham, secretary of the Church Temperance Society, has an article entitled "The Coffee House as a Counteraction of the Liquor Saloon." The writer says:—

The step between the crowded tenement house and the decorous private residence is too great to be taken at once and the coffee tavern is, in my opinion, the missing link. In its complete form this should include:

1. A restaurant where wholesome and well-cooked food at a cheap rate, like that proposed by the New England kitchen, can be obtained at all hours.
2. As cleanliness is next to godliness, hot and cold baths at a small but remunerative rate.
3. Lodging rooms for single men at a rate which would compete with the so-called hotels at 10 cents, per night with which the Bowery from Cooper Union to Chatham Square is so thickly studded.
4. A reading and smoking room with sufficiently stringent regulations to insure good behaviour.
5. A lecture hall which could be used for lectures, or meeting room for benefit societies and on Sunday for religious services.
6. A room for billiards or pool with careful supervision for the prevention of gambling.

This would need a capital of 30,000 dollars.

The Youth of Newman Hall.

In the *Young Man* Mr. Newman Hall gives some reminiscences of his early years. He began work by serving a seven years' apprenticeship to his brother, who was an editor in Kent. Office hours were from eight o'clock in the morning to nine o'clock at night. During the whole of that time Newman Hall began study at six o'clock in the morning, winter and summer. When fifteen he joined the Church and became a Sunday-school teacher, walking four miles every Sunday afternoon to meet his class. Soon afterwards he began to preach in the open air to the hop-pickers. His first sermon was exactly ten minutes long. At twenty-one he went to college.

The Miracles of Lourdes.

THE *Catholic World* for March contains an account of the latest book on the "Miracles at Lourdes," which it would seem throw those of the Gospel entirely into the shade:—

The writer says in this book we find narratives with more or less particulars of miraculous cures taken from the "Annals of Lourdes," nearly every one of them attested by competent medical testimony. These include upwards of fifty various inveterate chronic diseases; twenty-seven of phthisis; twenty-three of cancers, tumours, fractures, and ulcers; two of obstinate diseases of the eye, two of chronic malady of the stomach, one of nervous disorder, two of hysteria, one of phthisis complicated with another grave trouble, and one of relief from the morphine habit.

An American View of the Salvation Army.

THE first place in the *Missionary Review of the World* for March is devoted to an article by F. P. Noble, of Chicago, entitled, "Captain Great-Heart and the Holy War—The Story of the Salvation Army." It is an enthusiastic account of the Salvation Army. Captain Great-Heart—that is General Booth. In his passion for souls, his shepherding of the multitudes, and his warfare against the Devil, the General of the holy war is the incarnation of the holy saint created by Bunyan. Booth is a Protestant Pope, without jurisdiction over conscience. The writer thinks that one reason why the Army has not been so successful in America as in England is because John Bull has been for too many centuries under dukes, *i.e.*, under leaders, for the military instinct yet to have been bred out from his blood. In explaining the success of the Army, he says:—

The instrumentalities have been: Self-sacrifice and the appeal to the hero and martyr in man; woman's ministry; self-support and teaching men to regard giving as a privilege; using converts as missionaries; Christian brotherliness and the satisfaction of the social sentiment; faithfulness or untiring persistency; and the militariness.

In twenty-six years this Captain-General and his hosts of the Lord have become a modern Ten Thousand, more heroic than Xenophon's, and dowered with an immortality outshining that of Xerxes' ten thousand Immortals; have won the world for their parish, and planted their standard in thirty-eight countries or colonies; have brought about 100,000 hopeful conversions at home, and 131,000 abroad, have repeated the feat of the medieval Church in delving into the depths of human degradation, scanning its every social seam, and utilising its undreamed-of treasures; have made publicans into preachers, and transformed haridians into helpers; have created hero-saints from the sludge of civilisation.

The writer concludes by saying that whether the Army lives or dies, we can yet cry: "Glory to God for the Salvation Army!"

Bret Harte's First Writings.

THE *Idler* is in danger of becoming somewhat vulgar, with a vulgarity of the music hall, but there is Mark Twain's story to redeem it, and there is a very good interview with Bret Harte, from which I take the following anecdotes about the two best known of his pieces:—

When "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was written, Mr. Bret Harte was editor of *The Overland Monthly*, a Californian magazine. The editor called the publisher's attention to the fact that there was not one distinctive Californian romance in the magazine, and offered, should no contribution come in, to write a story himself. "The Luck" was written in a few days. Then trouble arose. The printer, instead of sending the proofs direct to the author, forwarded them to the publisher, with a statement that his reader, a young lady, declared the story indecent, improper, and irreligious. Moral suasion had been brought to bear on the young lady to induce her to finish the proofs, but her feelings were hurt. At last, after several complications, Mr. Bret Harte declared he would resign the editorship if his editorial judgment were doubted. That settled it. "The Luck" appeared, and was promptly anathematised by the religious press as the offspring of evil.

Do you remember in "Gabriel Conroy," where the coach came up the narrow, precipitous gorge through which the Wingdam stage passed on its way from Marysville, and the wall of the dam burst, and Gabriel saved a woman when the coach upset? Mr. Bret Harte was travelling through a locality exactly like that in the Foot Hills. One evening he came to just such a valley. It was shut in by the hills, and it occurred to him, as he halted his horse

and looked down the gorge, "If there were a flood and a coach happened to be passing, the passengers would have to swim for their lives."

Soon after the publication of "Gabriel Conroy" Mr. Bret Harte received a letter from California, saying that he (Mr. Bret Harte) had evidently anticipated the catastrophe, and enclosing a newspaper-cutting giving an almost similar account of an accident which had happened under precisely the same circumstances, even to the saving of a woman's life. This was a case of imagination anticipating nature. These curious coincidences do sometimes happen.

Some Literary Reminiscences.

AMONG the most interesting literary articles in the magazines for April is Mr. Lehmann's "Some Letters and Recollections," in *Cornhill* for April. His reminiscences include interesting scraps illustrating the character of men like Wilkie Collins, Lord Lytton, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Robert Browning, George Eliot, and Barry Cornwall. The paper is full of pleasant gossip about notable men. The following is the characteristic story of Sir Alexander Cockburn and Lord Houghton:—

At dinner the conversation, of course, turned upon the Tichborne case, and I remember that Cockburn expressed his opinion very emphatically to the effect that the Claimant was an impostor. Houghton, however, argued upon the other side. Suddenly Cockburn cut him short by saying, "I should have thought this impossible from any one with the very meanest intellect." Houghton paused, apparently overwhelmed, and then replied: "But surely that was very rude;" upon which Cockburn, glaring fixedly at him, merely added, "I meant it to be so."

It was, of course, very brutal on the part of Sir Alexander Cockburn, but who is there who has not heard of people arguing in favour of Sir Charles Dilke's innocence but must have felt tempted to indulge in the Lord Chief Justice's candid judgment as to the mental capacity which renders it possible for some men to maintain so incredible a thesis?

Wilkie Collins sent a curious note about America which was dated 1874.

Before I had been a week in this country I noted three national peculiarities which had never been mentioned to me by visitors to the States. I. No American hums or whistles a tune either at home or in the street. II. Not one American in 500 has a dog. III. Not one American in 1,000 carries a walking stick. I, who hum perpetually, who love dogs, who cannot live without a walking stick, am greatly distressed at finding my dear Americans deficient in the three social virtues just enumerated.

Nuts for the Anti-Papists.

THERE is one expression in Mr. Shipley's concluding paper on Cardinal Manning in the *Catholic World* for March which will not soon be allowed to pass out of the memory of the British public. Speaking of the multifarious activities of the Cardinal, Mr. Shipley says the following candid but somewhat damaging thing:—

To the same end, again, the Cardinal was accustomed to utilise private social calls and claims, and semi-public duties and engagements of daily life, on behalf of the interests of our Mother Church in England? For instance, to quote some insignificant cases, or cases which would be insignificant, if they were not part and parcel. As I hold them to be, of a well-considered and of a well-executed tactical plan for the moral reubjugation of Protestant England to the beneficent rule of Rome in matters spiritual.

THE MATTEI EXPERIMENTAL COMMITTEE.

THE death of Sir Morell Mackenzie, who was chairman of the small committee that was constituted to subject the claim of Count Mattei to be able to cure cancer to an experimental test, will in no way affect the progress of the experiment.

A meeting of the Matteist Committee was held at Mowbray House on the 29th of March, when the following resolution was passed concerning the death of the chairman:—

That the Mattei Test Committee, at its first meeting after the death of Sir Morell Mackenzie, desires to place on record its deep regret at the loss of its chairman, Sir Morell Mackenzie, who, although an extremely busy man, recognised that it was desirable to undertake the constitution of a committee which should render a necessary service to science and good morals by clearing up once for all the question whether or not the claims of Count Mattei to have discovered a cure for cancer were founded on fact. The committee desires to recognise the earnest interest and scientific enthusiasm with which Sir Morell Mackenzie devoted himself to this experiment, and determines to prosecute the enquiry which he initiated.

Two gentlemen were elected to fill the vacancy caused by Sir Morell Mackenzie's death; and the committee, therefore, as now constituted, consists of:—

Mr. GEO. W. POTTER, M.D., &c., Medical Editor of the *Hospital*, Chairman.

Mr. LAWSON TAIT, F.R.C.S., LL.D., &c., Surgeon to the Birmingham Hospital for Women, &c.

Mr. HENRY A. REEVEN, F.R.C.S.E., Surgeon to the Hospital for Women, Soho, and Lecturer on Anatomy to the London School of Medicine for Women, &c.

Mr. JOHN HOPKINS, F.R.C.S., Medical Superintendent, Central London Sick Asylum.

Mr. W. T. STEAD, Secretary.

There are five cases under treatment, all of which have been certified by competent surgeons as suffering indubitably from cancer. These cases are being treated by the Doctors Kennedy, under the observation of the committee. It was decided last June that until some definite result had been arrived at, no reports would be published by the committee, which, however, is, of course, in possession of periodical reports from its own registrar.

MEMORIAL TO SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

LORD CALTHORPE sends me the following circular, which I am very glad to bring before the attention of Sir Morell Mackenzie's many friends at home and abroad.

At a meeting of the General Committee of the Morell Mackenzie Memorial Fund, held here on Monday, 21st inst, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

1. That a Fund, to be called the Morell Mackenzie Memorial Fund, be raised to commemorate the life and work of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., the founder of the first hospital established for the special treatment of diseases of the throat.

2. That all subscriptions to the fund be separately invested in the name of trustees, to be applied, as soon as circumstances permit, to the extension of the hospital buildings, thus carrying out a wish which the late Sir Morell Mackenzie had long cherished, and for the attainment of which he had himself persistently laboured; and thereafter to perpetuate his memory in connection with the hospital in any way the committee may think desirable.

3. That the additional buildings thus erected be called "The Morell Mackenzie Memorial Wing."

A sum of not less than £5,000 will be needed to enable the Committee to complete the extension of the hospital

buildings, the necessary land for which has already been secured. I therefore venture to appeal very earnestly to the friends of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, as well as to all others interested in the work of the charity, to make the fund worthy of the name with which it will be associated, and of lasting benefit to the Institution which he founded, and in the welfare of which he took, to the last, so keen an interest. Cheques payable to the Morell Mackenzie Memorial Fund should be sent to the hon. sec., 32, Golden Square, London, W.

OUR AUSTRALIAN EDITION.

WANTED, A DESIGN FOR THE COVER.

The first number of our Australian edition will be issued at the end of July in our Melbourne publishing office. Editor, Rev. W. H. Fitchett; manager, Mr. Logan. Our June edition will be the Australian July number. The whole of the English *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* will be incorporated in the Australian edition, which will contain sixteen extra pages devoted to the literature and life of Australasia. As I shall have to print the wrapper in London, I shall be glad to offer a prize of £10 10s. for the best design suitable for the cover of the AUSTRALIAN *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*. The design must contain the title and some design emblematic of Australia and the place of the magazine in the English-speaking world. It is optional whether any or all of the contents are to be shown on the cover. All designs to be sent in before May 15th, marked with name and address of sender.

The National Home Reading Union.—The fourth year's course of the Young People's Section of the Home Reading Union has just been issued from Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C. The minimum cost of the six required books is 1s. 5d., the maximum 4s. 9d. In order to obtain a certificate six of the required books must be read in the year. The total cost of all the required books is 14s. 1d. The list includes history, biography, literature, poetry, romance, travel, and humour. The list has been very carefully drawn up, and may be commended to even those who do not intend to go in for a certificate.

Back Numbers of the "Review of Reviews".—Any person desiring back numbers of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* either for (1) workhouse, (2) hospital, (3) police station, or (4) as reading books in public elementary schools, will be supplied with them on application on receipt of the cost of carriage, which may be roughly taken as eightpence per hundred copies.

Towards the Civic Church.—*Help* for April contains interesting reports of the action that is being taken in various centres to realise the ideal of the Civic Church. The reports of the sub-committees of the Glasgow Conference on Social Questions are most useful. The movement has spread to the United States, and has taken hold, at the same time, of Oakwood in California, and Philadelphia on the Eastern seaboard. Conferences on the subject will be held this month in Burnley, Birkenhead, and Chatham.

I AM glad to see that the *Religious Review of Reviews* has got a new editor, who is going to make his watchword moderation and charity. The new editor is the Rev. Canon Fleming.

Among the social and philanthropic articles of the month, are the Countess of Meath's paper on "Some Interesting Swedish Institutions," in the *Quiver*, and an article by Mr. F. M. Holmes, in the same magazine, on "Housing the Houseless."

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THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

MR. BUNTING may be congratulated upon having got out a very strong number—one of the best that has been published for some time. No fewer than four of its articles are quoted elsewhere, namely, "The Emperor William,"



MR. PERCY W. BUNTING.

Mr. Reid's "Forms of Home Rule," Mr. Guinness Rogers "Nonconformists in Political Life," and Sir Gavan Duffy's "Reminiscences of Carlyle."

THE EVACUATION OF EGYPT.

Mr. Henry Norman has a bright and light article upon the Evacuation of Egypt, written after spending eight days on the edge of the Soudan. Mr. Norman thinks that we must evacuate Egypt by way of Khartoum. Not until Egypt has settled the Soudan can England clear out of Egypt. The first thing to be done, therefore, is to increase the army, and to restore the Khedive's authority over the Soudan. Mr. Norman thinks that "the earliest possible moment at which the evacuation can take place," being practically interpreted, means:—

When the internal organisation of Egyptian affairs has reached such a point that its movement may reasonably be expected to go on, and not to turn back; and when the Egyptian army is sufficiently strong to guarantee this progress an undisturbed course.

THE INDISPENSABLE MOSES.

In an article on "Christianity in the East," the Rev. Samuel A. Barnett maintains that the Chinese and Japanese Christians fall very far short of the Western standard because they never have had Moses as a school-master to bring them to Christ. He says:—

The East seems to need more Old Testament teaching, given in the light of modern historic and scientific discoveries, so that the people may understand the law Christ came to fulfil, look for the "new earth" of which he preached, and be convinced of the sin for which He has won forgiveness. There ought, perhaps, to be a more aggressive

Puritanism among missionaries—a Jewish intolerance of heathen ways and philosophies—a more vigorous assertion of the reign of law and of God's vengeance on all law-breakers—a more practical love of simplicity in life and in worship—a greater sympathy with the human desire for liberty—a more present consciousness of being God's ambassadors to man.

THE REAL SIBERIA.

Mr. Volkhovsky reviews Mr. De Windt's book, pointing out the inadequacy of his observations to justify him in pronouncing judgment on the penal system in Siberia. Mr. Volkhovsky says:—

It is possible that one, two, or even three prisons may have been built, in which hygienic conditions have been observed, and in which the administration is decent, or even good; it is possible that several new *étapes* have been built; it is possible that in some of the prisons certain external improvements may have been made which can be pointed to in the accounts of the money in "reforming" prisons; it is most probable that in Saghalien such horrors do not now take place as occurred there before General Kononovich was appointed Governor of the island. But the system of inquisitorial preliminary detention and exile (usually without trial) on political grounds remains the same. The absence of all feeling of law in the overwhelming majority of the executors of the law is unchanged. As before, every prison is regulated according to local accidents and the personal character of its governor; from which it results that, side by side with "well-arranged" prisons, there are prisons in a condition that is simply horrible. As before, the intolerable *étape* system obtains, full of licence on the one hand and misery on the other.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The Rev. J. Frome Wilkinson writes emphasising the arguments in favour of Mr. Charles Booth's scheme of endowment of old age. He would fix a movable age when pensions should become payable. He would raise the extra twelve millions a year by graduated income-tax and death duties. Prof. Jannaris discusses the difference between "Spoken Greek, Ancient and Modern," and Miss Agnes M. Clarke writes on "The New Star in Auriga."

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

MR. MALLOCK finishes his novel, "A Human Document," and therefore we may hope that we shall be allowed to have some more of Mr. Frank Harris's short stories, which have been put upon the shelf in order to allow this "Human Document" to drag its weary length along.

LORD HARTINGTON AND MR. GLADSTONE IN 1880.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood treads familiar ground in the article which he has devoted to the controversy raised by Mr. Wemyss Reid, who suggested that Lord Hartington had been disloyal to Mr. Gladstone in attempting to form a ministry in 1880. Mr. Greenwood recalls the fact that on the very eve of the General Election of 1880 the *Daily News* itself protested against assuming that Lord Hartington would not be Prime Minister, and that declaration Mr. Greenwood asserts was the opinion of the Hartingtonian section of the Liberal party, who regarded Mr. Gladstone's premiership with undisguised alarm. Mr. Greenwood says:—

In the declared opinion of at least three or four of the most eminent and influential of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues—men whose judgment was held in high esteem, and whose

unselfishness was never questioned—the return of that gentleman to power would prove a national misfortune. Moreover, at least one of them foresaw and foretold that the party itself would again be smashed by him if he took the conduct of it; and that alone must have seemed to them a great public misfortune.

Mr. Greenwood is rightly severe upon those eminent statesmen who kept their real opinion of Mr. Gladstone to themselves, and deceived the country as to their opinion of his qualifications for the leadership. He solves the mystery involved in the *Times-Speaker* controversy, by explaining that it was after the polling was over and before it was known positively what Mr. Gladstone intended to do, that the negotiations took place. He says:—

Then began certain goings to and fro, pending the somewhat tardy "message from the Queen;" and it is upon the interim confabulations of Lord Hartington with his friends—natural and innocent conference upon any hypothesis of his desires—that the accusation of "disloyalty" was raised.

THE CRISIS IN MOROCCO.

Mr. Haweis has been stopping at Tangiers and has got up the Moroccan question, with the result that we have a very characteristic, a very clear and a very cocksure article on the future of Morocco. Mr. Haweis sees in Morocco a great field for British enterprise in the near future:—

British capital, British emigrants, British invalids—the rich who can afford to pay and the poor who want to economise—will soon be forced, by an irresistible attraction, to rush towards a temperate coast to colonise a perennially summer land, only two days' from Plymouth, where money is turned over by scratching the soil. Life is easy, toil lucrative, and health to be got for the asking.

But before Morocco can be made valuable many changes will have to be made. Still, as even omelets cannot be made without breaking of eggs, so Mr. Haweis is perfectly ready to break a great deal of crockery in the opening up of Morocco:—

There is one way out of it—a short way and a summary way. Let the Moors choose whom they will as successor to the Sultan, but when the smash comes, in order to ensure the general safety of the Algerian frontier and the Tonatt Railway—by that time possibly an accomplished fact—let the French proclaim a Protectorate in Morocco over all south of the Lebon; and for the safety of Tangier, let the English proclaim a protectorate in Tangier, extending from the coast to the Lebon River. A simultaneous movement of French and English troops would meet with no serious opposition from a distracted people, fighting among themselves; and the heavy bribe which France would offer the South and England the North, of security of life and property, would probably be followed by a bloodless revolution in which North and South Morocco would range themselves naturally under the non-aggressive and non-oppressive protectorate of the two civilised Powers. Then the Morocco question would be solved—until next time.

HOW LONG WILL THE SUN LAST.

Sir Robert Ball, who is much the most interesting of modern writers on astronomy, has a fascinating article in which he computes the probable duration of the life of the sun. If we translate his calculations into the phraseology of the insurance companies we would say that he would not give more than five million years' purchase for the sun's life. His figures are as follows:—

The utmost amount of heat that it would ever have been possible for the sun to have contained would supply its radiation for 18,000,000 years at the present rate.

It seems that the sun has already dissipated about four-fifths of the energy with which it may have originally been

endowed. At all events, it seems that, radiating energy at its present rate, the sun may hold out for 4,000,000 years or for 5,000,000 years, but not for 10,000,000 years. Here, then, we discern in the remote future a limit to the duration of life on this globe. Neither from the heavens above, nor from the earth beneath, does it seem possible to discover any rescue for the human race from the inevitable end.

WOMAN'S POSITION IN MODERN LIFE.

Madame Adam has a sensible article on this subject, in which she says many things which are well worth saying. What a contrast there is between her eminently sane and lucid exposition of the woman question and the shrill hysterics of poor Mrs. Lynn Linton. Madame Adam's article is much more than a plea for woman's suffrage; on that subject, indeed, she only dwells incidentally, but it lies at the basis of all. She says:—

The campaign Englishwomen are now engaged in for the conquest of their civil and political rights is being followed with the profoundest interest in France. Frenchwomen are not as yet prepared to engage in such a struggle.

The question of the suffrage, like every other question, is dominated by—

the necessity that the activity, the faculties, the influence, the powers of woman should be brought to bear upon the proper adjustment of the social equilibrium. Woman nowadays is a force, and as a force must find her suitable employ. Her full and due share must be allowed her in social action, and social rights, duties, and benefits. She can no more be indefinitely withheld from her public duties than she is exempted from taxation. The longer the delay in according woman her rights, the more disastrously will she make felt the influence of her defects.

Woman's first work is in the family, but the task there is not to accentuate the difference between men and women, but to unify both sections of the race—

To unify, as it were, the minds of her sons and daughters rather than allow them to remain in different spheres; to inspire her husband with a desire to make her a sharer in his conceptions and enterprises; to seize every occasion of participating, within the measure of her capacities, in masculine ambition and effort—such should be the first steps henceforth taken by a woman towards a future where her position and influence will be duly recognised and more accurately marked.

"OUIDA'S" LATEST.

Ouida finds a theme congenial to her pen in Pierre Loti's book on *Death and Pity*. She revels in Loti's love for cats and dumb animals, and after quoting many pages with ecstatic exclamations of admiration, she lets herself go at the close with a fierce denunciation of all those who slay living things. The modern world, she maintains, is worse than the old world in its universal practice of slaughter. She says:—

To sacrifice for experiment, or pleasure, or gain all the other races of creation is the doctrine taught by precept and example from the thrones, the lecture-desks, the gun-rooms, and the laboratory-tables of the World.

The gladiatorial shows of Rome might be more brutal, but were at least more manly than this "sport," which is the only active religion of the so-called "God-serving classes." It is hereditary, like scrofula.

If old pictures and old drawings and etchings are any criterion of the modes of life of their own day, there can be no doubt that animals were much freer and much more intimately associated with men in earlier times than they are now.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. George Mackenzie, writing on the Mombasa Railway, declares that.—

British East Africa, if but properly and judiciously taken in hand, will prove, and that shortly, a valuable field for the

enterprise and commerce of this country, and future generations will have cause to bless the statesmen who secured to them such an inheritance.

Mr. F. T. Pigott, writing on "Japanese Customs," goes far towards proving that the Japanese are the most civilised race in the world, if the following definition of civilisation is accepted:—

Civilisation means the satisfaction of the wants of existence; and some form of satisfying them exists everywhere; the term, as we understand it, has come to mean the highest form of satisfaction of the greatest number of wants.

On the whole, after reading his description of the innumerable multiplicity of the rules by which Japanese life is governed, it is to be hoped that Western barbarians may be saved, during our time at least, from being civilised as much as the Japs. Mr. Swinburne discourses upon Richard Brome, one of the forgotten British dramatists, and Mr. Mew describes Machiavelli's play, "Mandragola," which has almost passed away from the memory of men. I quote from Mr. Moulton's article on "Old Age Pensions" and Mr. Sickert's eulogy of Mr. Whistler in another place.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE *Nineteenth Century* is a good number, but the articles are somewhat oddly arranged. Sir Charles Tupper, who has the first place with a paper entitled "How to Federate the Empire," contributes nothing more than a re-statement of the suggestions which he made in a previous number. He would have the agents-general or the high commissioners to take a more direct share in the government of the empire—a very sensible suggestion, upon which I took the opinions of all the colonial governors and ministers as far back as 1884—and he would put a differential duty on foreign wheat. This last suggestion he argues would not increase the price of bread.

IN PRAISE OF THE PLATFORM.

Mr. Gladstone has an interesting little notice of Mr. Jephson's book on the "Rise and Progress of the Platform." Mr. Gladstone says the three Ps—Petition, the Press, and the Platform constitute the great securities for popular liberty, and at the present time the platform has got the best of it:—

In 1863 and 1884, the cause favoured by the Platform was also that of the Press. In 1876-80 the metropolitan Press was against it; but it had the support of the chief provincial newspapers. Most of all have the circumstances of 1886-92 been remarkable. For here, while the Platform has worked predominantly on one side, the large majority of journals having the widest circulation have taken the other; while petitions may be put wholly out of the account. If, then, this had been a contest between the prevailing forces of the Press on the one side, and the Platform on the other, there seems to be some colour given to the opinion that the Platform at its maximum of power is stronger than the Press. For, during some five years, over a hundred Parliamentary elections have been giving no inconsiderable indication of the sense of the people, and in these elections a balance of no less than twenty seats have been carried over from the side supported by the Press to that espoused by the Platform.

LADY PAGET'S PLEA FOR VEGETARIANISM.

Lady Paget, who did so much to introduce the Mattei medicines to the British Public, has now taken up the cudgels in favour of vegetarianism. She advocates this on the grounds of humanity and also on the ground of health:—

It is certain that the giving up of animal food cures many illnesses which no medicines can reach. Everybody knows

the bad effect of butcher's meat in gout and rheumatism. In affections of the heart it is often the only remedy, and the wonderful results are not difficult to explain in a case where rest often means cure, if one reflects that whilst the meat-eater's heart has seventy-two beats in the minute the vegetarian's only has fifty-eight beats, therefore 20,000 beats less in the course of the twenty-four hours. Insomnia and nervousness are affected in the same way; there is less wear and more repose in the constitution. I could enumerate many other illnesses in which vegetable diet does marvels, but will only mention those of the skin. Most vegetarians have unusually clear and often beautiful complexions.

LORD LYTTON.

Mr. Blunt pays an appreciative tribute to the late Lord Lytton, who was a great friend of his. So great a friend, indeed, that he does not see the absurdity of concluding his article by declaring him to be "the brightest, best, and most beloved of men." Lord Lytton helped Mr. Blunt by his friendly sympathy at a crisis in his career, and Mr. Blunt does well to be grateful. At the same time it would be absurd to confound the tribute of a sorrowing friend with the impartial estimation of a competent judge. Mr. Blunt says:—

He was always, and under all circumstances, essentially the man of imagination, of feeling, of wit, the hunter of the ideal, the dreamer of romantic dreams, the lyric poet he was born. As such he will live in his written works long after his work as a statesman and diplomatist shall have been forgotten. Each year as it goes by will withdraw him politically further from our gaze and bring him as a poet nearer to us. Then we may expect to see him take the high rank he deserves.

My estimate of what this rank will be is that, as a lyric poet, the position given him will be next among his contemporaries after Tennyson, Swinburne, and Rossetti. He has neither Tennyson's full perfection of lyric style nor Swinburne's wealth of musical rhetoric.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE FOR OUR GIRLS.

Miss Collet serves up statistics concerning the number of marriageable women which she has already arrayed in the columns of the *Daily Chronicle*. The following are her practical suggestions:—

The two things which struck me most in East London were the amount of wasted intelligence and talent among the girls and the wretchedness of the married women. A secondary education in cooking, cleaning, baby management, laws of health, and English literature, should follow that of the Board School, and the minimum age at which full time may be worked should be gradually raised. By 1905 no one under sixteen should be working for an employer more than five hours a day, and all half-timers should be attending afternoon school.

In the middle classes instead of supplementing salaries and so lowering them, parents should help their daughters to hold out for salaries sufficient to support them, should assist them in making themselves more efficient, and should help them to make provision for themselves in later life, instead of making self-support impossible. The other, that manufacturers and business men should train their daughters as they train their sons. The better organisation of labour should open a wide field for women, if they will only consent to go through the routine drudgery and hardship that men have to undergo. An educated girl who goes from the high school to the technological college will find full scope for any talents she may possess. As designer, chemist, or foreign correspondent in her father's factory, she could be more helpful and trustworthy than anyone not so closely interested in his success. As forewoman in any factory, if she understood her work, she would be far superior to the uneducated man or woman, and some of the worst abuses in our factory system would be swept away.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE AT THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

Sir Truman Wood, writing on Chicago and its exhibition, sets forth the urgent need for our being adequately represented there. Germany is voting twice as much money as our Government propose to appropriate for British exhibits, and Germany is not doing anything like as much as France.

Mexico is believed to have made the largest subvention of any, £150,000; Brazil next, with £120,000; then Japan, which promises £100,000. According to the latest statements, foreign Governments have already promised an aggregate sum of over three-quarters of a million sterling for their commissions at Chicago, and information cannot be available yet from very many of the countries likely to take a part.

Fortunately the colonies are doing something to make up for the short commons of the mother country, but it would be well if this article stirs up Mr. Goschen to make a more adequate allowance for the representation of the mother country at the greatest exhibition which the world has ever seen.

The colonies have already voted sums equal in the aggregate to some £100,000, and during the next three or four months we shall certainly hear of these amounts being largely increased. Canada and New South Wales are arranging to send large contributions, so are the Cape, Victoria, Tasmania, and the West Indian Colonies. The Indian Government at present is, most unfortunately, disinclined to participate, and no doubt the trade in Indian tea and textiles will suffer in consequence.

WAS KEATS KILLED BY THE *Quarterly*?

Professor David Masson, in a very interesting and judicial paper, demolishes the myth that the *Quarterly* killed Keats. He points out that the *Quarterly* article was a wretched little thing, only four pages long, which was quite milk and water compared with the savage onslaught that had appeared previously in *Blackwood*, the nature of which may be inferred from the following passage, which he quotes:—

We venture to make one small prophecy—that his book-seller will not a second time venture £50 on anything he can write. It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet; so back to the shop, Mr. John, back to the plasters, pills, and ointment-boxes, etc. But, for Heaven's sake, young Sangrado, be a little more sparing of extenuatives and soporifics in your practice than you have been in your poetry.

There is no contemporary testimony whatever to show that Keats suffered a single night's loss of sleep from either the one article or the other.

WHAT SHOULD BE THE COLOUR OF RAILWAY SIGNALS.

Dr. Wright writing on "Colour Blindness" makes two suggestions for the avoidance of railway accidents due to the colour blindness of the engine driver, first:—

The installation of yellow and blue as signal colours in the place of red and green. This would be ideally perfect.

Secondly, if this is impossible:—

That provision should be made that the red employed in signals shall be in all cases a distinct yellowish red, and that the green shall be an equally distinct blue green. If, as seems probable, these distinctions in yellow and blue can be made plain enough to provide for the ready discrimination of the signals even in the most aggravated cases of colour-blindness, we might evidently dispense altogether with colour-vision examinations.

THE CREDIT OF AUSTRALASIA.

Mr. Johnson, the Tasmanian statistician, writes in reply to Mr. Fortescue's exposure of the seamy side of Australian finance, in an article which is as packed as full of figures as a budget speech. In the course of this article, which I cannot profess to summarise, he declares he has shown:—

That Mr. Fortescue's "seamy side" when properly looked into, turns out to be no "seamy side" at all; that Australia's public debt is insignificant as compared with that of the United Kingdom, relatively or absolutely; and insignificant as compared with the great resources that empower her to discharge all the obligations connected therewith; and that, in this respect, her financial stability is even more secure than that of the United Kingdom, which may still be regarded as the richest country in Europe.

THE NEW REVIEW.

The *New Review* has a rather good programme. Dr. Bamberger's article on the German Emperor is noticed elsewhere. Mrs. Humphry Ward devotes a few pages to an account of Miss Lawless's last novel, "Grania: The Story of an Island," but the most interesting paper in this number is Mr. Carlyle's letters to Varnhagen von Ense:—

The originals have been found among the manuscript treasures of the Royal Library at Berlin, where the whole literary inheritance of Varnhagen has been deposited since his death in the year 1858.

The first instalment covers the period from 1837 to 1845, a time when Carlyle was busy with Cromwell. There are many passages in the correspondence that are in Carlyle's best style. Here, for instance, is his account of London at a time when London was only half the size that it is to-day:—

We are near two millions in this city: a whole continent of brick, overarched with our smoke-canopy which rains down sometimes as black snow; and a tumult, velocity, and deafening torrent of motion, material and spiritual, such as the world, one may hope, never saw before. Profound sadness is usually one's first impression. After months, still more after years, the method there was in such madness begins a little to disclose itself.

Always, after a certain length of time spent in this enormous never-resting Babel of a city, there rises in one not a wish only, but a kind of passion, for uttermost solitude: were it only some black, ever-desolate moor, where nature alone was present, and manufacture and noise, speech, witty or stupid, had never reached.

Professor Tyndall's article on "Coast Protection" refers not to the defence of our shores by ironclads and torpedoes, but to the best method of lighting lighthouses. It is an appeal for the adoption of the "Wigham" light in the English lighthouses. He maintains that the present condition of the Isle of Wight in the matter of lighthouses is a disgrace to the nation. Mr. Mallock has a literary article entitled "*Le Style c'est l'homme*," the moral of which is that the style is the man, but it ought not to be the man of letters. The most perfect literary style is the style which, while conveying most, seems to be least literary.

M. Zola concludes his papers on "Three Wars," and describes the early months of the Franco-German war. It is very powerful and vivid.

The second part of the Duchess of Rutland's paper on "How Intemperance has been Successfully Combated," describes Mr. Horsley's work in the prisons, Dr. Paton's social enterprises in Nottingham, the British Workmen's Public House Movement, and the efforts of many other temperance workers in the Press and elsewhere. Mr. George Howell, in an article entitled "The Labour Platform: Old Style," replies to Mr. Mann and Mr. Tillett, who are, he says, too much accustomed in their writings to assume that, "Darkness covered the earth, and thick darkness the minds of the people," until two or three years ago, when they made their appearance. Mr. Lilly publishes his paper on the "Temporal Power of the Pope," about which there has been considerable discussion not altogether favourable to Mr. Lilly, at least in those regions to which he, as a devout Catholic, looks with more respect than possibly the outsiders.

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NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National Review* for April is somewhat a good number this month. Mr. Frank H. Hill discourses on the "Queen in Politics," *apropos* of the controversy with the *Speaker*, in an article which contrasts very disadvantageously with the paper by Mr. Greenwood. Mr. Edmund Gosse writes in an interesting fashion about the tyranny of the novel. Novelists, he points out, are the undisputed tyrants of the literary world. No other authors can compete with them in their hold upon popular favour. He warns them, however, that what may be called the novelist dynasty came to a sudden crash in 1830, and may come to as sudden an end in our time, and will deserve to do so, unless the novelist will make himself acquainted with something of the general life of men. Mr. Gosse thinks that the only living novelist who has striven to give a large, competent, and profound view of the movements of life is M. Zola. Without asking our novelists to imitate the great French writer, he implores them to make a larger study of life before undertaking to describe it.

Mr. T. E. Kebbel has an article on the "Plough and the Platform," in which he goes perilously near to the advocacy of universal outdoor relief. He points out, what is quite true, that the rural elector is perhaps more deeply stirred by the Outdoor Poor-Law Relief than by the Land Question. By the way of preparing to secure a Conservative majority on the coming election, Mr. Kebbel says:—

Let them be given distinctly to understand that the Conservative party are in favour of superannuation allowances for the aged and deserving poor, by whatever name they may be called, and that they are prepared to consider the possibility of some State contribution towards the improvement of their dwelling-houses.

Mr. George Manners gives some "Glimpses at the Game Book of the Duke of Rutland," which has been kept regularly ever since 1848, with an account of the shooting each day. One of the heroes of this game book was the late Mr. Ferrand, whom we now learn was not only a prominent member of the House of Commons in his time and an expert hunter, but was also a great practitioner with the long bow. Such at least we may infer from the following sample of the kind of tale with which he used to amuse his hearers:—

"I was once out for a walk at Belvoir with a gun in my hand. I went down to the canal, and walked a little way along the towing-path. Suddenly a duck got up out of some rushes. I fired, and killed it. At the same moment a fish rose in the water, and the same shot that killed the wild-duck killed the fish. The report of my gun going off frightened a hare which was lying in some rough stuff by the bank of the canal. She jumped up, ran backwards between my legs, tripped me up; I fell on her, and being a heavy man, killed her. Thus, sir, in one shot, I killed fish, fur, and fowl!"

Mr. F. Podmore sets forth a case "In defence of Phantasms" in an article which is a little less snuffy and sceptical than those which usually emanate from his pen. There are several articles on plays and players, and Mr. W. E. Hodgson has made a somewhat ambitious effort to describe the meeting of Tess of the D'Urbervilles and Angel Clare in the Elysian Fields.

"COLLOQUIAL ITALIAN FOR TRAVELLERS" by H. Swan (David Nutt. 1s.), is an excellent little manual specially adapted for the use of those who wish to know something of the language in a short time to enjoy a trip. The method adapted for teaching the Italian pronunciation is practical if not scientific.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

THERE is a very interesting article in the *Westminster Review*, entitled "An Unknown Country," which is written by A. A. Hayes, and is devoted to an exposition of the ignorance of America which prevails in the United Kingdom. Some of the stories which he tells are almost incredible, and I specially commend his account of the unsympathetic treatment accorded to American Episcopalians by the English Church to the attention of our clergy. The incumbent of a great English charge once asked Mr. Hayes if the Bishops of his church were elected by a Congress. On another occasion, in a parish not far from London, he heard a passionate appeal for a collection for foreign missions in order to send missionaries to America. It is to be hoped that the rush to Chicago, which will take place next year will tend to do away with some of this ignorance.

Another excellent article in *Westminster* is by Miss Matilda M. Blake, entitled, "The Lady and the Law." There are only six or seven pages, but it is packed full of matter which might be extended into a volume, which, with authentic illustrations taken from actual facts, would do more to revolutionise the law than anything else that could be conceived. But, as Miss Blake says, if the women once had the Parliamentary vote, the long array of legal injustices would soon be remedied.

Another article in the *Westminster* which deserves special attention is Mr. Edmund R. Spearman's very powerful presentation of the case for Newfoundland. He calls his article "Sacrificing the First-born," and his paper is a vigorous argument leading up to the declaration that we should deserve to be wiped away from the list of honourable nations if we do not stand by this island in this first-born colony in this her hour of distress.

Janetta Newton Robinson has an elaborate "Study of Mr. F. Marion Crawford," and there are two other articles, a review of Molinari "On Church and State," and M. Fouillée on "Education and Heredity," which are worth reading.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THERE is a useful and interesting and informative article by Sir Archibald Alison in *Blackwood* on "Our Army," in which he embodies the suggestions which commend themselves to him for the improvement of the condition of the army. He advocates that all stoppages should be done away with, that the soldier should be completely clothed and fed, and should receive his actual pay without any deductions whatever. He would also take steps to secure the employment of soldiers in Government service, if possible, on quitting the service. He pleads strongly for the use of conscription to strengthen the militia, a course which he thinks would indirectly be of advantage to the volunteers.

One of the most interesting articles in *Blackwood* is that upon "Personal Names," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, who quotes the following extraordinary entry from the baptismal register of Waldron:—

Flie-fornication, the base sonne of Catren Andrewes, bapt. ye 17th Desemb., 1609.

This is a case of visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children at least of one generation.

The writer of the article on "Montrose and Dr. Gardiner" gives a vivid picture of the great Cavalier, which is written with much more sympathy than Dr. Gardiner was capable of showing. The writer does not hesitate to avow himself a Royalist of the old type even to-day.

It seems not impossible that Montrose's belief in the necessity of strong, responsible, personal government may, at no very distant period, become part of the political creed of the majority of thoughtful men. When popular government has had its full fling, has been tried and found wanting, Englishmen may be glad to exchange, if they can, the rule of the ignorant, unstable, irresponsible multitude for some such kingship as that under which they grew into a great and prosperous nation.

The good doctor, who photographs new-born babies hanging to walking-sticks, looking like little apes, would read with delight the paper on "The Child and the Savage," which maintains that the habits of young children when romping, especially when tickled, carry us back to the habits and customs of the animals. Every baby shows a reversion to primitive man, and babies are very much like animals also in their utter indifference to the suffering of their fellow-babies. The article on "The History of Small Holdings" is calculated to somewhat damp the enthusiasm with which Mr. Chaplin's Allotments Bill is being received. The history of Small Holdings, says the writer, teaches us that we cannot honestly recommend them unless we are prepared occasionally, in the interest of society, to dispense with Political Economy.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

THE *Cosmopolitan* promises to be one of the very best of all the illustrated magazines of the world. The finish of the pictures is exceeded by no other American magazine. The current number is exceedingly good. It opens with a copiously-illustrated paper on "Genoa, the Home of Columbus," by Murat Halstead. Among other excellently-illustrated articles may be mentioned one on "Torpedoes in Coast Defence," another on the "Homes of the Renaissance," a third on "The Romance of Old Shoes," which gives quite an astonishing variety of historical shoes, and there is also a pleasant paper on "The Crew of a Trans-Atlantic Liner." Among the other articles which are not illustrated, the first place belongs to Madame Davidoff's somewhat unfriendly paper on "Count Tolstoi." The following is an anecdote of a visit paid by an enthusiastic princess and lady-in-waiting to the Empress to the Russian philosopher:—

He was at home, as was also his wife, and the enthusiasts were kindly received and invited to dinner. To dinner then they stayed, and Princess ——— occupied the place of honour at Tolstoi's right hand. About twenty-five people sat down to dinner, including some ten or more of the Tolstoi children with governesses, preceptors, etc. Scarcely were they all seated before Tolstoi turned to Princess ——— (who is extremely slender) and in an audible voice reproved her for wearing corsets and lacing. Princess ———, not a little confused, faltered forth a reply to the effect that she did not lace, but it was of no use. A long tirade followed upon simplification, the mission of women, her duties to posterity, the requirements of health and the absurdity of false modesty—all this in terms which might have been applied to a brood mare on a stock-raising farm. The dinner came to an end at last, and then the entire company defiled all through the ground floor of the house in a solemn procession. In the evening the enthusiasts bade an adieu, which is likely to be an eternal one, to their hosts, and returned to St. Petersburg, sadder, but wiser by the loss of an illusion.

Cora Maynard writes on "The Theatre of To-Day," and pleads in her article that the stage should boldly grapple with the sociological, psychological, moral and spiritual questions which are moving men's souls to the centre. A German baroness, American born, writes on the "Marriage of American Girls to German Noblemen," in order to strongly advise American girls to marry anybody but a German. The suppressed life of a German woman is enough to kill a girl reared in the freer air of the American Republic.

THE NORTH AMERICAN.

THE *North American Review* for March is almost entirely devoted to American topics. The only exceptions are Mr. Gladstone's second paper on the Olympian Religion and the Belgian Minister's article on the Anti-Slavery Conference.

THE ISSUE OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

The first place in the *Review* is devoted to a symposium on this subject. The three principal questions in the public mind are declared to be the Tariff, the Finances, and the Franchise. The Republicans are for protection, the Democrats for Free Trade; the Republicans will stand for liberal expenditure, the Democrats for economy; the Republicans will demand measures to secure fair and free elections in the South, the Democrats will ask that the South shall continue to bulldoze its negroes as much as it sees good in its own eyes. An attempt will be made to force the Silver question, but opinions differ too widely for it to be a dividing issue between the two parties. The encouragement of the American Marine is another proposal which will be much discussed. The net effect of looking over the articles of these writers is that the issue will turn more upon the Tariff than anything else.

In connection with this symposium may be read the two papers for and against a liberal expenditure of public money which are contributed by Mr. Reed, the ex-Speaker, in favour of Mr. Holman, who is an advocate of economy.

DO AMERICANS LIVE TOO FAST?

Dr. Edison thinks they do and maintains that Americans are developing their brains and nerves at the expense of their bodies. This is especially the case with women. He attributes much of the strain which is breaking down the physique of both men and women to magazines and newspapers. The morning paper devours a large part of the nervous force which ought to be derived from the breakfast. To save the Americans from running too much to brain he insists upon more fresh air and exercise, dumb bells, Indian clubs and chest weights.

THE DEGENERATION OF TAMMANY.

In the last month's number of the *Review* Mr. Richard Croaker praised Tammany to the skies. In the present number Mr. Dorman B. Eaton sets forth the other side of the shield. Mr. Eaton maintains that Tammany has been the curse of New York:—

The worst that has been done is the work of Tammany. It has caused the Civil Service Law to be more feebly enforced in New York than in Boston or Washington. The aldermen who took bribes for a Broadway railroad charter were all Tammanyites. It has prevented New York from having a ballot reform nearly as effective as that of other States. Combining with the grog-shop keepers, Tammany has prevented excise reform in New York; and bills it has now pending at Albany threaten the most salutary restrictions, and may open Sundays and midnights to grog-shop debauchery. The fear of Tammany methods and of those who imitate them drove the World's Fair to Chicago.

THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

Director-General Davis describes the plan upon which the exhibition has been organised. One of the great features of the show will be a historical representation of all methods of transportation from the earliest times down to the present day. As an illustration of the extent to which the exhibition will surpass its predecessors, we see that the wall space which is devoted to fine arts at the Centennial Exhibition was 120,000 square feet, the Government of France will alone cover 75,000 square feet at Chicago. The largest of the buildings in the exhibition will be that devoted to machinery and the liberal arts, it will cover a space of thirty-one acres.

WANTED: AN INTERNATIONAL MONETARY CONFERENCE.

Mr. W. M. Springer pleads for the summoning of this conference of some 200 or 300 delegates for the purpose of establishing bi-metalism as a rule of the world. He admits that some of the great European governments would not send representatives, but he thinks that if the Latin nations of America and Europe could arrive at a solution of the question, the other nations would sooner or later come in.

THE HIGHLANDS OF JAMAICA.

Lady Blake has a bright and picturesque article upon the Highlands of Jamaica which gives a very pleasant account of what she hopes will become ere long the health resort and the playground for the Old World and the New. The Jamaican Mountains, she maintains, are not only one of the loveliest, but also one of the healthiest spots in God's creation. To the botanist it is a simple paradise; the entomologist finds new wonders at every turn. The moths are so wonderful and so large that they have to be shot with a collecting gun charged with sand. There are plenty of scorpions, but unlike the scorpions of other countries they never sting unless they are molested.

A PLEA FOR FREE SHIPS.

Captain John Codman replies to Mr. Cramp, who argued in favour of the bounty system in the last number of the *Review*. Captain Codman believes that Congress will pass a Free Ship Bill, and that perhaps the Senate and President may allow it to become law; in any case, he does not believe there is any chance of a bounty being adopted for the encouragement of American ship building, the hope of which paralyses the American ship builders to such an extent that at the present moment, although there are 236 ships, with a tonnage of nearly a million, running from New York across the Atlantic, they are all under foreign flags, even those in which the majority of the stock is owned by American capitalists.

THE TRADE WITH CHILI.

Mr. W. E. Curtis, writing on "Our Commercial Relations with Chili," says that three-fourths of the Chilean export trade goes to Great Britain, and very little goes to the United States. Germany is the only serious rival of Great Britain in Chili. In Valparaiso English is spoken almost as commonly as Spanish. The cities along the coast are so largely populated with English subjects that in case of war England would suffer more than Chili. Chili indeed has become almost an English colony, and it is not probable that there will ever be any considerable amount of commerce between Chili and the United States.

It is seldom that a leading magazine publishes two articles by the same pen in the same number. This achievement falls to the honour of Mr. Julian Ralph in *Harper's* for April. He writes not only upon "Western Municipalities," but also upon "Lake Superior." His copiously illustrated paper on this brother to the sea gives a very vivid account of that great lake which, although in the height of summer is so cold that no one can swim in it for any length of time, is never frozen even in the depth of winter. *Harper's* also contains an article by Guido Biagi on the "Last Days of Percy Bysshe Shelley," with illustrations of the scene of cremation and portraits of the eight surviving witnesses of the melancholy ceremony. The writer has collected some unpublished documents, and publishes them, with the statements of the survivors.

THE ARENA.

I QUOTE elsewhere the most remarkable story of Mr. Savage's paper on "Psychical Research" and a stanza or two from Miss Nelly Booth Simmons' "Battle Hymn of Labour." The rest of the number is somewhat monotonous, the editor's strenuousness leading him to harp almost exclusively upon two strings—Socialism and Religion. Professor Buchanan's paper on "Full-orbed Education" maintains:—

By ethical education crime can be abolished, as by industrial education pauperism and poverty may be abolished, and by hygienic education pestilence and premature death may be consigned to the limbo of forgotten barbarisms.

AN IMPEACHMENT OF AMERICAN CIVILISATION.

General J. B. Weaver, in his article entitled "The Threefold Contentment of Industry," pleads for the control of the currency, the railways, and the telegraphs in the interests of labour. They are at present, he says, monopolised by the capitalist with the results which he describes in the following passage:—

Our money, our facilities for rapid interstate traffic, the telegraph,—the three subtle messengers of our intensified and advanced civilisation,—all appropriated and dominated by private greed; wage labour superseded by the invention of machinery, and the cast-off labourer forbidden to return to the earth and cultivate it in his own right; population rapidly increasing; highways lined with tramps; cities overcrowded and congested; rural districts mortgaged to the utmost limit, and largely cultivated by tenants; crime extending its cancerous roots into the very vitals of society; colossal fortunes rising like Alpine ranges alongside of an ever-widening and deepening abyss of poverty; usury respectable and God's law condemned; corporations formed by thousands to crowd out individuals in the sharp competition for money, and the trust to drive weak corporations to the wall.

The Hon. Dr. Walter Clark has a paper on the same lines which advocates the taking over of the telegraphs and telephones by the State.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE AND ITS LEADERS

Mr. Hamlin Garland, deserting for a time the more familiar field of fiction, writes on the "Alliance Wedge in Congress." It is a paper illustrated with nine portraits of the leaders of the Farmers' Alliance and contains many interesting details of a personal and biographical character. Mr. Garland believes greatly in the Farmers' Alliance. He says:—

There seems approaching a great periodic popular upheaval similar to that of '61. Everywhere as I went through the aisles of the House I saw it and heard it. The young Democrats were almost in open rebellion against the domineering policy of the old legislators. The Republicans were apprehensive, almost desperate. Place-holders were beginning to tremble; but in the midst of it the men who were advocating right and justice instead of policy sat eager, ready for the struggle.

TWO VIEWS OF CHRIST.

Mr. Henry Wood, in a paper on "Revelation Through Nature," maintains that:—

In Jesus, the Christ, was the supreme demonstration of the identity in man, of the natural and spiritual type.

While Mr. Charles Schroder, writing on "Buddhism and Christianity," maintains that the doctrine of re-incarnation is quite as much Christian as Buddhist:—

That Christ's teachings can be reconciled with the principles of re-incarnation is clear, and also how thoroughly such a reconciliation is based on Truth and Justice. Re-incarnation and gradual progression or retrogression, according as our life is good or evil, offers the only rational and possible explanation for this otherwise inexplicable earth-existence.

THE FORUM.

The articles on "The Education of the Future," "A Case of Good City Government," and "Authors' Complaints and Publishers' Profits" are dealt with elsewhere.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION IN MARYLAND.

Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte gives a terrible account of the state of things in Maryland, where it seems it is almost impossible to hope for an honest election. The worst evil seems to be the scandalous character of those who are entrusted with the control of the elections:—

It is almost incredible how frequently all considerations of moral character or public credit are disregarded in filling these highly responsible positions. In 1886 two of the judges of election, a few days before they would otherwise have served as such at the polls, committed a murder, for which they are now serving a long term in the penitentiary; and one of the supervisors of elections for that year, when asked whether they would be removed, replied, in substance, that it depended upon whether they were or were not committed to jail. Had they been released on bail, they would have been thought good enough judges of election for Baltimore. Some thirteen such officers were convicted, during the ensuing year, of the grossest frauds in the discharge of their duties. All of them were pardoned, after serving a few months of the sentences they received, by the governor.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

Mr. Leech, the director of the Mint, asks the question whether free coinage would bring European silver to America, and although he is a bi-metallist he thinks that free silver would be most disastrous:—

I should deplore the enactment by Congress of free silver coinage, which, as I have shown, is a measure not favoured by any bi-metallist of repute, and will only add to our financial embarrassments and relieve Europe of its embarrassments.

On the other hand, Mr. Bland, chairman of the House Committee on Coinage, writing on "Free Coinage and an Elastic Currency," concludes in exactly the opposite strain, as follows:—

The gold craze has gone to the last extremity. Another strain and the end of this conspiracy will come. The blanket is too short and too narrow; it will not go round. Free coinage will give an increased use for silver and a proportionate decreased demand for gold. This will cause the one perceptibly to rise and the other to fall, until the parity is practically restored.

WHAT THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SHOULD BE.

Professor David Swing, discussing the various kinds of Sundays which have prevailed in the world, maintains that the American Sunday must be something better than anything that has previously been known:—

Any nation or state, worthy of the nineteenth century, will compel labour to cease, will close saloon, race-track, the fighting-ring, will close all gates that are infernal, and will fling open gates of a celestial quality so far as they are possessed by our defective civilisation. All these uses of Sunday fall under the head of education—the education a state may order and protect. It may be called the civil salvation and should resemble that of the Church in being free to all.

The occupation of this country by the European Sunday ought to be looked upon as only a calamity. Such a day intensifies passions the Sunday was designed to abate. It doubles the opportunity of both vice and crime. It is to be hoped that these great times will produce thoughtful men; and that by the aid of the great volume of human experience and the new power of a reason greatly awakened, there shall be deduced a Sunday which shall be full of rest, of education, of morals and happiness for the people of a most noble republic.

A PLEA FOR GOOD ROADS.

Col. A. A. Pope maintains that one of the greatest needs for civilising and developing the United States is the construction of roads, and in order to promote this desirable end he makes the following suggestion:—

I would have each State by a legislative enactment do at once two or three things in the direction of this movement, viz., procure and disseminate information by establishing a bureau where the facts relating to the expense, mechanical construction, care, durability, use and extent of the different kinds of roads shall be known and ascertained; then I would have some kind of State supervision and advisory assistance by a competent engineer or engineers appointed by the State in aid of road and bridge building and repairing upon scientific principles and upon a comprehensive and economical plan for the whole State; thirdly, I would have the State either own or control and maintain some through highways, connecting the principal towns in the State, and connecting these with the principal towns of neighbouring States, where they are most needed, either for public exigencies or for the greatest general use.

THE FUTURE OF THE SOUTH.

General Alexander, writing on the "Industrial Progress of the South," declares that the Southern States offer better opportunities for the investor than any other country in the world. Speaking of the South, he says:—

An empire in extent, her lands are still not one-half occupied. Her population per square mile averages about one-third that of the average Northern State, and but one-fifth that of the more populous ones. The sole condition which now prevents a large immigration, both from abroad and from the North-western States, from taking advantage of the opportunities open in the South, is ignorance of the situation. Such ignorance cannot be of long duration. Briefly, there is not elsewhere upon the globe a territory open to the Anglo-Saxon race, with such varied and great resources and such propitious and easy conditions of life and labour, so abundantly supplied with rivers, harbours, and with lines of railroad transportation, or so well located to command the commerce of both hemispheres.

THE INTERCONTINENTAL RAILWAY PROBLEM.

Mr. Courtenay de Kalb discusses the great project of connecting North and South America by a trunk line through Central America. He says:—

The greatest railroad project since the building of the Union Pacific is that which contemplates the union of the three Americas—a Pan-American railway. If constructed it will secure to the United States the commercial supremacy of the world; but the sums required for this mighty engineering work would be so vast that financiers inquire how, and upon what terms, the funds could be obtained. The method of development which has prevailed in South America, and which has operated so far that only 2,900 miles in such a line remain unoccupied by existing roads and concessions, may give the answer.

There is one point in his paper which is rather striking, and that is that in which he contrasts the cost per mile of English-made railways in South America and those made by American engineers:—

Whereas the English railways in South America have cost from 33,000 to 54,000 dols. a mile, the great and difficult Southern Railway of Peru, built by an American, cost only 18,000 dols. a mile. If the railroads of Columbia and Ecuador are constructed by our engineers they will require less traffic for their maintenance, and can be the sooner built.

The only other article in the Review is Prof. John Earle's study of English, which is based upon a comprehensive view of the subject based on recent examination papers in England, Scotland, and America.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

THE number for March 1st contains, besides M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu's third article on "The Papacy, Socialism, and Democracy," and M. G. Vallbert's criticism of the Emperor William's policy, an interesting archaeological paper by M. Gaston Boissier on the "Secular Games of Augustus."

NEW LIGHT ON OLD ROME.

These games—chiefly known hitherto as having furnished the occasion for Horace's "Carmen Seculare"—have had fresh light thrown on them by a set of inscriptions discovered in 1890-91, which, though in a very fragmentary condition, have been pieced together and interpreted with tolerable completeness by Professor Mommsen. The ritual and ceremonies to be followed in the games are given in the inscriptions, which thus form a valuable commentary on Horace's poems. It appears that the Secular Games, supposed to take place every hundred years, were not celebrated with unfailing regularity. The last celebration of any importance was in 248, under Septimius Severus, and was one of unheard-of magnificence. A thousand pairs of gladiators fought, and a number of rare wild beasts were exhibited in the Colosseum. It was about the greatest slaughter of men and animals that had ever been seen. But the most extraordinary point about the whole thing is that the Emperor, who presided at the ceremony, sacrificing a white bull to Jupiter, and a sow to the Earth Goddess, was an Arab by birth, the son of a robber chief, and believed neither in Jupiter nor in the Earth Goddess—being in all probability a Christian. The whole paper is extremely readable, and full of interesting historical information.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

M. Gaston Deschamps contributes a delightful article on life at Athens, which he finds extremely pleasant, though Western civilisation and Greek patriotism, feverishly anxious to be rid of everything Turkish, have destroyed much of the picturesqueness of old days. The mid-March number concludes the novel of "Le Journal de Mlle. de Sommers," a pleasant chronicle of French country-house life, ending unexpectedly in a tragedy.

M. George Durny contributes a historical article on the French Revolution, in which he dwells on the influence exercised between 1790 and 1793 by the Jacobin Club of Toulon. This was, perhaps, the most powerful of the network of revolutionary societies, affiliated to the central club at Paris, which covered France, and recently discovered documents have shown how completely it dominated the city. Some of these documents are curious—for instance, the letter addressed to the municipality, in unformed school-boy writing, by the boys of the Toulon College; and, still more, that sent to the mayor in 1790 by the inmates of the convict prison.

THE GERMAN NOVEL.

M. Lévy-Brihl discusses the state of contemporary literature in Germany, and comes to the conclusion that the German novel is a failure. The German intellect runs to metaphysics rather than to what is known as psychology proper, in which the French excel. In poetry their genius is lyric, given rather to the expression of vague and boundless emotions than to the rendering of visible images. The novel and the drama are "psychology in action." On the other hand, music, according to Schopenhauer, is metaphysics become perceptible, and in music, accordingly, the Germans excel. The best German novelists of the present day—Freitag, Spielhagen, Hünyn—were already well known before 1870. Scarcely any worth mentioning have come up since.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

The *Nouvelle Revue* for March 1st, opens with the first part of an unpublished journal, written by Jules Michelet, the historian, on a tour through French Flanders and Belgium, in 1837-1840. A note informs us that the journal was originally sent, in the form of letters, to the Princesses of Orleans, Michelet's pupils in history. They are full of picturesque description, history, and art criticism.

ARE CROWDS HYPNOTIZED?

Dr. Lombroso contributes a short paper, in which he demonstrates that there is a peculiar magnetism in crowds, which renders them open to suggestions of crime and violence; and explains most revolutionary crimes as committed by people in a more or less hypnotic state. This explains why some of the worst horrors have not been the work of habitual criminals. He quotes another authority to prove that "a crowd is a soil in which the microbe of evil develops easily, and the microbe of good dies almost always for want of favourable conditions," and that in a crowd the good elements are eliminated and the bad multiplied by a mathematically unerring law. This is partly due to the want of moral courage—men being ashamed to show their better feelings—partly to real hypnotic suggestion, which in this article is made to do duty to an extraordinary extent—as it is supposed to explain even the fact that a pupil learns faster from a favourite teacher.

THE LESSON OF THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

M. Simon Var takes occasion to attack Count Tolstoi *apropos* of the Russian Famine. He praises the Count's exertions in the relief of distress, but points out that the distress is the direct result, if not of Tolstoi's teaching, at least of a course of conduct in complete accordance with it—inaction and content with things as they are. Agriculture is at a very low ebb; in many places the rich corn-lands are almost exhausted through having been cropped over and over again without manuring, which the peasant thinks a sinful interference with the course of nature. The wooden ploughs and other primitive instruments which Count Tolstoi has insisted on using on his own estate cannot possibly keep pace with the needs of the nation. The Russian peasant, says M. Var, needs no exhortation to unselfishness, charity, compassion. What he does need are the virtues of thrift and foresight, which have always been denounced by Count Tolstoi, but the want of which has had such disastrous results.

M. Sénéchal has an interesting article on "Ostrich Farming in Algeria." The mid-March number of the *Revue* contains a remarkable paper, which we have noticed more fully on another page, "La Mort de Paris," the conclusion of Michelet's Flemish diary, and a plea for the Franco-Russian alliance from a Russian point of view, by a writer who signs himself "A Hermit of the Lord":—"Russia is the only European state independent of England, and can never be subjected by it. Consequently, if France wishes to be allied with Russia, she must also render herself independent of England."

ANOTHER of Madame Blavatsky's famous nightmare stories is published in *Lucifer* for March 15th. It is entitled "The Ensouled Violin." It is based upon the legend that Paganini achieved his wonderful triumphs by making his four fiddle strings out of the intestines of a friend who consented to be murdered in order that Paganini might acquire the material for stringing the violin, in which he ensouled the spirits of his wife and his mistress as well as that of his friend, all of whom he slew for the purpose.

CENTURY MAGAZINE.

THE first place in the *Century Magazine* for April is given to an elaborate article by Isaac B. Potter upon the "Common Roads of America." Mr. Potter indulges in an interesting calculation. There are in the United States 16,000,000 horses and mules over two years of age. Each of these cost on an average at least one shilling per day, and as they are kept in the stable in a condition of enforced idleness for at least twenty days of every year by the deep mud which renders the roads impassable, he calculates the loss of forage alone is equal to £16,000,000 sterling per annum, a sum sufficient to build 16,000 miles of excellent highway every twelve months. The article is a very well written one and is copiously illustrated. It is an effective presentation of the case in favour of Europeanising the American common road.

Mr. E. C. Stedman continues his articles on the "Nature and Elements of Poetry," in which he answers the question, "What is Poetry?" in an essay which is at least good prose.

The topographical papers give an account of "The Mother and Birthplace of Washington," an article on the "Starving at Taskoma," and the experiences of pearl-fishing off the Australian coast. The pearl fishers become fearfully irritable under water, and the pressure on the ear opens a communication between the mouth and the ears so that all divers can blow tobacco smoke through their ears.

There is an interesting art article which discusses the question whether the Greeks painted their sculptures or not, and answers the question in the affirmative. Mr. James, Ex Postmaster-General, has an article on "Ocean Postal Service," which notices with approval Mr. Henniker Heaton's energetic efforts to secure penny ocean postage. Mr. James remarks that he does not think it extraordinary that Mr. Henniker Heaton should be opposed by the Postmaster-General, when the fact is recalled that the Postal Reforms of Sir Rowland Hill were opposed not only by the officials but even by such men as Sidney Smith. Mr. James says Mr. Henniker Heaton must keep on pegging away. The reform most needed at the present time is the reduction of the rates of ocean postage. With a growing popular sentiment, both in England and in the United States, in favour of such a change it will not be long before it will be brought about.

Mr. and Mrs. Pennell describe the "Feast of the Marys in Provence," and Mr. Edward S. Holden has an illustrated paper describing "The Total Solar Eclipses of 1889" as seen from the Lick Observatory.

Cornhill.

Cornhill for April contains an excellent gossip paper about the "Laurels of English Regiments." There is also a pleasant paper which describes the beginning of railway travelling in England. The little known "Balearics" are described in another paper. There is a good short story entitled "My Last Proposal," and Mr. Conan Doyle avails himself of the liberty accorded to a novelist to endite the following remarks concerning the Jesuits:—

A true Jesuit must have no nature of his own and no individuality. He is simply a machine, with likes and dislikes, conscience and soul subject to the will of the next in authority, whose mind is also under the arbitrary control of his superior; and so on to the top. If at the head there were God, it would be well; but man is there, and consequently the whole society is a gigantic mistake. To be a sincere member of it, a man must be a half-witted fool, a religious fanatic, or a rogue for whom no duplicity is too scurrilous, even though it amount to blasphemy.

Scribner.

THERE is an interesting account of the "New Parks of the City," in *Scribner's Magazine*. They have one great disadvantage. They all lie a considerable distance from the heart of the town. The article on "Paris Theatres and Concerts," by W. F. Aporph, is devoted to the unsubventioned theatres and orchestral concerts. The article on "Charles Keene, of *Punch*," is an interesting attendant to the article on "Tenniel," in the *Cosmopolitan* of last month. Mr. Wood's article on the "Social Awakening in London," and the article on "Golden Mashonaland," are noticed elsewhere.

The Californian Illustrated Magazine.

I AM glad to see that California is at last producing a magazine which is worthy of the Western Slope. The March number of the *Californian Illustrated Magazine* is admirably illustrated and excellently printed. Both articles and illustrations differ from those of the Atlantic seaboard. Without going all over the articles I may mention especially Dr. Master's account of the recent disturbances in China from which I take two portraits not hitherto procurable, and an account of the navy of California, which is specially of interest to English readers, and a description of mountaineering in Alaska.

Search Light.

No. 2 *Search Light* is better than No. 1, and the coloured plate is really absurdly too good to be given away with a threepenny magazine. I find that I did Mr. Pearson an injustice in the last number of the *REVIEW* in complaining that he did not acknowledge the sources from which he took his articles. A full acknowledgment is made in the table of contents, which escaped my notice. Mr. Pearson assures me that the title was not suggested by the fact that we had called our *REVIEW* "an electric search-light into all literature," and of course his statement is decisive. At the same time I should never have dreamed of complaining that he should not use a good title wherever he found it. There is no patent right in the phrase. I quote from the original articles on "Journalists of to-day" in another part of the *REVIEW*.

Folk Lore.

IN *Folk-Lore* for March there is a continuation of the article on the magic songs of the Finns; the new instalment explains the origin of many things. They tell us, for instance, how stitch and pleurisy began; the origin of the swelling of the neck; toothache, which seems to have had many origins, as befits the varieties of that horrible method of torture. Cancer it seems was bred in the river Jordan, owing to the fact that harlots rinsed their caps at the mouth of the river. After explaining the origin of the diseases, the article goes on to explain the origin of ale and brandy. We have the president's address to the Folk-Lore Society, which was delivered by Mr. Gomme, and the report of the Folk-Lore research for the last year, and interesting stories of guardian spirits of wells and lochs. There is a paper on Manx folk-lore and superstition. There seems to be much folk-lore in the Isle of Man, but, judging from my own experience, it is a bad hunting-ground for ghosts. I do not think that I have a single account of an indigenous Manx ghost amongst all the mass of stories which have reached the office. The folk-lore tales of Central Africa are somewhat disappointing.

RELIEVING THE RUSSIAN STARVELINGS.

THE GIFT OF THE AMERICAN MILLERS.

MR. W. E. EDGAR, editor of the *North Western Miller*, in Minneapolis, called at Mowbray House the other day on his way to St. Petersburg. Mr. Edgar is the editor of one of the most enterprising and most beautifully printed of the trade journals of America. When the news of the Russian famine began to reach the Western world it occurred to Mr. Edgar that it might be well to give a tangible proof of the reality of the sympathy felt by the American people with the Russian peasants, by asking the millers of the country to contribute in kind to the relief of the Russian hunger region. In the West any respectable starving man who applies for help at the door of a mill receives a bag of flour, and the bright idea occurred to Mr. Edgar of undertaking to provide for the transport to Russia of any gifts of flour which might be made by the millers of the United States. By organisation and co-operation he thought it might be possible to bring the Russian moujik practically to the doors of the American mill. He printed an appeal in the *North Western Miller* which carried it throughout the whole land. The response was most encouraging. At first there was a little disposition to hang back, as the American public had been diligently plied with the libellous statements concerning the indifference of the Emperor for the sufferings of his subjects, and the false assertions as to the absence of any great need for assistance.

"Just in the nick of time," said Mr. Edgar, "your article on the Tzar appeared in the American REVIEW of REVIEWS, and from that moment the success of our flour fund was secured. Offers of help poured in from every state of the Union, until we had a cargo of the best American flour offered us, the net value of which in America, not reckoning freight or anything else, was not less than £25,000. Some of the larger millers sent us car-loads of flour, and smaller ones sent us a couple of sacks; but all, whether large or small, contributed with a hearty goodwill for the relief of their distressed fellow men."

"But," said I, "was not the cost of transit appalling?" "The cost of transit," said Mr. Edgar, "was nil. The railway companies of the United States have hauled this flour to New York from the farthest West and North and South without charging a single cent. That has been their contribution to the famine fund. Nor is that all; the *Missouri*, the great steamer of four thousand tons burden, which is now crossing the Atlantic with her freight of flour, was made over to us without cost by her owners, the Atlantic Transport Line. We have loaded her up with five million eight hundred and fifty thousand pounds of flour. The pilots who piloted her down to the sea gave their services free. Nor is that all; the owners of the *Missouri* were able to take a load of one thousand five hundred cattle in addition to the cargo of breadstuffs. They handed over to us the freight which they received for the live stock as a subscription to the famine fund. We spent it in buying more flour. Our cargo represents free gifts from a multitude of persons scattered over four hundred and fifty different milling centres in the United States. The ship is bound to Libau, and I am going to St. Petersburg to make quite sure that no obstacle exists in the way of the delivery of the flour to the people for whom it is intended. I have got to see the thing through, to satisfy the subscribers on the other side that their donations actually reached the men for whom they were intended."

Mr. Edgar's enterprise has an importance far beyond the feeding of the starving peasants. This has been recognised by Count Tolstoi, who regards it as a heralding of the brotherhood of nations, of which he constantly dreams.

When Mr. Steveni, the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, was in London at the close of last year, he called at Mowbray House, and I urged him to undertake at once a tour through the distressed districts. On his return to Russia he acted upon the suggestion. Messrs. Sampson Low and Marston have now in the press a volume of his letters from the famine-stricken land, illustrated with photographs taken by him in the course of his six weeks' tour for three thousand miles, several hundreds of which were travelled by sledge in the depth of winter.

He proceeded from St. Petersburg to Moscow, where he saw Count Tolstoi, and from Moscow to Bogorodetz, near Tula, where he stayed with Count Bobrinsky, and whence he made visits to a number of the neighbouring villages. Pensa was the next stopping place; then Samara. From Samara he proceeded further east to Patroffka, the residence of Count Tolstoi's second son.

On his return journey he again saw Count Tolstoi (at Pensa), and had interesting conversations with him on the state of the country, and visited the Count's free tables.

The conclusion to which Mr. Steveni has come is that the outlook for Russia is a very gloomy one. The peasants are in a helplessly bankrupt condition. They have consumed most of their seed corn, and have only a few horses left for agricultural purposes.

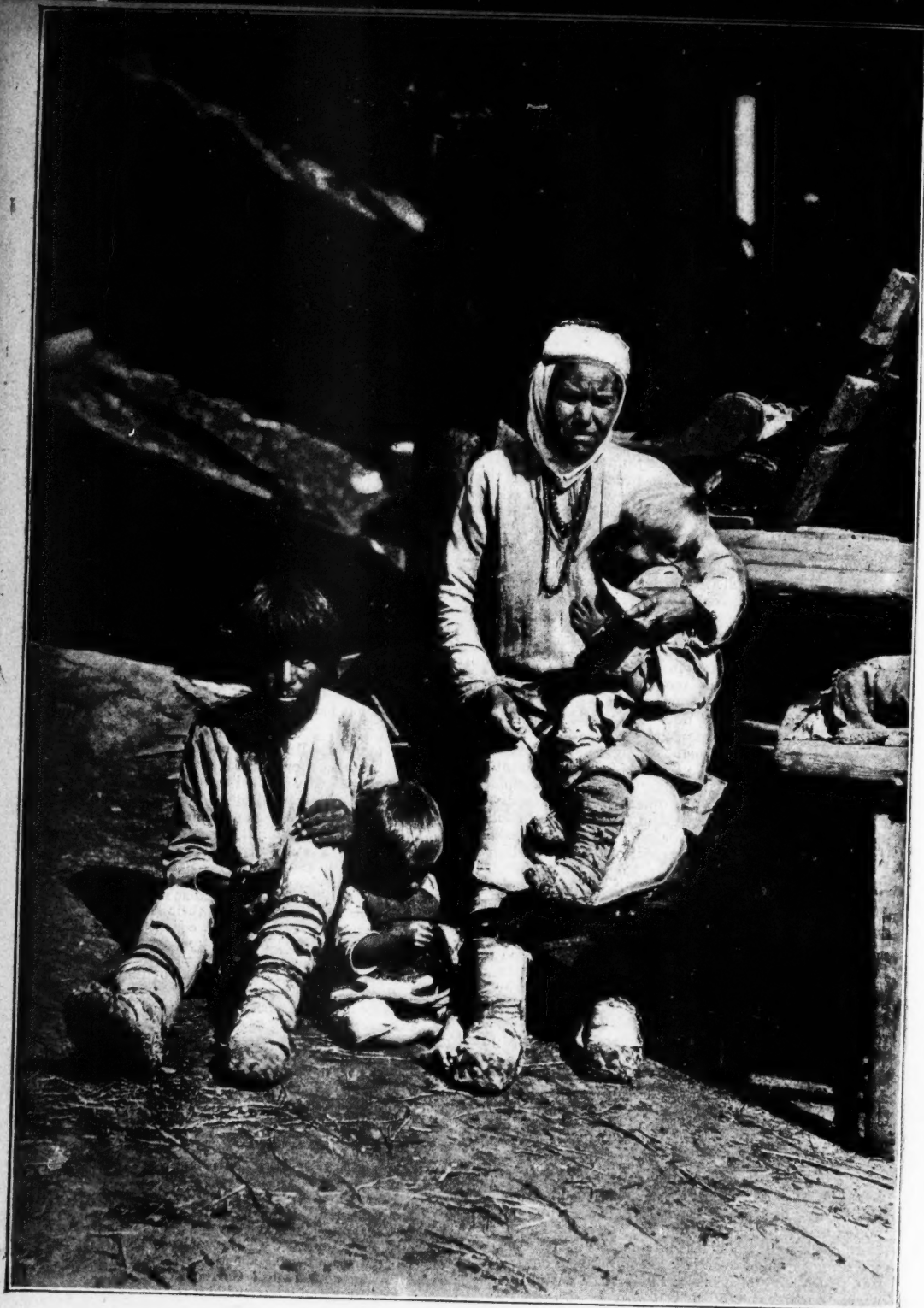
COUNT TOLSTOI ON THE FAMINE.

I am permitted to make quotations from one of the chapters of Mr. Steveni's book, describing his visit to Count Tolstoi. Mr. Steveni says:—

I found the Count in the midst of his family, and looking exceedingly well. It was an agreeable surprise to me to find that his recent severe exertions on behalf of the peasantry of the Province of Riazan, from which he had just returned, had not told upon his health. He was dressed in the plain woollen blouse which Rjepin and other artists have so often depicted. With his rugged and leonine features, his furrowed brow, his broad shoulders with their slight stoop, and his large powerful hands, which are equally at home with the spade and the pen, he looked a typical "workman" in the truest and highest sense of the word.

The Count said he had been touched by the generosity and sympathy shown by so many of his friends in England and America for his starving countrymen. The constant evidences he was receiving of their warm sympathy made him feel that the "brotherhood of humanity" was no mere empty, high-sounding phrase, but a living reality. I ventured to suggest that an appeal to the working men of England on behalf of their brothers in Russia, who were in such straits, would, if made, probably bring in a large subscription; but the Count begged me not to make such an appeal. He did not wish to beg aid from any one. He added, however, "if any British workman in Glasgow, or any other town, will, for the sake of my humble countrymen, deny themselves for a day only of their usual glass of whiskey, and contribute the proceeds to the famine fund, such a token of goodwill and thoughtfulness will be most pleasing to me."

He then went on to say that one of his friends, Mr. W. T. Stead, of the REVIEW of REVIEWS, had for a long time been exerting himself to bring about a basis of agreement between the Russian and English Governments. These well-meant efforts of Mr. Stead interested him no more than the man in



From a Photograph by]

RUSSIAN PEASANTS IN THE FAMINE-STRICKEN DISTRICT.

[Mr. Stevens.

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the moon. But if any one were to try to bring about a feeling of *brotherhood* between the English and Russian *people*, such a work would greatly interest him, for it would be of lasting benefit to humanity. "The English and Russian Governments are," he said, "perpetually squabbling with one another about various political questions; but I see no reason why the respective peoples, who may be so useful to one another, should on that account come to blows." He had not much faith in the friendships of governments. They were only temporary and politic. "Peace and goodwill" was only to be brought about by the peoples themselves. The Count is, I understand, at work on a new book dealing with this subject. Warfare he regards as iniquitous. "It is a relic," he said, "of animalism and barbarism." In his new work the Emperor William will come in for a share of the Count's disapproval.

The Count was afraid that it would be found necessary to import grain from America in the spring. Hereupon I told the Count that, according to information which the American Minister at St. Petersburg had furnished me, the citizens of Minnesota had subscribed 20,000 barrels of flour for the famine-stricken districts. This news gave the Count the greatest satisfaction. "I think it," he said, "another proof that the idea of a common brotherhood is beginning to influence the minds of men of all countries."

Before taking leave of this modern prophet I was requested by him, in earnest tones, not to send home any over-coloured reports about the famine, but to state simply, and in plain language, what I actually saw. The famine was not like a railway accident. It did not lend itself to sensational description. It was not a calamity which overtook a people in a moment, but one which approached with stealthy steps and by slow degrees. Its miseries and horrors were drawn over a long period of time, and were, therefore, not so readily observed. The victim of it first got into debt, then sold his horses, then his cattle, and, ultimately, little by little, everything that he had. Some correspondents had, he stated, given very misleading accounts of what was happening.

At this interview the Countess Tolstoi was present, and at its close she asked me to tell my friends in England not to send their contributions to the Count, but to her (address, 15, Charnoffniki, Moscow). Her husband was seldom at home, being constantly engaged in the work of relieving the peasants.

In addition to the Countess Tolstoi, contributions in aid of the distress funds may be sent to any of the following:—His Excellency the American Minister, St. Petersburg; Rev. A. J. Watson, English Church, St. Petersburg; Rev. Alex. Francis, British and American Congregational Church, St. Petersburg; Count Bobrinsky, Bogorodetsk, Government of Tula; James Besant, Esq., Samara, Russia; Count Leff Levitch Tolstoi, care of James Besant, Esq., Samara.

MADAME NOVIKOFF'S FUND.

Our readers will regret to hear that Madame Novikoff has been suddenly called back to Moscow by the serious illness of her mother. Madame Karaeff is lying at the point of death at Moscow, where Madame Novikoff is now with her, waiting her rapidly-approaching dissolution. Subscriptions, however, for the relief of the distressed can be remitted to Madame Novikoff's address at Claridge's Hotel; and will be forwarded in due course. I have to acknowledge the following subscriptions:—

OMITTED FROM OUR LAST ISSUE.

G. R. (Heathside), £1; "Roland," 15s.; Jas. L. Thompson, £1 Thomas A. Done, £1; E. Frenson, 3s. 6d.; Anon. (stamps), 1s.; R. L. B. (Hallfield), £1; Greenleaf, £1; M. M. C., 5s.; J. E. N., £1; Anon. (Leeds), £1; A. M. Streatham, 2s. 6d.; Miss Foster, £1; Anon. (The Pines), 1s.; William Merrick, 10s.; "A Friend," £15; Friends in Appleby, £2 2s.; Pupils of Mr. P. Jones' Boarding School, 6s.; Mr. and Mrs. Wright, 10s.; Pringle's (Annsgh), 10s.; per Miss Le Mesurier, £1; M., £1; E. Sherwood, £1; Miss E. Darroch, £1 1s.; Miss L. Stewart, 3s.; W. B. Liebman, 5s.; A. L., 2s.; Katie Bown Brown, 2s. 6d.; L. M. D., 5s.; F. C. Bottomley, 2s.; James S. Ulitto, 5s.; J. A. James (Merthyr), 11 17s.; Rev. J. O. Brock, £1; Thos. Powell, £2 2s.; "A Friend (Newson Hill), 5s.; Jessie Dempster, £1; Nurse Blanche, 10s.; Congregation

of St. Michael's, Crown Point, Leeds, £2 12s. 2d.; Lady in Scotland 12s.; One fed on Ruslan Corn, £1; J. G. G. (Manchester), 5s.; Sympathiser (Ayr), £1; N. E. L. (Camacha), 12s.; R. F. I. (Malvern Hill), 5s.; Miss De Rougemont, £10; Mrs. and Miss Weston, £12; Miss E. Barker, £5; S. L., 2s. 6d.; R. N. T., 6s.; One who knows and loves Russia, 10s.; Rev. J. B. Dymock, £1; J. W., 5s.; T. W., £1; Mrs. A. Hollings (3rd donation), £2 14s. 6d.; Miss A. Hodrill, 8s.; Friends to the amount of £1 5s.; Rev. W. R. Hutson, 4s.; Anon. (Wakefield), 2s. 3d.; From Liverpool, 2s. 6d.; "Clutha," £1; Miss Webb, 17s.; J. Mitchell, 5s.; A Congregationalist, 2s. 6d.; Rev. J. G. Rodgers, 7s. 6d.; H. C. Dobree, 3s. 6d.; Mrs. John Hogen, 10s.; D. F., 5s.; J. E. M., £2 2s. 14d.; C. K., 5s.; High Street English Baptist Sunday School (2nd donation), £1 15s.; Miss Cotton, £1 10s.; Anon. (Portliff), S. Wales, £3; Pauline Gammon, 10s.; J. F., 10s. 6d.; Pilkington Bros., £1; Miss S. L. Moss, £1; F. and Friends, Bray, £1 15s.; Sara S. Strand 6s.; Anon. (Gallington), 5s.; "Jim" (Inverness), 2s. 6d.; From Falmouth, per Mrs. Williams (2nd donation), £2 0s. 2d.; Irish Reader (Dundrum), 7s. 6d.; Hannah Clark, £1; Mrs. Martha Fell, £1; "Only a Little," 2s.; Collected by G. D., £1 1s.; R. M. Merryweather, 10s.; A Widow (Bedford), £1; Maria Tillet and Sister, £1 1s.; "K.", 5s.; Rev. J. Dymock, £1; Mrs. M. Roger, 7s. 6d.; J. H. Jewell, £1; "Agnostic," £5; Maud Gieshill, 4s.; Agnes Florence, 7s. 6d.; A. Dane, 10s.; P. E. B. W. M., £2; Thomas T. Anon., £5 5s.; F. Napier and J. B. Napier, 10s.; O. K.'s Friends from Glasgow, 10s.; J. M., £1; Miss Barker (2nd donation), £5; H. Chick (Barley Park), 5s.; Anon., 15s.; A. W. H., £2; Hugh Richardson, £1; R. M., £3; Christel, 5s.; Fortis, 10s.; Emma Krar, 1s.; Anon., 6d.; A. H. S. (Glasgow), 10s.; Daughter of Judah, 5s.; Poor Manx Man, 5s.; Miss Sarah Kitching, £1; J. H. Haywood, 10s. 6d.; Poor Clerk, 2s.; A Sympathiser, 1s.; Miss Julia Wedgwood (2nd donation), £5; Hayle, 2s. 6d.; L. A. P., £1; W. V. A. (Ripon), 5s.; T. J. R. (Manchester), £2; Edith Poole, 1s. 6d.; Young Briton, 2s.; S. L. S. S., 2s. 6d.; Alphonsine Braun, 2s. 6d.; G. Freudenthal, 2s.; Beatrice Kay, 2s.; Adelle Anier, 6d.; Mrs. May Killey, £1 10s.; Mrs. H. A. Merriam, 15s. 4d.; Maurice Hoy, 5s.; Edith Jones, 1s.; Walter Brown, £2; W. Holmes, 5s.; Anon. (Wakefield), 2s. 6d.; Stamps, 1s.; Mrs. Crampton, 5s.; "Bridge of Weir," 5s.; D. Caul, 5s.; Mrs. Douglas, £1; Anon., 1s.; C. M. Williamson, £2 2s.; T. S. Bell, £1 1s.; A. B., 2s. 6d.; Stamps from Strabane, 2s.; Anon. (Wakefield), 2s.; Miss Jessie Vernon, £2; E. Pollard, 4s.; "One who would give more if he could," 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Mullard, 10s.; Alphonsine Braun and three others, 7s.

SINCE RECEIVED UP TO MARCH 24TH.

Per Miss Edmonson, £8 10s.; per Annie Rolfe, 2s. 8d.; Hamian, 5s.; Miss Coltart, 14s.; Miss Martha Fell, £4; W. H. Cheetham (Calcutta), £5; per Mrs. Laura Nay, £1 5s. 6d.; W. T., 5s.; Sarah James, £1; John Mackenzie, 5s.; per Miss H. Clark, £2 16s. 2d.; Thos. Barker, £1 1s.; A. A. Barker, 10s.; A. J. Barker, 4s.; Eliza Barser (5th donation), 5s.; Miss Robinson, 3s.; Lady Jeune, £1; Mrs. O'Kinealy (Calcutta), £5; Anon. (Wakefield), 5s.; per Mrs. Oswald Bosanquet, £2; per Norman Lang, £1; Robert Peek, 10s.; Kirby Muxloe, 5s.; Arthur Fritz, 10s.; Lord Clarina, £4; Dr. Lindsay Johnson, £1; A. Simson (Calcutta), £5; Apologia, £25; per Mrs. Oswald Bosanquet, £1; E., 7s.; M. A. M. (Glasgow), 10s.; Arthur J. Alderton, 10s.; E. H. L., 10s.; Irish Sympathiser, 2s.; Burton-trent, £1 1s.; per W. Hubbard, £1; Countess O., £7; Russian Overland Tea Co., £5 5s.; Mrs. Krabbe Williams, £2 3s. 6d.; John Kennedy, £1 12s. 6d.; Evelyn Hinman, £1 7s.; per Miss Eva Macdonald, £1 13s. 6d.; Robert Fleming, 5s.; From Lewes, 5s.; Mrs. S. Dugdale, £1; Stamps, 1s.; Marshal, 5s.; E. H. Roebuck (Madras), £1; A. Maltby (Madras), £1; A Friend, £5; per Miss Madeline Stanley, £2 13s. 6d.; Through Russian Overland Tea Company—Anon., £1 1s.; N. Santos, £1 1s.; T. W. W., 1s.; E. Erlens, 5s.; Olga Orloff, 10s.; B. and H., 5s.; Mrs. M. yer, £1; Marks, 1s.; per Miss Dorothy Stanley, £1 2s. 6d.; William Stroud (Montreal), 5s.; per Mr. Sparkes, from Messrs. Horaby and others, £4 13s. 3d.; R. M. M., 10s.; "Tiger Jim," 1s.; T. M. Chadwick, 1s.; No Acknowledgment (Glasgow), £1; C. C. (Bangor), 5s.; Wakefield, 2s.; M. Tawk (Rochford), 5s.; An Irishwoman, 4s.; A Sympathiser, 1s. 6d.; W. M. (Glasgow), 4s. 6d.; Miss Lillie Kent, 1s.; A. Mire, £2 6d.; J. Wallace (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Porter (Felling), 5s.; Mrs. Sidney, £1 10s.; Miss Warwick, 6s.; per J. McFarlane, 5s.; A Welsh Girl, 5s.; A Sympathiser, 1s.; per Elizabeth Smith, £1 5s.; Miss E. Steven, £1; E. G., 5s.; W. Roger Jones and Miss Billings, 3s. 6d.; M. E. G., 1s.; Maurice Cazalet, £1; H. D., 2s. 6d.; "A. P. T.", 5s.; Captain G. A. Webb, £5; Rev. W. L. Wood, 10s. 6d.; John T. Matthew, £5 5s.; Duncan Macneil and Co., £5; P. Neville, 10s.; G. H. Grubb, 2s. 6d.; Alfred Evershed, 10s.; E. H. Lansell, £1; Jessie Clarke and E. M. Clarke, £1; K. H., 10s.; C. J. Cowan, £1; F. Sturgeon, 4s.; A Lonely Maid, 5s.; Evelyn Hope, 2s.; Anon., 5s.; Anon., £1; per Miss Applegarth (N. York), £5; D. Reid (N. York), £2; Larbert, 5s.; Mrs. Blakeley, 5s.; A. T., 5s.; W. Roger Jones, 1s.; Saml. Grundy, 15s.; L. M. Spencer, £1; "In the name of the Lord," 5s.; N. G., 10s.; J. H., 5s.; "Russian Famine," 7s. 6d.; "A Praise God—Barebones," 10s.; P. Jacques, 5s.; A. B. and A. J. B., 10s.; H. D. T., £1; J. Gilbert Powell, 10s. 6d.; L. Parnell, £1; One who truly pities, £2; A. C. F., 5s.; Sam., £2; Scolmistress, £2; Miss J. Miller, £1; S. Lake, 6d.; A Friend in Scotland, 5s.; Jessie Smith and Sister, 12s. 6d.; C. J. Palmer, 2s. 6d.; W. Stroud (M. treal), 8s.; "Rodbourne," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 7s.; F. O. Walpole, 10s.; S. D., £3; Mrs. and Miss Weston, £15; Rev. R. Pear, £2 2s.; Mrs. Oxenbould, £1 1s.; Helen Woodward, £1.

The receipts from all quarters, to March 24th, now aggregate £1,003, the whole of which has been remitted to the Relief Committee of the Kasloff district, Government of Tamboff

PRIVATE MORALS AND PUBLIC LIFE.

SUGGESTED CHRISTIAN COUNCIL BEFORE THE GENERAL ELECTION.

THE time has now arrived when it is possible to survey the progress of the struggle provoked by the attempt of Sir Charles Dilke to force himself back into public life before having taken any steps to clear himself from the charges of adultery and perjury affixed to him by the verdict of the Divorce Court.

We, the undersigned, have read with indignation the statement made that Sir Charles Dilke contemplates re-entering public life by standing as candidate for the Forest of Dean, before having taken any practical steps to fulfil his pledge to clear his character, which he said he hoped to vindicate completely by the law.

Without expressing any opinion as to the merits of the case in the abstract, we may point out that if Sir Charles Dilke were to re-enter public life while the public verdict recorded, after a public trial by a judge and jury, had not been publicly and conclusively demonstrated to be mistaken, the public conscience would be greatly outraged. A disastrous blow would, in that case, be struck at the growing sentiment which demands that when any one is branded by judicial decision as guilty of aggravated adulteries, and, by implication, of perjury and subornation of perjury, he shall disappear from public life equally with those who steal spoons or cheat at cards.

This, which would be the case at any time, is peculiarly so just now, when Mr. Parnell has been deposed from the Irish leadership for an offence not more heinous than those of which Sir Charles Dilke was found guilty.

We therefore desire to protest in the strongest terms against the suggestion that Sir Charles Dilke should come forward when he has not redeemed his pledge, vindicated his honour by the law, and cleared himself from charges which he admits, if true, disqualify him for ever for public life.

Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson, President of the Wesleyan Conference.

Rev. Dr. Moulton, Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference.

Rev. Dr. Brown, Chairman of the Congregational Union.

Rev. Dr. Thomas, Ex-Chairman of Congregational Union.

Rev. Dr. Clifford, Chairman of the Baptist Union.

Rev. A. T. Wigner, Ex-Chairman of the Baptist Union.

Rev. Henry Allon, D.D.

Rev. Newman Hall.

Rev. P. Ingham Fairbairn.

Rev. Dr. Paton.

Rev. James Martineau, D.D.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

Rev. Jos. Wood, D.D.

The Moderator of the English Presbyterian Church.

The Moderator of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists.

The President of the Methodist New Connexion.

The President of the United Free Methodists.

The Chief of Staff of Salvation Army.

The Head Master of Harrow.

The Dean of Peterborough.

Rev. Archdeacon of St. Andrews.

Rev. Canon Scott Holland.

Rev. Canon Ellison.

Rev. Canon Macgregor.

Rev. Canon Moore Ede.

Rev. Principal Symes.

Rev. Principal Raing.

Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D.

Rev. Anthony Holliday.

Rev. Robt. Whyte, D.D.

Rev. And. Thompson, D.D.

Mr. F. N. Harrington, Mile End.

Rev. F. B. Meyer.

At an influential and enthusiastic meeting held in the City Temple, the Rev. Dr. Parker in the chair, during the session of the International Congregational Council last summer, it was resolved:—

That a committee composed of all the representatives of all Christian Churches be formed for the purpose of convening a General Council, with as little delay as possible, to afford the electorate in all English-speaking lands a clear and unmistakable expression of the voice of the Christian conscience on the relation of private character to public life.

One of the subjects specially mentioned for the consideration of the Council was thus defined by a previous resolution:—

That the exemption hitherto accorded immoral men from the social and political penalties at present enforced against those guilty of fraud, perjury, or criminal cruelty, should be abolished, as such exemption constitutes a veritable privilege to adulterers not extended to any other class of the community.

The Wesleyan Conference passed a strong resolution in favour of placing moral questions above all party considerations, and delegated to their committee on Social Purity the duty of seeing to their share in the proposed conference. The subject, however, has been allowed to remain too long in abeyance, and now we have an attempt made by the Nonconformist Association of Stratford-on-Avon to bring the matter forward to a practical issue. The following resolution was carried unanimously at a meeting held in Stratford-on-Avon on March 23rd:

That this meeting of ministers and members of the Nonconformist Association of Stratford-on-Avon, rejoicing in the quickening of the national conscience on the subject of the moral standard of its legislators, resolves:—

1. That it is urgently desirable that a united conference of representative of all the churches should be held

In addition to those who appended their signatures to the memorial, Cardinal Manning, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, Dr. Dale (of Birmingham), Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, the Rev. Dr. MacKenna, and Rev. C. A. Berry (of Wolverhampton), expressed their concurrence with those who had signed the memorial in desiring that Sir Charles Dilke should not attempt to enter public life until he had cleared his character in open court. No one can glance at these names, to say nothing of the thousands of other signatures which have been appended to the protest, without recognising that all that is vital and most earnest in English Christian life is represented in the protest against Sir Charles Dilke's candidature in the Forest of Dean. Sir Charles Dilke himself is as well aware as any living man that the signatures represent a force in English politics and society against which no politician can hope to stand. Since the publication of the protest he has appeared in public on two or three occasions. When he spoke in the neighbourhood of Walsall during the Parliamentary by-election his presence was immediately utilised by the Conservatives in order to prejudice their opponents, who lost no time in repudiating any connection with the tainted baronet. If the Liberal candidate had shown the slightest disposition to support Sir Charles Dilke he would have lost the service of some of the most energetic of his supporters. When Sir Charles Dilke appeared at Aberdeen to open the exhibition to which he had been invited, chiefly for his wife's sake, by the local Trades Council, the Provost and the magistrates unanimously decided that it was impossible for them to be present at the ceremony until Sir Charles Dilke had cleared his character.

It may therefore be said that Sir Charles Dilke has never ventured to assert himself in any direction without being encountered at once by prompt protest on the part of the Christian community.

before the dissolution of Parliament to consider what steps should be taken to prevent the election of men judicially proved to be guilty of adultery and perjury, to make laws for a Christian people, and

2. That copies of this resolution be forwarded to the representatives of every branch of the Christian Church in the three kingdoms.

The duty of such a Council would be to decide what steps should be taken by the representatives of English Christendom to raise the moral issue in the Forest of Dean, as it is evident that the question of Sir Charles Dilke's proposed outrage upon public life can best be countered by the candidature of one specially set apart for this work by the choice of the Churches. After that the Council will have to decide what general principles

should be laid down for the guidance of the electors when Parliamentary candidates of doubtful character are in the field. It is not too much to ask that all electors in every constituency should be asked to pledge their candidate to support a measure subjecting those who are found guilty in open court of offences such as adultery, wife desertion, or begetting illegitimate children, to at least seven years deprivation of civil rights. A person who corrupts an elector by offering him money for his vote is disqualified for sitting in Parliament, and it is not a great expansion of the same principle to ask that those who trample under foot the sanctity of the family should be subjected to similar civil disqualifications. These questions, however, will be open to the discussion of the representatives of the Churches.

ADDRESS AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON, BY W. T. STEAD.

THE following is a report of an address which I delivered at Stratford-on-Avon before the foregoing resolution was put to the meeting:—We are now living in a momentous time in which our influence may be brought to bear to tell for good, in the great battle of right and wrong, for good or for evil. In such times one word spoken strongly and decisively will tell more than whole years of work when things are not so critical. Hitherto all policies and State affairs have been largely decided without the exercise of that authority by the masses of the people; but now democracy having entered upon its heritage has to decide whether this England of ours is in all that relates to family life to be a Christian State or Pagan State, whether or not the ideal of Christian morality, of Christian living, of Christian government is to be our guide, or whether as a people disclaiming all that has made our history great and glorious, we are to say, "It does not matter a straw about morality or immorality, the one thing needful is to get your clever man and see that he votes straight."

GOOD TEXTS MISAPPLIED.

The moment you approach this question there are many good people who say at once, "I don't like this kind of talk, it is so contrary to the whole spirit of the Christian religion." "Why?" "Have you not read," they answer, "what Our Lord said, 'Judge not that ye be not judged, and who are you that judge your brother?' Have you not read in the Gospel what was written concerning the woman taken in adultery? Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." I agree with all my heart and soul to both of these texts.

But if we are to look at this question of the personal character of public men in its right light, we must extend our gaze over a much wider landscape than that which lies immediately before us at the coming General Election. Survey the great movements which mark the progression and triumph of the Christian conscience since Christ lived on earth, and as we look across the ages and see these great crises in which an onward step was taken by humanity in the direction of a higher and purer morality, ask what would have been the consequence if those texts had constantly been regarded as summing up the whole moral duty of man in the political sphere?

WHY NOT APPLY THEM TO MURDERERS?

Personal character in a public man has now largely come to relate to questions relating to offences against women, but it is a much wider question than that. There was a time, not so many hundred years ago, when the question of personal character in relation to public life did not mean a question of adultery, it was then a question of murder.

There were men who wore the Imperial purple, men some of them whose names even to the present day are esteemed by mankind for many of the services which they wrought for the human race, who were murderers, cold-blooded murderers, who did not hesitate to order the assassination of a rival, who never stuck at poisoning a man whom they hated. Even when public men shrank from killing their rivals, they never hesitated at killing their slaves. We have got somewhat beyond that, thank God, now. When a man slays his brother man and cuts his throat we do not talk cant about "Judge not, that ye be not judged." We promptly run him in and try him for his life, and if he is found guilty we swing him from the gallows until he is dead. And yet is it not written "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone?" You never act upon that when it concerns your own interest, but as soon as it is a case in which you do not wish to do your duty then you remember these texts and lay them as salves to your souls in order to excuse yourselves for not executing just judgment.

NO TORTURER NEED APPLY.

We have, then, got the conscience of humanity educated to regard a murderer as an ineligible member of the House of Commons. Well, that is at least a good thing—a considerable step gained. There are other offences, which are now regarded as even worse than murder, which were regarded at one time as quite allowable and permissible amusements of a gentleman. It is not thirty years since in a great English-speaking republic it was considered as one of the inalienable rights of the white landed proprietor to flog his negro as much as he pleased. Men were elected to Congress who had ordered their fellow men and women, who happened to be their property, to be flogged sometimes absolutely to death, and no one in their own class considered that matter of private morals a bar to their public career. But the working of the spirit of Christ in the Christian Church, the onward movement of democracy and the great philanthropic tendencies of the day have combined to make torture so hateful in the eyes of all of us, that no torturer or woman flogger could be elected to a seat in Parliament. Torture of a kind!—the torture of the rack and the lash, but other kinds of torture are not yet put out of the pale.

NOR WRECKERS.

After torture there is another great class of offence which has gone so utterly out that it is difficult for our imagination to realise that they were possible in a Christian land. All round the coasts of this England of ours there now blazes at this moment across the stormy

seas the light, the beacon light, from the lighthouse tower, to warn the sailor against the rock, the reef, the quicksand, or the dangerous coast. But less than a thousand years ago upon many a headland in this country and other lands, fires of another sort blazed, not to protect; but to lure the hapless mariner to destruction. It was regarded as so natural a thing, so Christian a thing, that in some districts in the far west of our land the professional wrecker did not think that anything was incongruous in offering up prayers to his God that there might be a wreck in his neighbourhood. Nor did he think it wrong to go to church to worship God after carefully lighting the fire which was to lure the unsuspecting mariner to his doom, just as to this day brigands in Italy and elsewhere will go to confession before starting on a plundering expedition. There is no limit to the liberties which a human being will not take with the moral law when a person's interest coincides with a breach of that law. But we have advanced, however. We would send a wrecker to gaol without any hesitation now.

HOW SLAVERY WAS ABOLISHED.

It is a little more than 300 years ago since a British ship, which was called *The Jesus*, sailed from an English port under the command of Sir John Hawkins to commence the African slave trade on the West Coast of Africa. For more than 200 years the slave trade was regarded as a reputable calling for Christian men to follow. There is much that justifies us in thanking God and taking courage when we think how short a time it is since the Christian conscience learnt to regard "the sum of all villainies" as other than a legitimate calling for a Christian. But how was that great iniquity overthrown? How was this triumph achieved which forms a landmark in the history of our race? It was because here and there some earnest men and women, regardless of abuse, misrepresentation, and ridicule, and often at very great pecuniary loss, stood up and said:—"Come weal, come woe, this iniquity shall perish." That brave protest maintained resolutely year after year told at length. To-day we have it recognised even by the greatest ruffian who walks your streets, that a man who is a murderer, that a man who flogs women, that a man who is a wrecker, that a man who is a thief, and a man who is a slave-owner has no right to sit in the British House of Commons to make laws for a free people.

THE PRECEDENT OF KING DAVID.

Now all these things are recognised. But not one of these successive steps have been taken except at great sacrifice and in the face of endless protests made in the name of a false and canting charity. There must have been much to say, and could still be said, in favour of allowing murderers, for example, to sit in the House of Commons. There is one saint, although a very sinful saint, whose name is often quoted in this connection, and that is King David. Over and over again in the course of this agitation I have been asked, "Well, what do you think of David? David sinned with Bathsheba, David wrote the Psalms, and David was a man after God's own heart!" Yes, all that is true. But although David was a sinful man, David was a repentant man. And let me ask those who are always sheltering their vices behind David's fall, where would David have been but for the prophet Nathan who came before that King of Israel, and with eyes aflame and with ruthless and unswerving courage declared, "Thou art the man?" King David, it is true, sinned with Bathsheba, and repented. But he did more than that. He ordered a cold-blooded, crafty, wicked murder, and if the crime

of David is to be quoted in favour of those who have sinned with their neighbours' wives, why is it not to be quoted in favour of those who add to their adultery murder? If King David is to be used as an argument in favour of opening the doors of the House of Commons wide to Sir Charles Dilke, I do not see why it could not be used with equal force in favour of opening the door of the House of Commons to Jack the Ripper or to the monster who did the Rainhill murders.

THE NEXT STEP IN ADVANCE.

The world moves after all. We are getting on. We have recognised that a murderer is impossible as a legislator. We have even recognised that where force or fraud is used to deprive a man of his liberty, to ruin his prospects in life, or to appropriate his property, for the man guilty of such force or fraud there is no place in Her Majesty's institutions for him except one of Her Majesty's gaols. But after nineteen hundred years of so-called Christian civilisation we have not as yet recognised that a woman is a human being, with a human being's rights. All these questions really spring out of the denial of the full human rights of the individual. It was not until the slave was recognised as a citizen that he had a right to live and a right to justice. So it will be in connection with women. The day on which we recognise that to ruin a woman's life is an offence as hateful in the eyes of God and man as to steal a silver spoon, all these evils will be remedied. They arise because people think and say, "That a woman does not matter. After all a woman is fair game." And so it has come to pass that if you have a man who is wealthy and of high position, and almost old enough to be the father of the girl-wife of a friend and colleague, well, what is the use of making such a fuss, supposing that he did corrupt her; supposing that he did break up her home; supposing that he did wreck her life, what does it matter? She was only a woman. If a woman's honour could even be regarded as worth as much as a £5 note we should get over most of these difficulties without even discussing them. They arise because we have not yet considered what it means for a woman to be outcast and trodden under foot.

BREAKING DOWN A MORAL BARRIER.

Do not let us make any mistake. The election to Parliament of any man upon whom rests the brand of a seducer and an adulterer helps to break down the barrier that protects some forlorn young girl. When that happens, men say: "Oh, what does it matter? The purity fanatics may make some fuss, but rakes get into Parliament all the same; nobody objects that he ruined somebody's daughter, or corrupted his friend's wife." Until you can make these people smart for it other people will go on thinking it does not matter. When you discuss this question never forget its bearing upon all these unprotected ones, of these girls struggling for livelihood, endeavouring to maintain their honour and their good name in the midst of temptations the full force of which God grant that there is no one in this hall may ever know. By your apathy you make it harder for such a girl to go through life unscathed, you make it easier for the man who tempts her to secure her destruction.

THE CASE OF MR. PARNELL.

We are making progress even here. It is not more than eighteen months since this awakened sense of justice and purity overturned a man for whom I, for one, shall always speak with the greatest respect for his genius as a statesman and his devotion as a patriot. But when, after full opportunity had been afforded for hearing everything

that could be said in defence of the accused, a court of law recorded that Mr. Parnell had been guilty of the treachery of accepting a friend's hospitality to debauch his friend's wife, the people of England made up their minds, the Nonconformists of England leading the way. There went forth from one end of our country to the other a clear, unmistakable declaration that with this man we would not again go forth to battle; and, in a moment, from his pride of place Mr. Parnell fell never to rise again. We have not smitten that lion down in order to cower before the wolf.

THE CASE OF CAPTAIN VERNEY.

That is not the only case which has happened in recent times. There is a man for whom also I shall speak with sincere sympathy, and in many things with great respect. He was a Liberal member of the House of Commons. He was found guilty in open Court of an offence which was quite venial compared with the hideous and complicated adultery of which others are guilty. When Captain Verney attempted to corrupt that English girl—without success—he was guilty of an offence which, although serious, would never have cost him his seat in the House of Commons but for one little fact. But for that fact any protest would have been instantly crushed by the question: "Why, what harm did he do to the girl? She had a visit to Paris, she was very well paid, and she was not a penny the worse. Why should you be so hard upon a man like Captain Verney, who has fought in the service of his country and fought in many a good cause?" But there was passed the Criminal Law Amendment Act, which made it criminal even to attempt to procure an English girl for immoral purposes abroad. Owing to that Act, Captain Verney was arrested, tried, and is in gaol at this present moment. As a consequence the House of Commons unanimously expelled him from Parliament.

THE LAW AS A SCHOOLMASTER.

We want another law to educate still further the conscience of this Christian State. If it were decreed that whenever any person was found guilty as co-respondent in a divorce case of violating the sanctities of the domestic hearth and breaking the sacred contract upon which society rests, he should by that fact lose his civil rights, and be able neither to elect or be elected, we should have a very healthy strengthening of the moral sentiment of the country on this subject. I am not saying one word for taking any action against any public man upon private grounds. It is only when facts are clearly in possession of the public, as, for instance, when the case has come before the courts, when sworn evidence has been produced in the hearing of the accused, and when he has been allowed to set forth his whole case in the hearing of judge and jury who try it, that we are bound to take public action. But when all that has happened do you think that it is right or reasonable if a man convicted of picking his neighbour's pocket of his pocket-handkerchief must be at once ruled out once for all from making the laws of this nation, that a man who insidiously works his way into the confidence of his neighbour in order to corrupt his neighbour's wife should be allowed to go scot free? We have got to stiffen our moral frontier, we have got to strengthen our home all along the line. We have to take fresh safeguards to preserve the sanctity of the family, the purity of our men, I do not say of our women. If our men were half as pure as our women there would not be any trouble like this. But it is for the sake of the men themselves more than for the women that it is urgently necessary to

take some vigorous measures that will express the censure of the community upon sins of this description.

WHY NOT HAVE A CHRISTIAN COUNCIL?

I do not ask, I have never asked, that you should pass a resolution excluding all immoral men from Parliament. I have never proposed any resolution so impracticable as that. I only ask that when a man by his immorality has violated the sacred contract and has been guilty of such conduct as to compel the intervention of the law, and the Court declares that man is guilty, something should be done to mark the condemnation of the community more deeply than at present. What can be done? I think that is a matter for the Christian Church. Can we meet together? Is English Christendom so divided that we cannot confer on that subject before the General Election and decide what advice should be given to the constituencies, in order to strengthen our frontier, and to secure that gross breaches of the law of family life and great scandals—with which we are but too familiar—should be sternly marked and rigorously punished? What we want is to get the consensus of opinion of the best men of the whole community. We want to have a Christian Council summoned, and that right speedily, that would represent the Established Church, the Catholic Church, and all the other churches. No matter how it meets, it might exercise a great influence by giving the electors counsel on the eve of the General Election as to the moral principles which should guide them as to the choice of their representatives. I have sufficient faith in the Church of Christ to believe such an assembly would not go very far wrong, and I think from such a Council would emanate advice or a declaration that would be accepted by practically all the good people in this country as the best advice that they could get upon the subject, and the most likely to lead them to the end which they all desire.

THE CRUCIAL POINT.

I have not referred to any particular case in detail. The broad principle is independent of the guilt or innocence of any particular man or men. In the case present to our minds, the issue is plain and clear. At any moment, if the evidence exists and the man is innocent, he can rehabilitate himself. Over and over again he has declared that until he cleared his character by law he would never attempt to enter the House of Commons. When he showed signs of setting that pledge at naught the excuse was made by him that there was no means by which he could raise that issue and have it tried. That was utterly false, and to prove it to be false in the sight of all men, I have afforded him an opportunity which is perfectly clear and straight. At any moment, if he chooses to raise the question legally, he has only to begin a libel action against me. Whatever the result might be to myself, I would be only too glad if he could prove that he was innocent. But until he does prove that he is innocent, the Christian men and women of England have a right to demand that he shall at least keep his pledged word, and keep out of public life until he has vindicated his character, or at least confessed and repented of his crimes.

The Greatest Evil of our Time. An Address to Men. By J. Adams Rawlings. (London. Walter Wheeler). 6d.—This is a neatly-printed little tractlet, which deals with a question which urgently needs treatment, but which seldom receives it from one as well qualified as Dr. Rawlings. At one time a supporter of the Contagious Diseases Acts Dr. Rawlings has long since recognised their fundamental immorality, and therefore the intrinsic usefulness of all systems of regulation. His pamphlet is written from the point of view of one who believes the elevation of the male standard of morality the chief hope of better things. The little book is very brief, but it covers a wide field. It would be well if every young man had the opportunity of reading such a treatise as this.

COUNT TOLSTOY—HIS DISCIPLES AND TRADUCERS.

A RUSSIAN LITERARY CAUSERIE. BY DR. E. J. DILLON.

I.

SO much has been written and talked about the Russian Famine and Count Tolstoy* of late that English and American readers of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS would doubtless gladly turn for edification or entertainment to fresh



F. J. From Kladderadatsch, [March 27, 1892.]
CLIPPING HIS WINGS.

fields and pastures new, were it only for a temporary change. It is not in human nature to take kindly to monotony, and even heaven itself would prove a place of cruel torture if it consisted, as the pious old matron believed while she trembled, in our sitting uncomfortably upon damp clouds and eternally chanting hymns with the angels. On the other hand, facts are facts, and it is bootless to fight against them. And one central fact in the present case is this—that an account of current Russian literature free from allusions to those two well-worn topics would be no better than an edition of "Hamlet" with the part of the Prince of Denmark left out. For the shadow of the grim spectre, Famine, lies dark upon art, journalism, and literature, and Tolstoy's successful efforts to dispel this shadow in places seem to justify his friends in regarding him as a kind of Theseus appointed by heaven to deliver his country from this and still more terrible monsters, and fully account for their avidity to read about his doings. It is natural enough, therefore, that these two burning topics of the day should be in every one's month, preached about from the pulpit, openly discussed or covertly alluded to in the newspapers, and selected as appropriate themes for short sketches and voluminous novels by the popular storytellers of the day.

FAMINE LITERATURE.

"Help for the Hungry" is the title of at least half-a-dozen volumes of literary *vinaigrette*, containing articles, stories, poems, and other specimens of the musty, mouldy, unsold provisions of a legion of literary pedlars, which can bring no better help to the spiritually hungry than that of depriving them of their appetite and disgusting them with food. Good intentions and wretchedly bad workmanship are the characteristics of the majority of these productions. Count Tolstoy himself has contributed to one of these volumes, and whatever adventitious value time or place may impart to his apologue, "Emilian,"† which even in his own country neither elicited nor called for notice of comment, both its scope and its treatment alike dissuade us from dragging it forth from

* I must insist upon this name being correctly spelt. The Count himself always signs his name Tolstoy, not Tolstoi, but English printers seem determined to keep to their own orthography.

† "He p for the Hungry," Moscow, 1892.

the quiet obscurity of the Russian tongue into the fierce glare of English criticism.

WHERE IS COUNT TOLSTOY?

On the other hand, for his lengthy excursion into the domain of political economy, with the results of which English and American readers are mostly conversant, the Russian Apostle has had to bear the brunt of a violent attack levelled against him by the *Moscow Gazette*, faithful to the principles or the prejudices of the late M. Katkoff. So many sensational rumours misrepresenting the practical consequences to the Court of this unexpected onslaught, and dressed up as positive facts by "our own correspondents," have lately been circulating on the Continent and in England that Tolstoy's foreign admirers are in some cases literally trembling for his safety. Some seem to think that he is bound hand and foot and stretched on a Procrustean bed; others imagine that he is languishing in a loathsome prison like those described by Kennan and E. B. Lamm, and I have myself received letters from perfect strangers, asking to be informed whether he has really been hurried off to Siberia or imprisoned in a room in his own house, guarded by bloodthirsty Cossacks. The *Standard* published a telegram from their Moscow correspondent which provided what seemed a nucleus of fact for the apprehensions of the fearful. "Count Tolstoy," says this well-informed gentleman, "has not, however, been arrested, but only ordered off to his estate—a measure which will effectually prevent his freely communicating with his friends and supporters in Moscow, where he has lately been in the habit of appearing at intervals in the picturesque costume of the *moujik*." There is no truth in this assertion, and no bitterness in the regret that the Moscow correspondent of the *Standard*, before alarming the English and American admirers of Count Tolstoy, did not expend one shilling on an *izvoshtshik*, drive over to the Countess's house in the *dolgokhamovnitsheskoj pereulok*, and enquire what truth there was in the sensational statements to which he was about to give currency.‡

A RECENT VISIT TO THE COUNT.

I myself paid a short visit to the Count a few weeks ago in the hamlet of Beghitshevka, which, though geographically speaking very near Moscow, I discovered, to my cost, to be twenty-four hours distant by the most rapid communication available, viz., railways for all but twenty-five miles of the journey. I found the Count in excellent health, working all day and half the night with the enthusiasm and enterprise of a strong man of twenty-five. Every morning at about eight or nine o'clock his antechamber was filled with a crowd of men and women from the villages around, all waiting in respectful silence, some in an attitude of humble adoration, for the appearance of the Count, like the impotent folk of Jerusalem waiting for the descent of the angel and the moving of the water. The wants and woes of these good people are as various as their names and ages, and few of them have any notion where benevolence ends and omnipotence begins. Some want peace established in their homes, fuel for their huts, fodder for their cattle, vengeance on

‡ Shortly afterwards the *Daily Telegraph* categorically denied the statements of the Moscow correspondent of the *Standard*.

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their enemies, overcoats and fathers for their destitute children. There is always a goodly muster of these petitioners in spite of the Count's expressed determination to relieve their pressing wants only at the soup-kitchens which he visits every day, sometimes driving over to distant villages to open new ones. Instead of enjoying well-earned repose at the close of his day's labours, he burns considerable quantities of the midnight oil over his articles and essays, some of which will probably be thoroughly mellowed by time before finally seeing the light of day.

II.

THE CREED OF TOLSTOISM.

The following is the official declaration of their aims and objects drawn up and accepted by the great majority of the community. It is not the work of the Count himself, but emanates from one of his most zealous disciples, from whom I received it a few days ago. It needs no commentary or explanation, and is perhaps the most effective reply one could give to the scurrilous attacks noticed above:—

"The foundations of the creed which we profess are common to all men alike, because the human soul, by its very nature, is Christian. Our religious belief is moulded by our personal qualities. The creed of the friends who compose our circle may be briefly formulated as follows:—

LOVE THE BRETHREN!

"We hold it to be our duty to spend our lives in sowing around us the seeds of virtue and performing works of love, if needs be, to the extent of laying down our lives for our brethren. And our brethren are all men who stand in any relation whatever towards us, irrespective of their creed, nationality, sex, and age, and without regard to those other artificial distinctions and barriers which are created between them by public opinion, the constituted authorities and custom.

"By acts of virtue we understand every alleviation of human suffering, moral or physical, every assistance and relief tendered to those who are heavily laden, and the spreading of that light of reason which illumines the path of our life.

THE REPUDIATION OF RITES.

"We refuse to be fettered by any conventional formalities, ecclesiastical, governmental, or traditional, because all such external ceremonies, utterly meaningless in themselves, serve at best to obscure the light which renders life intelligible. Frequently, no doubt, it comes to pass that such rites and ceremonies soothe for a time the awakened conscience, affording it a certain satisfaction (although the acts in question are absolutely unprofitable), and appeasing, as it were, the gods made angry by the sins committed. But we, on the other hand, denying to our conscience all such satisfaction as these rites and ceremonies afford, condemn it to suffer the torture of remorse for its sins until it has become purified by repentance and born anew to virtue.

NON-RESISTANCE.

"We judge not, neither do we go to law, because to him who smites the right cheek we feel bound to turn the left, and for evil received to return good. If one of our brethren commits a crime, his conscience will torture him more ruthlessly and more justly than the sentence of a judge or the action of an executioner. We acknowledge no obligations to human governments, because the Tzar whom we obey is God himself, who lives within us and shapes our life so long as we love him and fulfil his

commands. Repudiating all obligations to governments, we voluntarily abandon our claims to honours, place, and other privileges. But while we refuse to acknowledge secular government, we are not animated by any dislike to the governors themselves, whom we love as our brothers, and are ready to serve at all times and all places to the best of our ability, sparing neither body nor soul, unless they insist upon our performing acts which are contrary to the will of God.

LABOUR.

"The abandonment of our social rights necessarily reduces us to the condition of artisans, unskilled labourers, and ploughmen. Thus we do not possess the soil which we cultivate, because possession is ultimately upheld by force, and force is contrary to the law of love—the command of God who lives in our heart. We work, therefore, wheresoever we are permitted to work, making use of the land and of implements of labour as long as we are not deprived of them. Driven from one place, we forthwith repair to another. Recognising that the one end and object of life is the service of God and man, we know that a man enslaved by vices cannot possibly attain to that end, seeing that he is as incapable of performing good deeds as an empoisoned spring is of yielding pure and wholesome water.

THE TOLSTOYAN TRINITY.

"It follows from this that self-improvement is absolutely indispensable for the attainment of the main object of human life. And we are profoundly convinced that if we become even a little better than we were before, the good which we can confer upon others and ourselves is increased very considerably in consequence. Furthermore, this bettering of one's self is conducive to bodily and spiritual purity; and so long as we truly yearn after this purity, we naturally shrink from temptation, trample upon pride and practise humility. To engage in the performance of works of charity while fulfilling these conditions is the most profitable way conceivable of spending our energy. Purity, humility, and love constitute the threefold basis of our lives—the three persons of our Trinity.

"We set great store by spiritual liberty and refuse to set any limits whatever to the research of truth. Therefore it is that the profession of faith which we make to-day may differ considerably from our creed of yesterday and diverge just as widely from our belief of to-morrow, for the spirit grows even as the body. But the path which we tread is one and the same, invariable and eternal, and was pointed out to us by Christ himself.

THE ONLY AND TRUE CHURCH.

"It is in the name of this spiritual liberty that we refuse to bind ourselves by an oath to submit to any ecclesiastical discipline, to recite any symbol of faith, or to sanction the rites and canons of any sect or persuasion whatever, the spirit of sectarianism being quite as foreign to us as that of the church by law established. For us the doctrine of a church, or a Council of Believers, is contained in the words of Christ, 'Where two or three are met together in My name, there am I in the midst.' Such is our faith, such our hope. If the world hate us, we know that it hated Him before us. If we were of the world, the world would have loved his own, but as we are not of the world, He chose us out of the world, and therefore the world hateth us. 'In the world ye shall have tribulation,' said Christ, 'but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.'"

III.

SATIRISTS AND TRADUCERS.

But the writings already published in the little volume of latter day pamphlets which has lately received the Censor's imprimatur, are numerous and suggestive enough to supply spiritual food for the thinking few and ample materials for cavilling critics and sensational novelists. "The New Life" is the title of a story by one of the latter, M. Yassinsky, who has the proud distinction of having killed his man* by choosing him as the hero of one of his novels, and disclosing to the gaze of an irreverent world the supposed vices and failings which lay hidden beneath the thick polished coating of science and tradition. "The New Life" was evidently written for the purpose of scourging with scorpions the religious followers of Count Tolstoy, a class less numerous in Russia than in the United States, few prophets being honoured in their own country.

STONY GROUND HEARERS.

Besides the genuine disciples of the Count, who honestly turn their backs upon the comforts of civilised life, and endeavour to put into practice the precepts of their master, there is a large category of persons in Russia who, dissatisfied with themselves and their surroundings, are eager to arch their sails to every new wind of religious doctrine, and having succumbed along for a short while in the new direction, grow sick at heart until they can trim their sails anew and strike out another course. Antichrist himself could count upon a fair number of converts among these shifting, shuffling, wind-bags, always provided that his reign did not exceed Napoleon's hundred days. Many of these quidnuncs, on pondering over the "Kreutzer Sonata," the eulogium of manual labour, or the doctrine of non-resistance to evil, rallied round the new flag with the joyful consciousness that they had been predestined to fight this noble battle from the beginning of all time, and ran away in disgust a few months later when the real tug of war began, uttering maledictions against their comrades-in-arms. Thus, one sobered enthusiast is now fulfilling his divine mission by lampooning the disciples of Tolstoy, another by holding the Count himself up to public scorn, a third by ridiculing the painter Gay, etc. Now, if Yassinsky had had only such trimmers and traitors as these in view when he wrote his tale, one might possibly approve the idea while utterly condemning the execution. But he has made no distinction between the tares and the wheat.

AN APOSTATE FIDDLER.

Alyzin is the name of his hero, an amateur violinist of the unpromising type, of which Trokhatshevsky of the "Kreutzer Sonata" was a fair specimen. He, too, on reading the inspired message, is conscious of being set apart from the rest of men and called to a higher spiritual life which is to consist, mainly in ploughing the land like a peasant, dressing himself clumsily in fustian, economising in the matter of soap, hair brushes, and pocket-handkerchiefs, and generally reducing existence to its simplest factors. He sets about realising these new ideals by smashing his violin, turning his back upon his friends, eschewing the comforts of civilisation and generally burning his ships to ashes. He next finds himself face to face with the vulgar irksome prose of Russian village life, and no sacred fire coming down to kindle the sacrifice, his enthusiasm cools down. He is soon himself again, however, and, determined to leave no

loophole for retreat, offers to bestow the hand he has consecrated to labour and the heart he has given to God upon a rustic maiden, who, fortunately for herself, has the good sense to spurn both. These disappointments bring on an attack of such melancholy and gloom as only the magic chords of a David's harp or Paganini's violin could effectually dispel, and when he at last recovers his usual tone he is disgusted to find that the "resurrection of his heart" is as far from being an accomplished fact as ever. By this time he has been long enough leading the new life to have acquired a keen relish for the old, and with a sneaking longing for the flesh pots of Egypt has recourse to the ministrations of a Russian Pope, Bessarion, who preaches to him, prays for him, and works the miracle of reconverting him to true doctrine, which he felt heaven owed to his strenuous endeavours in a good cause. He re-embraces the Orthodox faith, returns to his father's house, orders the fatted calf to be slaughtered and roasted and merrily takes up his fiddle and his bow.

A SANCTIMONIOUS TRAITOR.

Another story, "Round about Truth," far more realistic and piquant, appeared in the form of three letters to a friend, in the February issue of the *Russian Messenger*, over the signature of the euphonious name of I. L. Shtshegloff, a writer whose sudden adhesion to the uncompromising doctrines of Count Leo Tolstoy was much talked about in St. Petersburg two years ago. This gentleman was then in the habit of paying daily visits to the little community of Tolstoyites, at the head of which stood an amiable *ci-devant* aristocrat, whose sacrifices in the cause had aroused a painful feeling of interrogative surprise in the minds of worldly friends, but left no doubt whatever as to his sincerity and earnestness in the mind of friend or foe. This zealous apostle threw his hospitable doors wide open to M. Shtshegloff, who shuffled timidly in, cast furtive looks at the furniture and brethren, admired the simple life of the latter, promised to go and do likewise, merely asking permission before donning a peasant's blouse and trooper's top boots to wear out his tailor-made garments and his patent leather foot-coverings. Having won the confidence of the brethren and sisters, who were delighted to have a gifted writer in their midst, and having seen them at their very worst, seldom at their best, this realistic artist paints them for us now in their most prosaic moods, and, to reinforce the tameness of reality, frequently substituting imagination for memory. Still there are facts and scenes enough in the story to enable one to form an accurate mental representation of the outer hull of Tolstoyism—the shell which may contain a jewel or a pebble, and more than enough to convey a fairly accurate idea of the person and character of the writer. Anything more mean and contemptible than this dastardly denunciation of his too trusting friends, and this damnable attack on a lady's honour by a man who claims to be an apostle of the highest culture, it would be difficult to find in the annals of any literature. To many honest-minded people such an incongruous mixture of treachery, pruriency and sanctimoniousness as is exhibited in this extraordinary story, must seem utterly inconceivable. And yet were this an isolated or an exceptional case of its kind, even its abnormal flagitiousness would not merit or obtain for it a passing allusion. The circumstance that it is a frequent and typical phenomenon—the story was published in the most respectable and widely-circulated Conservative monthly (the *Russian Messenger*), which was edited down to the day of his death by the late Katkoff—renders it impossible for me to pass it over in silence.

* About a year ago this novelist "showed up" a Professor of the University of Kiev in one of his novels, and the Professor died of chagrin in consequence.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

NOTICE.—For the convenience of such of our readers as may live at a distance from any bookseller, any Book they may require, mentioned in the following List, will be forwarded post free to any part of the United Kingdom, from the Publishing Office of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, 125, Fleet Street, on receipt of Postal Order for the published price of the Book ordered.

BIOGRAPHY.

GOLDWIN SMITH. William Lloyd Garrison, the Moral Crusader. (Funk and Wagnalls.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 203. 4s. Forrait.
The day has not yet dawned when moral crusades and moral crusaders can be dispensed with, and so long as there is a possibility of a crisis in the history of any nation when a man is urgently needed to prick the national conscience on a moral question, so long will the heroic story of the life of William Lloyd Garrison, the fellow-labourer with Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Buxton, be an inspiration to others. The life of the American leader of the moral movement against slavery—"the earth-born cyclops"—has been told in detail by his children, in four expensive volumes; but Mr. Goldwin Smith has based a more condensed biographical essay upon that exhaustive work, and gives us here not only the main facts of the history but the opinions of an Anglo-Canadian who sympathized with the American friends and the Anti-Slavery Crusade.

MERRIDITH, OWEN. Marah. (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Parchment. Pp. 200. 6s. 6d.
The late Lord Lytton's poems have seldom been better than those in this volume, the proof-sheets of which he had corrected just before his death.

MICHAEL, DR. EMIL. Ignaz von Döllinger. (Fel. Rauch, Innsbruck.) Paper covers. Pp. 99. 3 Marks.
A critical biography in reply to two books on Dr. Döllinger by F. H. Neusch. Prof. Michael describes, from Dr. Döllinger's own writings, the Doctor's development during the last thirty years of his life.

PAGE, JESSE. C. H. Spurgeon. (S. W. Partridge.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 160. 1s. 6d.
A popular illustrated biography by an author whose previous essays in short biography have won well-merited praise.

SUTHERLAND, JAMES M. William Wordsworth: The Story of His Life. (Elliot Stock.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 242.
The second revised and enlarged edition of a modest and valuable biography. Mr. Sutherland is hardly as happy in his critical remarks as he is in marshalling the chief facts of the great poet's life.

ESSAYS, CRITICISMS, AND BELLES LETTRES.

LANG, ANDREW. Books and Bookmen and Old Letters. (Longmans.) Post 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d. each, net.

How delightful an essayist Mr. Lang in his best mood is can well be seen from these two volumes, which form the second and third of a new edition of his works. "Books and Bookmen" is a collection of bookish essays, "Old friends" are essays in epistolary parody. Did the persons in contemporary novels never meet? asks Mr. Lang. It is likely, although no novelist has characterised such meetings. Even Mr. Lang does not essay this, but he gives us the letters which one character wrote to another. Thus Olive Newcome writes to Arthur Pendennis, Mrs. Camp to Mrs. Friz, Monsieur Lecco to Inspector Bucket, and Count Fosco to Samuel Pickwick. Numerous other letters there are, some addressed by character to novelist, and all alike pleasing and marked with all Mr. Lang's happy grace of style.

LUCY, HENRY W. Faces and Places. (Henry and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 202. 3s. 6d.

A volume of essays on various subjects, illustrated with portraits of the author and of Col. Fred Burnaby, the subject of the first paper. The article, "To those About to Become Journalists," is, perhaps, the most interesting, and should be read by all aspirants for literary fame. Mr. H. W. Lucy knows as much as any man living of the difficulties of a journalistic career, so that he is specially adapted for the post of adviser. He points out that nothing can be done in journalism except by hard work, and that the beginner must depend on his own exertions and merits alone to obtain a position on a paper.

PERKINS, ELIZABETH ROBINS (Editor). Mary Wollstonecraft's Vindication of the Rights of Woman. (Walter Scott.) Crown 8vo. Pp. 282. 1s. 6d.

This, the first issue of the Scott Library, is a republication of a book famous in its day and memorable as one of the first outspoken utterances of a woman as to the position of women. "A philosopher's serpent" she was called by Horace Walpole, for the boldness of her ideas, and was branded as a social outcast for expressing opinions which to most women of to-day would seem conservative and commonplace. The Scott Library is to consist of a series of well-known works in English literature, and is bound in a plain serviceable cover.

REPLIKER, AGNES. Points of View. (Gay and Bird.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 239. 5s.

The most interesting volume of literary essays which has come to us from America since Mr. Howells wrote his "Criticism and Fiction." Miss Agnes Repplier is to us unknown, but she has a charming style, a pleasant pleasant way of writing which interests while it instructs. The most amusing essay is that on "Books that have Hindered Me," in which she runs all against "Sundford and Merton," Milton's "Areopagitica," "The Heir of Redclyffe," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" the most charming, that on "English Love Songs." "The Plea for Humor" (with the "u" left out) is timely in these sad times, and the other essays are exceedingly readable.

RUNCIMAN, JAMES. The Ethics of Drink. (Hodder and Stoughton.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 342. 3s. 6d.

This is a new edition of thirty-one essays, gathered from the books and magazines. The late Mr. Runciman was an exceedingly brilliant journalist, a man who thought deeply and felt seriously on the many of our social problems, and these essays will well repay perusal. The chapters on drink and on sport are the best, but all are well thought out and clearly argued. The death of Mr. Runciman at thirty-seven was a great loss to English journalism.

SAINTSBURY, GEORGE (Editor). Defoe's Minor Novels. (Percival and Co.) Demy 8mo. Cloth. Pp. 352. 3s. 6d.

The habit of extracting from an author's works is generally very questionable, but with Defoe it is almost necessary, so voluminous and so formless were his writings. The age is too prone to forget that Defoe's claim to being a man of letters and of genius did not rest on the authorship of "Robinson Crusoe" alone, and the five novels selected from in this volume are among the best of his work; were indeed called into being by the success of "Robinson Crusoe," for Defoe worked his literature as a business, wrote only what his public desired. None of these novels, either, are altogether beyond the stigma of coarseness, *autre temps autre mœurs*, so that the general reader owes much gratitude to Mr. Saintsbury. "Captain Singleton" details the adventures of a private, "Colonel Jack" of a thief, and "Roxana" and "Moll Flanders" of ladies of more than doubtful character.

STEPHEN, SIR JAMES FITZJAMES, Bart., K.C.S.I. Horæ Sabbaticæ. Two Volumes. Crown 8vo. Cloth. 5s. each.

Those who read these essays in the *Naturalist's Review* will welcome their reappearance in book form. For the ordinary manual and primer-reader they are not sufficiently popular. A considerable grounding in philosophy and other branches of learning is necessary to their full appreciation, nor is the style likely to attract the many. To painstaking students, however, they will prove of great value, as they present careful summaries and estimates of certain great books which everybody is supposed to have read, but which few ever open. Their contents are here weighed by a competent scholar with much judgment, learning, and elaboration, though brevity and concentration not seldom entail a certain regrettable obscurity. The papers which have cost most labour, and show most capacity will be the least popular. Such are those on Hooper, Taylor, Hobbes, Locke, and Mandeville. That on Voltaire does not contrast unfavourably with Mr. Morley's study, and is on the whole fair and judicious. Mandeville is put back into his proper place from which no future scholar should be able to advance him again. To those who regard Gibbon and Johnson as the intellectual and moral kings of the eighteenth century, Sir James' estimate of the Historian will seem to approach nearest to justice, nearest to appreciation of a life and a personality which is an unanswered challenge to our degenerate age. Whoever digests these two small but richly stored volumes will have acquired no mean insight into English literature.

FICTION.

BARRIE, J. M. The Little Minister. (Cassell.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 464. 7s. 6d.

This and Mr. Hall Cain's "Scapegoat" are the two out of the four novels of the year which may be read by all, man and woman, boy and girl; by which saying no reflection is implied. Some books are conventional because they are written for the young person, others (as "The Little Minister") because they could be nothing else, because such are their stories. So much has been said on Mr. Barrie's book that it were superfluous to say more and to mean the same.

"The Little Minister" it is enough to say, is just as whimsical, just as lovable as ever, and Babbie is well, one of the most charming girls in all fiction. Most novels it is perhaps best to borrow; this, now that it is in its one volume form, should be bought. By the way, some portions of Chapter xxxiii. should reconcile the scoffers at Maeterlinck.

BLACK, WILLIAM. A Princess of Thule. (Sampson Low and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 481. 2s. 6d.

"A Princess of Thule" is one of Mr. Black's happiest novels. Here it forms the third volume of his collected works—a series which, in binding, in paper, and in print, does the publishers great credit. For the holiday-maker there are few better stories.

BLACK, WILLIAM. In Silk Attire. (Sampson Low.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 318. 2s. 6d.

The fourth volume of the collected edition of Mr. Black's novels.



MR. J. M. BARRIE.

CAMBRIDGE, ADA. *Not All in Vain.* (Heinemann.) Three volumes. 3s. 6d.

This story is by no means an improvement upon either "A Marked Man" or "The Three Miss Kings," but it will no doubt pass in the crowd of Springfield as slightly above the average. It contains a terrible lot of falling in love. The hero is engaged once, and then in love with another before he finally becomes engaged to the heroine, who is also beloved of two brothers, one of whom is over seven feet, with the "four-footed beast" particularly rampant within him, and the other a doctor whom she suspects of nothing more than fraternal affection and who is the second hero. The beast in the seven-foot brother makes him persecute the heroine, and he is shot dead by her number one. On coming out of prison, after long confinement, the heroine being old, the first hero repents of his choice, and takes up with someone else—his fourth love—while the heroine marries the doctor, whom the reader has almost forgotten. The trail of unpleasant (even disgusting) realism is over the first part of the second volume, and a spice of comedy is supplied by a designing widow marrying for money and getting as much taken in as was Moll Flanders with her Irish husband at Chester.

DICKENSON, EVELYN. *The Vicar's Wife.* (Methuen.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s.

Although this study of English clerical life is somewhat amateurishly written, it contains several interesting delineations of character, and may be said to belong to the "Robert Elsmere" school of fiction. The authoress has allowed herself to be over-influenced by what she evidently believes to be the cardinal sins of the Established Church, and her moral would have been more effective had she not presented such an extreme case as that of her vicar and his wife.

DOYLE, A. CONAN. *The Doings of Raffles Haw.* (Cassell and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s. 25s. 6s.

Raffles Haw is a dern Monte Cristo who turns lead into gold, by means of electricity, at the rate of a hundred thousand pounds worth a day. He builds himself a wonderful house full of curious mechanical store-saving appliances; and looks about him for some way of spending his money for the good of others. He finds, however, that wherever his money goes it acts as a degenerating influence, and the girl to whom he is engaged, and whom he thinks loves him for his own sake, he finds has jilted her first lover for the sake of his gold. He has never shared his secret with anyone, and he now determines to destroy all his appliances and devote himself to silence alone. His sorrow and his horror on finding out the truth is, however, too keen, and he dies just as he has completed his work of destruction. It is not in Dr. Dyle to be dull, but we think that he might be writing something better than this story, which is too much *à la Jules Verne* to be worthy of his talents. It seems to us, by the way, that we have read the story years ago, but this must be impossible.

GARLAND, HAMLEN. *Main Travelled Roads.* (T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 3s. 6d.

Six American pastoralists, not of the eighteenth century Dresden-china type, but real idols of the painful, laborious life of farmer and claim-holder. The characters are alive; individuals and not types, though the writer's skill has made them catholic in their appeal to the reader. The sturdy spirit of the new Democracy runs through the book, bent with a pessimism which takes the reader to the verge of the great mystery of life but leaves him there with a feeling that there is no solution of the apparent "failure of the ninety nine and the success of the one." Onomatopoeia, by the way, is a good thing, but it is neither English nor English to speak of geese "honking," hens "disgruntled," or men "slumping through the mire."

GORDON, JULIEN. *Vampires and Mademoiselle Reseda.* (Ward, Lock, and Bowden.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s.

We confess to having no sympathy with the tone or object (if there is any) of these two tales. The first is by no means so sensational as its self-explanatory title would lead us to expect, and is, in fact, a weak and crude affair altogether. The second is a long way in advance; the characters are better grouped, the materials more artistically put together. But in neither, save for a few shrewd remarks, did we find a single attractive, much less ennobling, thought or phrase. The writer, like most American society novelists, enters into wearisome details of the luxurious life of American ladies, but she is not infrequently vulgar and sometimes indelicate.

GREY, ROWLAND. *The Story of Chris.* (Methuen.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d.

Were it not that the title-page gives at least the names of four other books by Rowland Grey, we should say that "The Story of Chris" was a first work. It has that lack of experience, not so much of writing but of marshalling the knowledge of life, which generally marks the first works of lady novelists (for lady we can swear is Rowland Grey); it seems to be wanting in the preparation and practised method which comes with many volumes. Miss Grey has an exceedingly polished and clear style; she tells her story simply and pleasantly, without any intrusion of (if we can except Alphonse, the French cook) useless characters and incidents; and although "The Story of Chris" is not a startlingly new or original, yet it holds the reader's attention by its freshness and its Spring-like sincerity. The story of the heroine's work on the country newspaper is entertaining, but we doubt the existence of an office managed as was that of the *Bridgforth Star*.

HOWELLS, WILLIAM D. *Mersey.* (David Douglas, Edinburgh.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s. 4s. 4s.

To Mr. Howells the literature of our modern England is the merest verbiage, but if he is tasteless there is no reason, except his own perversity, why the same adjective should apply to the English novel reader, who will, if he be wise, at once make acquaintance with Mr. Howells past and latest work, throwing aside all prejudice. "Mersey" is an admirable story, admirable in plot, in execution, and in dialogue,

but it suffers from the over-elaboration of details of character which mars so much of its author's work. Its hero is a defaulter who so "juggles" (in Mr. Howells' own phrase) with his own mind as to deceive himself as to the real criminality of his crime. The story might, as its last paragraph suggests, be called "Fate" with equal applicability, for it is fate which follows John Norwick from the first discovery of his crime until the moment of his death, when, in self-pity and exceeding home-sickness, he is returning to the States to give himself up to justice. The other characters are less gloomy but equally interesting. They are all types, as Maxwell would say. By the way, Mr. Howells should enlighten his readers as to the conclusion of that young man's love affair.

JAMES, HENRY. *The Lesson of the Master.* (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 312. 6s.

Half-a-dozen stories by Mr. Henry James deserve and will attract a large audience. The hero of the first, "The Lesson of the Master," is a young novelist of promise, who falls in love, but is told by his master, a novelist of performance, that he must choose between art and matrimony—both cannot exist together. He obeys, and leaves the country, only to find on returning that his mentor and adviser has himself married the girl whom he had loved, and at whom he had gone away from in order to forget. Of the other stories "Brooksmith" is delightful and pathetic, and "Sir Edmund Orme" is a real ghost story, albeit, but ingeniously conceived.

JOKAI, MAURUS. *Pretty Michal.* (Chapman and Hall.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 248. 6s.

A novel inferior in every respect to "Dr. Danany's Wife," by the same author, recently published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. in their International Series. The action of "Pretty Michal" takes place in Poland more than a couple of hundred years ago; the plot is very complicated, and the characterisation of the crudest. Mr. R. Nisbet Bain's "free translation" does not read smoothly.

LOTI, PIERRE. *The Book of Pitv and of Death.* Translated by T. P. O'Connor, M.P. (Cassell and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 259. 6s.

In this curious book, which the author declares to be more his real self than anything he has yet written, a number of short studies of human and animal life closely copied from nature have been given. "A Story of Two Cats" is wholly delightful, and deserves to take rank with the best literature of the kind. Of a very different complexion is the chapter entitled "Fishermen's Widows." Here also Pierre Loti is at his best, and a reminiscence of "Pêcheur d'Islande" which will probably remain as his happiest work, floats through its pages. French sentiment and feeling is very differently expressed in France and England. Most English-speaking folk will be shocked by "Aunt Claire Leaves Us." It seems strange that such a true artist as Pierre Loti should make "copy" out of such a subject as his old aunt's deathbed.

LUCAS, REGINALD. *Dunwell Parva.* (Warne and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 3s. 6d.

A rather odd story—evidently the writer's first—written with a purpose. The hero is a V count, an incipient socialist and a free-thinker, who in the last few pages is brought to see the error of his ways.

MUDDOCK, J. E. *Stormlight.* (Ward, Lock and Bowden.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 457. 3s. 6d.

"The Nihilist's Doom," the sub title of this story, sufficiently indicates its character. It has all the merits and demerits of the sensation novel, and gains interest from a number of illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne.

PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE. *Maid Marian.* (J. M. Dent and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 172. 2s. 6d. net.

"Ivanhoe" was published in 1819 and "Maid Marian" in 1822, but although they deal with the same period and the same characters, the charge of plagiarism cannot be brought against Peacock, who wrote in 1818 to his friend, Shelley: "I could not work for scheming my romance, which, in fact, was all but completed before the close of the year. The story is idyllic rather than robust like Sir Walter Scott's; it is prettily told, and contains more incident than the majority of Peacock's modern satires. He wrote it with the intention of making it 'the vehicle of much oblique satire on all the oppressions that are done under the sun,' but apparently (as Dr. Garnett points out) this purpose was forgotten as the romance progressed. Some of the lyrics do not compare unfavourably with those in Lord Tennyson's new volume.

SIMS, GEORGE R. *Memoirs of a Mother-in-Law.* (George Newnes.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d.

That Mr. Sims should waste his splendid gifts in writing third-rate humour for *Tit Bits* is perhaps nobody's business but his own. He always writes well; but he might so easily write better. The book now before us is amusing, and will pass away an hour pleasantly enough.

TERRELL, THOMAS. *The City of the Just.* (Trischler and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d.

"The City of the Just" is undoubtedly a novel with a purpose. This time Mr. Terrell has had it in his mind to expose the tactics and *modus vivendi* of certain financial folks who flourish in the City of the Just. The story should be read by all those who are tempted to venture either in person or by correspondence in a "Bucket Shop." The numerous illustrations are unusually good.

WEST, B. B. *Half-hours with the Millionaires.* (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 281. 4s.

A volume of the humor known as American, which, being short, can be read with some amusement. An editor is supposed to have asked the narrator to write a series of articles on millionaires, their habits, and the means they employ for spending their money. The papers in this volume is the result.

VERGA, GIOVANNI. *The House by the Medlar-Tree*. (J. R. Osgood, Melville and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 300. 3s. 6d.

A difficult book to an English reader used to the connected, smoothly-written stories of our own novelists. Verga is a Sicilian, and is thought by many the great-est of contemporary Italian novelists, but we doubt whether "The House by the Medlar-Tree" will gain many admirers in its English translation. In a four-page introduction Mr. W. D. Howells says of the story: "It is one of the most perfect pieces of literature that I know."

VICTOR, HORACE. *Mirlam*. (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Pp. 330. 6s. Breaking entirely new ground, this story will be read with pleasure by many readers who are tiring of the regulation scenes and subjects.

HISTORY.

ABBOTT, EVELYN. *A History of Greece*. Volume II. (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Abbott has now carried his history of Greece (including Greek Sicily and Greek Italy) down to about 445 B.C. He deals fully with the Persian wars (whose great events are here illustrated by convenient maps), and with the rise of the Athenian Empire, and the other circumstances which prepared the way for the Peloponnesian war. He gives a good account of those quota-lists or tribute-lists, the text of which has been consuetudinal since Grote wrote, and which have thrown so much light on the internal history of the empire of Athens.

BESANT, WALTER. *Fifty Years Ago*. (Chatto and Windus.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 240. 5s.

A short book, though bulky from the excellence of its paper and the number—twelve dozen—of its illustrations. In his preface to the original edition, which appeared in the Jubilee year, Mr. Besant says: "It has been my desire in the following pages to present a picture of society in this country as it was when the Queen ascended the throne. This desire is fully and well carried out. Everyone knows the easy flowing style of the author of 'The Golden Buttery,' and this book is one of its happiest examples; it is informative without being dull, and amusing without being useless. The illustrations add immensely to the reader's appreciation of the text."

JESSOP, AUGUSTUS, D.D. *The Coming of the Friars*. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 344. 6s.

This, the fifth edition, exemplifies a new and pleasing departure in book-binding. The essays which it contains originally appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, and are of great interest from the point of view of the historical student. Dr. Jessop is now so well-known as an erudite though pleasant writer on his original subjects that it were useless to praise or criticise this book so long after its first publication. But for those who do not know it we would say that besides the essay on *The Coming of the Friars*, it contains essays on *Village Life in Norfolk Six Hundred Years Ago*, *Daily Life in a Mediaeval Monastery*, the *Black Death in East Anglia*, the *Building up of a University*, and on *Lodowick Muggleton, the Prophet of Walnut Tree Yard*, and the founder of the Muggletonian sect.

MACHAFFY, PROFESSOR J. P. *Problems in Greek History*. (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 7s. 6d.

This is a survey of the present state of knowledge and of theory with regard to Greek history. Readers of Mr. Machaffy's other books will know that his interest in the subject begins with the earliest possible date, and is carried down to a period later than the researches of many scholars. On his way from one point to the other, he has something to tell us about Homer and about Grote, about the myths and about Dr. Schlegelmann, about Alexander and about Droysen; and what he says is always fresh and worth listening to.

MORLEY, PROFESSOR HENRY. *English Writers*. Vol. VIII. (Casell.) Crown 8vo. Buckram. Pp. 416.

Prof. Morley's work, commenced in 1887, has now reached its eighth volume. In the preface to the whole work he states his intention of producing two volumes per year, but the magnitude of his task has proved greater than was anticipated, and he now hopes to complete his labours by 1897. The sub-title of the volume before us is "From Surrey to Spenser," and covers the years 1540-80. The interest of the work with the general reading public will probably date from this instalment. Knowledge of literature before 1588 is almost confined to scholars, and it is only with the accession of Elizabeth that general interest commences. In some "Last Leaves," describing his future plans, Prof. Morley foresaw that the forthcoming two volumes will deal with Spenser and Shakespeare, and that the succeeding will each deal in a similar way with the lifetime of a generation.

SHORE, LIEUT. THE HON. HENRY N., R.N. *Smuggling Days and Smuggling Ways: The Story of a Lost Art*. (Casell.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 288. 7s. 6d.

In apology for bringing yet another book into the already overcrowded book-market, Lieut. Shore points out that this volume supplies a want. There has been much smuggling fiction, mostly inaccurate, but a dearth of facts upon a branch of industry which the author says "if it contributed little to the Exchequer, added largely to the greatest happiness of the greatest number in days gone by." The present volume contains some chapters from the unwritten history of Cornwall and other counties, together with an account of the rise and development of the coastguard, and is a remarkably interesting contribution to a hitherto very little touched subject.

WESTERN, R. W. *Graphic Chronology*. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Paper covers. 2s.

The aim of this modest little volume is very praiseworthy. Say, for example, that one wishes to see who were the contemporaries of Defoe. One turns to the page devoted to the quarter of a century commencing with 1700, and immediately a mental picture of the

period is conjured up before the reader, who simply sees on the page before him the names of the men whose names are well known, grouped under the headings to which they belong, i.e. rulers, poets, statesmen, engineers, painters, etc. As far as we can see the scheme is well carried out.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GREVILLE, LADY. *The Gentlewoman's Book of Sports*. Vol. I. (Henry and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s.

The third volume of the Victoria Library for gentlewomen is composed of a number of articles on the subject of feminine forms of sport. Among those dealt with in competent and efficient fashion may be mentioned, "Trout Fishing," by Lady Colin Campbell; "Boating and Sculling," by Miss A. D. Mackenzie; "Swimming," by Mrs. Saunders; "Lawn Tennis," by Mrs. Hilyard; and "Golf," by Miss A. M. Stewart.

JOHNSON, EFFIE. *In the Fire and other Fancies*. (Elkin Mathews.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 148.

A charming collection of fairy stories, boasting a frontispiece by Mr. Walter Crane, and limited in number to an edition of five hundred copies.

Photographic Views of Grindelwald.—Mr. T. C. Turner, of London and Hull, has published a most artistic series of photographic views taken in and about Grindelwald. They were taken in mid-winter, when the *Revue de la Charité* party went to that delightful Swiss valley to "review the churches" and recruit their own health. These views are produced by the "platinotype" process, and possess, in consequence, the double merit of permanency and delicate artistic effect. The series includes about twenty different views, and they are well mounted on bevelled boards. The excellence of the series will make them very much appreciated by all who visit Grindelwald, whether in midwinter or midsummer.

MUSIC, POETRY, AND THE DRAMA.

ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN. *Potiphar's Wife*. (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 136. 5s. net.

This is Sir Edwin Arnold at his best. His "Light of Asia" was a success, for in it he broke fresh ground, but the "Light of the World" was comparatively a failure: it was too ambitious for his muse. The poems in the present volume are short and slight, on subjects which Sir Edwin has made his own. "Potiphar's Wife" is the most ambitious, but not the most successful. Personally we prefer "The Pair of Egyptian Slippers," charming verses which first appeared in the defence *University Review*, and which should bring success to any volume of poems. The Japanese poems take up the major part of the volume, and are very pretty, more especially the "Grateful Foxes, a Japanese Story, in the Japanese Manner." One poem in the volume, "The Egyptian Princess," is reminiscent in its nature of Macaulay. Two stirring battle pieces, "The Topsail of the Victory," and "The Frigate Endymion," are but tolerable; and on the whole, the volume is excellent, and will rank among the best of Sir Edwin Arnold's works.



ON THE BRAIN—SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.
(From *Pick-M-Up*.)

BUCHANAN, ROBERT. *The Buchanan Ballads*. (John Haddon and Co.) 8vo. Boards. Pp. 112. 1s.

"I do not sing for maidens," says Mr. Robert Buchanan, and it is perhaps as well, seeing the quality of the major portion of the forcible poems in this volume. It is "Hallelujah Jane," with its stirring metre, its rough truth bitterly expressed, with no holding back of details, however offensive to the prudent, which will attract the most attention. "The Ballad of the Magdalen" is powerful, as also is "Annie," which deals with a somewhat similar theme. In "Phil Blood's Leap" Mr. Buchanan has caught with wonderful skill the exact tone of Breckinridge's Californian ballads. The volume is not one to be disregarded: it is serious and powerful.

MYRE-TODD, GEORGE (Editor). *Medieval Scottish Poetry*. (Glasgow: Wm. Hodge and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth.

Mr. Myre-Todd's second volume of the Abbotsford Series increases the interest revived of late in early Scottish poetry. Selections are given from representative Scottish poets, like Henryson, Dunbar, and Gavin Douglas, and the interest of this second volume is perhaps greater than that of the first by reason of the fact that in most cases complete poems rather than selections are quoted. Besides the poems there are carefully-prepared essays, some writers being treated with minute biographical detail.

HANNAY, JAMES (Editor). *The Poetical Works of Charles Churchill*. (George Bell and Sons.) Two volumes. Folscap 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d. each.

There is no cheaper edition of the poet than the "Aldine," of which these are volumes. Churchill was born in Westminster in 1731, and is half-forgotten now; but Mr. Hannay's biographical and critical introduction

tion will remind readers of the main features in his career. He was one of our greatest satirists, and it is as satire that his poems will live. They are, of course, often scurrilous, as were the works of most of his contemporaries. Mr. W. Tooke's notes are useful.

KAYE, WALTER J. M.A. *The Leading Poets of Scotland.* (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 314. If it be to unacquaint with the lives and writings of our poets in these latter days consider almost a culpable fault, Scotsmen will have reason to thank Mr. Kaye for this volume of selections from representative poets of their poetic country. In making his selection, the editor has endeavoured to bring together "not words which breathe the 'softer' passion, nor yet those which carry us into the din of war, but rather to cull, as far as possible, the fresh stirring verses suited to youth or more advanced years, encouraging to manly thought and action, inspiring for the battle of life." No less than eighty-seven poets are represented, and signed biographical notices by various writers are prefixed to each section. The book contains many gems, some well-known, others less familiar.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL. *A Fable for Critics.* (Gay and Bird.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 101. 5s.

Lowell himself regarded this volume as a *jeu d'esprit* of no particular value. It was first published anonymously, and the name of the writer was not divulged until several persons laid claim to its authorship. It is, in fact, as the author says, neither good verse nor bad prose, but a number of rhymed critical sketches of American literary celebrities who were to the fore in 1848, among whom are Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thomas Carlyle (the only Englishman in the group), William Cullen Bryant, Whittier, Richard Henry Dana, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Fenimore Cooper, Poe, Longfellow, Washington Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Lowell himself. To a student of American literature this volume is amusing, but it has little present-day value.

MCCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLEY. *The White Carnation and other Pieces.* (Printed for private circulation.) Paper Covers. Pp. 178. Twelve one-act plays, which show considerable merit and knowledge of the stage. Mr. Huntley McCarthy, the politician, may not show much promise, but Mr. Huntley McCarthy, the author of "The Candidate," is one of the most promising of our younger dramatists.

MATTHEW, JAMES E. *Manual of Musical History.* (Grevel and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 464. 10s. 6d.

A new edition of a previous work by the same author, entitled, "A Popular History of Music." The entire work has been recast, and the information brought down to the present time. Thus the "Manual" covers the whole period of the rise and progress of modern music, while a bibliography of works easily obtained has been added to each chapter for the convenience of those who may wish to pursue their investigations. Portraits, facsimiles of rare and curious works, and illustrations of musical instruments enhance the interest of the letterpress, while a very copious index to composers and their works makes the information contained in the book readily accessible.

PINERO, ARTHUR W. *The Hobby Horse.* (Wm. Heinemann.) Small square. Cloth. Pp. 168. 2s. 6d.

The fourth volume of Mr. Pinero's dramatic works.

The Book of the Rhymers' Club. (Elkin Mathews.) Small square. Buckram. Pp. 88. 5s. net.

Among the twelve contributors to this volume are Mr. Lionel Johnson, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Mr. Ernest Rathbone, Mr. Ernest Rhys, Mr. T. W. Rolleston, Mr. Arthur Symonds, Dr. John Tothunter, and Mr. W. B. Yeats. It seems to us full of promise, and contains some strikingly beautiful lines in the fifty-seven pieces of which it is composed. Section in so short a space is invidious; Mr. Lionel Johnson seems, however, to be the best of the dozen. We cannot like Mr. Le Gallienne's "Beauty Accurs."

TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD. *The Foresters: Robin Hood and Maid Marian.* (Macmillan and Co.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 156. 6s. This volume has been received by the critics with something very like disappointment, and we must confess to sharing their chief objections. The whole glorious story of Robin Hood and Maid Marian is here so attenuated, so lacking in live interest that we fear that "The Forester" will add but little to the Laureate's reputation. The lyrics, however, save the volume. Some are exceedingly charming, as, for instance, "Love flew in at the Window," and "To Sleep! To Sleep! the long bright day is done." In his treatment of the story Lord Tennyson keeps very closely to Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Love Peacock, but the play is so short that very little room is left for characterisations and lengthened descriptions.

The Golden Treasury Series. (Macmillan.) 18mo. Cloth. 2s. 6d. each, net.

Two new volumes in this beautifully printed and wisely selected series have recently appeared. One is "The Ballad Book," edited by William Allingham, and the other "The Sunday Book of Poetry," by Mrs. C. F. Alexander. In the former we have some of the choicest British ballads in existence, the best and the most authentic attainable form; and in the latter the well-known author of "Hymns for Little Children" gives us a wise and discriminating choice of poetry by ancient and modern writers for the use of young people, the popularity of which is attested by the fact that eight previous editions have been issued. It deserves to run into many more editions, and will assuredly do so.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

Burdett's Official Intelligence of British, American, and Foreign Securities for 1892. (S.ottiswood, 54, Gracechurch Street.) Half leather. 42s.

This volume, which is the eleventh annual issue, is a précis of the information contained in the Records Branch of the Share and Loan Department of the Stock Exchange, of which Mr. H. C. Burdett is

secretary. For reference purposes it will be invaluable to City men and all interested in British and Foreign Securities.

Dod's Parliamentary Companion, 1892. (Whittaker and Co.) 32mo. 1s.

This Parliamentary handbook has attained something like a hoary old age; this is the sixtieth year of its publication. It contains a list of the members of the House of Lords, with brief biographical details; a section giving the House of Commons locally arranged and another personally arranged, for the sake of easy reference; and a useful explanation of Parliamentary terms and proceedings. It is curious that so recently as since the date when this handbook went to press two members of Parliament should have been expelled. Yet such is the case. One other member has been expelled during the present Parliament. His expulsion, however, is noted in the appendix.

FRY, HERBERT. *Royal Guide to the London Charities, 1890-1.* (Chatto and Windus.) Royal 8vo. Limp cloth. 1s. 6d.

This is the only comprehensive guide to the numerous London charities, and the present is the twentieth annual issue. The various charities are so arranged as to show in alphabetical order their names, date of foundation, address, objects, annual income, and chief office also.

Newspaper Press Directory, 1892. (C. Mitchell and Co.) 4to. Cloth. 2s.

Contains full particulars of every newspaper, magazine, review, and periodical published in the United Kingdom and the British Isles, and also information concerning the chief Continental, American, Indian, and Colonial papers.

The Post Office London Directory, 1892. (Kelly and Co., Ltd.) Royal 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 2,827.

There are many other reference books, all very good in their way, but the man who has a Post Office Directory can almost feel that he has between its bulky covers all the information he is likely to want. The volume is large, truly, but it seems to us wonderful that such a mass of material can be compressed into it. Every year it increases in size, for every year London grows bigger and more crowded, and it is kept so wonderfully up to date that every change, every alteration of address, is noted. It is wonderful indeed to find an error in the huge tome.

RELIGIOUS.

FARRAR, F. W., D.D. *The Witness of History to Christ.* (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 207. 3s. 6d.

The first edition of these masterly discourses was published in 1871. The present is the eighth edition issued since that date, and it is not likely to be the last. The sermons were originally preached before the University of Cambridge, being the Hulsean lectures for the year 1870, and were worthy of both the preacher and of the occasion. They deal with "The Atonement Credibility of the Miraculous," "The Adequacy of the Gospel Records," "The Victories of Christianity," "Christianity and the Individual," and "Christianity and the Race." The literary style is fascinating, the argument is convincing, and the several appendices are exceedingly valuable to the student. The classical quotations given in the innumerable footnotes are so valuable that one is tempted to wish—in view of the fact that the lectures are now securing such a popular circulation—that they could be printed with the English translations in parallel columns.

MAURICE, FREDERICK DENISON. *Sermons Preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel.* Volumes IV., V., and VI. (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 3s. 6d. each.

The last three volumes of a uniform edition.

MOLLOY, J. FITZGERALD. *The Faiths of the Peoples.* (Ward and Downey.) Two vols. 8vo. Cloth. 21s.

An entertaining and readable work in which Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, after describing the various religions followed in the world, takes his readers to a typical service of each. Any one studying the world's religion seriously would hardly go to these volumes for information, but the general reader, who likes to be entertained and instructed at the same time, will find much to interest him.

H. R. REYNOLDS, D.D. *Light and Peace.* (Preachers of the Age Series.) Sampson Low and Co. With photographic portrait. 3s. 6d. Dr. Reynolds, the Principal of the Congregationalists' College at Chesham, modestly disclaims any right to appear amongst the "Preachers of the Age"; but these sermons, addressed to the students under his care, may well be included in the Series under review. There is a continuity in the discourses, the prominent idea being the recognition of the genuine relation that prevails between religious ideas and holy living. Dr. Reynolds' object is to show that "the intelligent apprehension of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ illumines the darkest places of our thought, our duty, and our destiny."

SCIENCE.

BURDETT, H. C. *Hospitals and Asylums of the World.* (J. and A. Churchill, New Burlington Street, W.) Four Volumes and Portfolio. Royal 8vo.

This is a monumental work by one of the most industrious men in London. Mr. H. C. Burdett is probably the only man who could have compiled so colossal a record of the medical philanthropy of the world. It has taken him more than twelve years to compile this great descriptive directory of the hospitals and asylums of the planet, and no one who looks over the first two volumes, especially over the second, with its copious plans and illustrations, will be surprised in knowing that its compilation and publication has cost not less than £5,000. The first volume is entirely devoted to asylums, the second to asylum construction, with plans and bibliography. It contains an account of the origin, history, construction, administration, management, and legislation of the world's hospitals and asylums, with plans of the chief

medical institutions accurately drawn to a uniform scale in addition, to those of all the hospitals of London in the Jubilee year. The work of which two volumes are now issued, when completed will form a complete Encyclopædia of one of the most difficult subjects that confront the philanthropist and the legislator.

DILKE, SIR CHARLES W. and SPENCER WILKINSON. *Imperial Defence.* (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 234. 3s. 6d.

GOODFELLOW, JOHN. *The Dietetic Value of Bread.* (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 325. 6s.

An illustrated volume of Macmillan's Manuals for Students composed of articles contributed to the *Baker's Record*. Its object is to lay before the public an account of the various kinds of bread by which their merits may be judged; and secondly, to afford technical instruction to students and others on the true value of bread as a food.

GLIDDON, A. J. L. *Stepping Stones to Electro-Homœopathy.* (Central Medical Dept., 18, Rail Mart East, S.W.) Cloth.

This is the second edition considerably enlarged of a work which Mr. Gliddon first published last year. Mr. Gliddon is now the official representative of Count Mattei in this country, and those who have this book will have the latest and most authentic exposition of Matteism to be had in the English language. Mr. Gliddon is a bold man, and does not shrink from challenging to a test the system which he represents. In his preface he says:—"Those, therefore, who doubt the statements made by Matteists with reference to the Count's mysterious drugs had better test them for themselves and see whether the following things do not occur:—(1) A compress of green electricity will relieve articular pains, the pains of external cancers and pains from any kind of ulcer. (2) 10 to 20 globules of acrofolo will sober an intoxicated person, provided he is not an habitual drunkard. (3) 1 to 3 globules of the same remedy, together with the application of red electricity to the pit of the stomach, will cure an attack of nervous digestion. (4) Compresses of blue electricity applied to a bleeding wound, will stop hæmorrhage, relieve pain, and promote cicatrization. (5) A few drops of blue electricity poured into the palm of the hand and applied lightly over the heart will relieve palpitation."

GRIERSON, G. A. *Lessons from Fields and Lanes: A Field Companion for the Botanical Student.* (York: Bleasdale.) Paper covers. 1s.

A good companion for a country walk. In a pleasant, non-formal way this little book reveals a great deal of botany. It gives intelligible explanations of phenomena rather than classification.

PEARSON, KARL, M.A. *The Grammar of Science.* (Walter Scott.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 3s. 6d.

This is a valuable criticism of certain fundamental concepts of modern science. It is written in lucid, though occasionally diffuse, style, and is free from a tendency which the author has shown elsewhere to care more for a smart and tart way of saying a thing than for the thing itself. For the general reader the earlier chapters are of most importance. Very admirably does the author insist on the necessity of the scientific method in mental training in view of the social problems which the growth of democracy has brought to the front. For only by disciplining the mind to the habit of exact and impartial analysis of facts can sound citizenship be promoted. The addition of a concise summary of each chapter, and of references to the literature of the matters treated, are useful features of a book which is, on the whole, not light reading.

WARD, H. MARSHALL, F.R.S. *The Oak: a Popular Introduction to Forest Botany.* (Kegan Paul and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d.

The projectors of the series, of which this is the third volume, have acted wisely in avoiding general introduction to the several branches of science and following the examples suggested by such books as Huxley's "Crayfish," St. Mivart's "Cat," and Miall's "Cockroach," in taking one organism as the type of a given species, or genus, as the case may be. No better subject, and no higher authority upon it than this volume supplies, could be found. It gives a clear and complete account of the complex history of the work as a member of a large and ancient group of dicotyledonous flowering plants, embracing, among others, beeches, chestnuts and hazel-nuts, explaining its normal structure, life-processes, diseases, and uses; also! for the picturesque, these last no longer including the conversion of the "heart of oak" into the ships that "rule the waves."

TRAVEL, GEOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

TUFNELL, WYNDHAM F. *The Modern Odyssey.* (Cassell.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 454. 10s. 6d.

To call a book "The Modern Odyssey," and then to give as an alternative title "Ulysses Up to Date," is very unnecessary and a mistake, but this is the only fault that we have to find with a book which is head and shoulders over the majority of travel volumes. Mr. Tufnell seems to have gone nearly everywhere and to have seen nearly everything, and what is more, he has the gift of recording what he sees in a pleasant manner. The thirty-one illustrations in colotype are an agreeable novelty.

SOME FRENCH BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

D'AUMALE, DUC. *Histoire des Princes de Condé.* (Calmann-Lévy, Paris.) 8vo. Price 7fr. 50c.

Sixth volume of the Duc d'Aumale's History of the Condés, comprising the 16th and 17th centuries. A fine portrait of the Grand Condé after Teniers, and two maps.

ROBIOU, FELIX. *La Question des Mythes.* (Emile Bouillon, Paris.) 8vo. Price 2fr. 50c.

An interesting and learned history of medieval myths and superstitions.

DE LANO, PIERRE. *La Cour de Napoleon III.* (Victor Havard, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3fr. 50c.

A reprint of a number of articles which lately appeared in the *Figaro*, giving an account of the Court during the Third Empire.

FICTION, POETRY, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

CLARETIE, JULES. *L'Américaine.* (Librairie E. Dentu, Paris.) 8vo. Price, 3fr. 50c.

New novel dealing with the American Colony in Paris, by the author of "Prince Zilah."

YOSHIDA, G. *Belles du Matin.* (Victor Havard, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3fr. 50c.

Curious study of Japanese life written in Eastern style.

POTAPENKO. *Le Roman d'un homme raisonnable.* (Calmann-Lévy, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3fr. 50c.

Russian novel adapted and translated into French by Marina Polonska.

DU BOISGOBEY FORTUNE. *Acquittée.* (Pion, Nourrit et Cie., Paris.) 8vo. Price 3fr. 50c.

New story by the Wilkie Collins of France.

CARO, E. MADAME. *Fruits Amers.* (Calmann-Lévy, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3fr. 50c.

THE BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

I.—ARMY AND NAVY.

NATAL MANŒUVRES. Report.

An Account, unsigned, but authoritatively issued, of the partial mobilisation of the Fleet and the manœuvres of 1891. (Pp. 16. Price 3d.)

NAVY ESTIMATES, 1892-1892.

NAVY. Report as to Reserves.

Report of the Committee, presided over by Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.D., on questions connected with the Royal Naval Reserve, together with appendices. Recommendations are made concerning the recruiting, training, and employment of the force. (Pp. 88. Price 9d.)

II.—COLONIAL POSSESSIONS.

STRAITS SETTLEMENTS. Report.

Further papers relating to the Malay States. Contains reports concerning the position in 1890 of Perak, Selangor, Sungei, Ujong, Jelebu, Negri, Gemblon, and Pahang; together with Lord Knutsford's remarks thereupon. (Pp. 106. Price 10d.)

III.—DOMESTIC.

EDUCATION. Instructions on Code.

Revised instructions issued to H.M. Inspectors and applicable to the Code of 1892, in respect of (a) the examination and inspection of schools generally; (b) the examination in needlework of scholars and pupil teachers; (c) the registration of scholars; (d) half-time scholars; (e) examination in singing; (f) thrift; and (g) the training of pupil teachers. (Pp. 40. Price 3d.)

HEALTH OF THE NATION. Report.

Supplement to the twentieth annual report of the Local Government Board. Containing the report of the Medical Officer for 1890. Reports upon, and discusses (1) the administrative relations of the medical department—vaccination, &c., and (2) auxiliary scientific investigations. Appendices of Statistics. (Pp. xxii, 296. Price 4s.)

MINES. Statistics for 1891.

Summaries of the statistical portions of the Reports of H.M. Inspectors of Mines under the provisions of the various Acts; also a list of Inspectors and Inspection Boards, and particulars of Examination Boards and Examinations. (Pp. 28. Price 6d.)

REVENUES. Estimates for 1892-93.

Estimates for Revenue Departments for the year ending 31st March 1893. The particulars are given under five heads: Customs, Inland Revenue, Post Office, Post Office Packet Services, Post Office Telegraphs. Pp. 142. (Price 1s. 2d.)

REDEMPTION OF TITHE. Report.

Report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the Redemption of Tithes Rent Charge in England and Wales. The Commission enquired into the extent to which the redemption of tithe rent charge has hitherto prevailed, the terms of such redemption, and the present law and practice on the subject. They recommend *inter alia* that the present twenty-five years purchase of commutation value for the redemption of tithe rent charge should be abolished, and that the parties should be encouraged to make their own bargains. (Pp. 14. Price 1½d.)

IV.—FOREIGN.

EGYPT. Report.

Report on the administration, finances, and condition of Egypt, and the progress of reforms. Consists of two communications from Sir E. Baring to the Marquis of Salisbury, dated respectively February 9 and February 21, 1892. (Pp. 38. Price 4½d.)

SUBJECTS OF GENERAL INTEREST. Report.

Three reports have been issued in the "Foreign Office 1892 Miscellaneous Series." They are:—

No. 224. THE NETHERLANDS.—Report on the effects of the law of 1889 for the protection of women and children engaged in factory and other work. (Pp. 39. Price 2d.)

No. 225. EGYPT.—Report on the Aloe Fibre industry of Somali Land. (Pp. 4. Price 3d.)

No. 226. ROMANIA.—Report on Roumanian trade, agriculture, and Danube navigation from 1881 to 1890. (Pp. 12. Price 1d.)

THE CONTENTS OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Albion. (Swan Sonnenschein, Paternoster Square.) April. 6d.

The Lesson of the London County Council Election.

The New Jacobitism. Marquis De Buvigny and Rameval.

Welsh Disestablishment. D. Lloyd George.

The Poor and Provision for Old Age. A. J. Wiltaker.

To Kustendil with Prince Ferdinand. J. D. Bouchier.

The Revision of Criminal Sentences. M. Craikanthorpe.

All the World. (Salvation Army, Clerkenwell Road.) April. 6d.

Staff-Captain Brougham. With Portrait. Susie F. Swift.

Andover Review. (Warwick House, Salisbury Square.) March. 3s. cents.

The Christ and the Creation. Rev. J. C. Adams.

The Dublin Lecture for the year 1891: On the Catholic Church. Prof. Emerson.

Views of Dr. A. Buer on Drunkenness. Dr. A. McDonald.

Reflections of a Prisoner.

Pessimism's Practical Suggestions to the Ministry. G. H. Baird.

Missions within and without Christendom. Rev. C. S. Starbuck.

Eudemonistic Ethics—A Reply to Rev. W. F. Cooley. Rev. C. B. Brewster.

The American Board and "Supplementary Questions."

Annals of the American Academy. (5, King Street, Westminster.) March. 1 dollar 25 cents.

Ethical Training in the Public Schools. C. De Garmo.

Theory of Value. P. von Wieser.

Basis of Interest. D. M. Lowrey.

Party Government. H. C. Richardson.

Antiquary. (62, Paternoster Row.) April. 1s.

Prehistoric Rome. (Concluded.) Canon Taylor.

Researches in Crete. III. (Illus.) Dr. F. Haverfield.

Arena. (5, Agar Street, Strand.) March. 50 cents.

Psychical Research. Some Interesting Cases. Rev. M. J. Savage.

Full Orbed Education. Prof. J. R. Buchanan.

The Threefold Contentment of Industry. With Portrait. Gen. J. B. Weaver.

Revelation Through Nature. H. Wood.

The Alliance Wedge in Congress. With Portraits. Hamlin Garland.

Buddhism and Christianity. C. Schroder.

The Telegraph and Telephone Property. Parts of the Post Office System. With Portrait. W. Clark.

Madame Blavatsky in India: A Reply to Moncure D. Conway. W. Q. Judge.

Uninvited Poverty. B. O. Flower.

Argosy. (8, New Burlington Street.) April. 6d.

The Diamond Necklace and Marie Antoinette.

Atalanta. (18, New Bridge Street.) April. 6d.

Miss Clough. With Portrait.

Atlantic Monthly. (Warwick House, Salisbury Square.) April. 1s.

An American at Home in Europe. I. W. H. Bishop.

Admiral Farragut. E. K. Hawarn.

American Sex Songs. A. W. Williams.

The Limit in Battle Ships. J. M. Elliott.

Federal Taxation of Lotteries. T. M. Cooley.

Literature and the Ministry. L. W. Spring.

Bankers' Magazine. (65, London Wall.) April. 1s. 6d.

The Bank Acts. R. H. I. Palgrave.

Blackwood's Magazine. (37, Paternoster Row.) April. 1s. 6d.

On Our Army. Gen. Sir A. Alison.

Personal Names. Sir H. Maxwell.

Sketches from Eastern Travel. Montrose and Dr. Gardiner.

The Child and the Savage: A Study of Primitive Man.

The Late Colonel J. A. Grant.

History of Small Holdings.

Board of Trade Journal. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, East Harding Street.) March. 6d.

Labourers' Accident Insurance in Austria.

The French Glove Industry.

The British Section of the Chicago Exhibition.

The Production and Consumption of Gas in the Principle European Cities.

Bookman. (27, Paternoster Row.) April. 6d.

The Carlyles and a Segment of Their Circle. VII.

"Q." With Portrait. Prof. Minto.

A Talk with Mr. Quiller-Couch. ("Q.")

Isle Frapan.

Young Oxford in Journalism.

Californian Illustrated Magazine. (430, Strand.) March. 25 cents.

The Lunar Crater Copernicus. (Illus.) E. S. Holden.

Bavaria and the Tyrol. (Illus.) E. W. Porter.

Alaskan Exploration in 1891. (With Map and Illus.) J. Bonner.

The Problem of Cheap Transportation. I. W. L. Merry.

The Navy in California. (Illus.) R. S. Bolland.

The Recent Disturbances in China. (Illus.) F. G. Masters.

Cassell's Family Magazine. (Ludgate Hill.) April. 7d.

Colonists in Embryo. (Illus.) C. Withers.

Concerning the Standards. (Illus.)

Formed for Conquest. New Serial. A. E. Wickham.

Cassell's Saturday Journal. (Ludgate Hill.) April. 6d.

Night in a Fire Station. (Illus.) R. Dowling.

Late and Early at St. Martin's-le Grand. R. Dowling.

Mr. E. T. Cook, Editor of the *Tail Mail Gazette*. With Portrait.

Mr. C. P. Scott, Editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. With Portrait.

Catholic World. (28, Orchard Street.) March. 3s. cents.

Cardinal Manning. H. C. Kent.

"The Women of Calvary." Annie B. Storrs.

Columbus's Ancestry and Education. Rev. L. A. Dutton.

Dreams and Hallucinations. W. Seton.

The Irish Tories and Irish Local Government. G. McDermot.

Memorial Sketch of Cardinal Manning. (Concluded.) Orby Shipley.

The South Before, During, and After the War. Gen. E. P. Scammon.

Century Magazine. (28, Paternoster Row.) April. 1s. 4d.

Our Common Roads. (Illus.) J. B. Potter.

The Nature and Elements of Poetry. II. E. C. Steadman.

The Mother and Birthplace of Washington. With Portrait and other Illustrations.

The Wyoming in the Straits of Shimonoki. (Illus.) W. E. Griffin.

The Total Solar Eclipses of 1889. (Illus.) E. S. Holden.

The Feast of the Marys: Play in Prose. (Illus.) J. Pennell.

Fishing for Pearls in Australia. (Illus.) H. P. Whitmarsh.

Wolcott Balestier. Edmund Gosse.

The Ocean Postal Service. T. L. James.

Chambers's Journal. (47, Paternoster Row.) April. 7d.

Our Coast Life Saving Services.

Student Life at the Inns of Court.

Old Malos. Mrs. Lynn Linton.

Magic Fingers. By One Who is Blind.

Charities Review. (52, Lafayette Place, New York.) March. 20 cents.

The Growth and Character of Organized Charity. Prof. J. G. Schurman.

What a Charity Organisation Society Can Do and What it Cannot. C. J. Bonaparte.

The Coffee-House as a Counteraction of the Liquor Saloon. R. Graham.

A Brief Review of the Darkest England Social Scheme. Mrs. C. R. Lowell.

John S. Kennedy. With Portrait. Rev. A. F. Schaeffer.

Chautauquan. (57, Ludgate Hill.) April. 2 dollars a year.

The Siege of Yorktown. With Portraits and Illus. E. C. Haynes.

Our Educational System. W. T. Harris.

The Negro in America. H. Watson.

Lady Henry Somerset. With Portrait and Illus. Frances E. Willard.

How the Blind are Taught. (Illus.) J. P. Ritter.

Church Missionary Intelligencer. (Salisbury Square.) April. 8d.

The Proposed Railway to the Victoria Lake.

Clergyman's Magazine. (27, Paternoster Row.) April. 6d.

New Testament Prophetic Teaching. VIII. Rev. A. Brown.

Contemporary Review. (15, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.) April. 2s. 6d.

Emperor William.

Forms of Home Rule. R. T. Reid.

The Evacuation of Egypt. H. Norman.

Nonconformity in Political Life. Rev. J. Guinness Rogers.

Christianity in the East. Rev. S. A. Barnett.

The London Progressives. J. Stuart.

The Real Siberia. F. Volkhovsky.

The New Star in Auriga. Agnes M. Clerke.

The Endowment of Old Age. Rev. J. F. Wilkinson.

Spoken Greek, Ancient and Modern. Prof. Jannaris.

Conversations and Correspondence with Thomas Carlyle. (Concluded.) Sir C. Gavan Duffy.

Cornhill Magazine. (15, Waterloo Place.) April. 6d.

Lehmann, Frederick, and His Friends—Some Letters and Recollections.

A Wreath of Laurels—Stories of Famous Regiments.

Early Railway Travelling.

The Balaclavas.

Cosmopolitan. (International News Co., Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane.) April. 25 cents.

Genos. The Home of Columbus. (Illus.) M. Halstead.

A Romance of Old Shoes. (Illus.) Elsie A. De Wolfe.

Torpedoes in Coast Defence. (Illus.) A. M. D'Armit.

Homes of the Renaissance. (Illus.) W. Wood.

The Crew of a Transatlantic Liner. (Illus.) W. H. Rideing.

Count Tolstol. Madame Davidoff.

The Theatre of To-Day. Cora Maynard.

Marriage of American Women to German Noblemen. Elizabeth von Wedel.

Economic Journal. (29, Bedford Street, Strand.) March. 5s.

The Relativity of Economic Doctrine. Rev. Prof. W. Cunningham.

Notes on "Principles of Economics," by Alfred Marshall. L. L. Price.

Geometrical Methods of Treating Exchange—Value, Monopoly and Rent. H. Cunyngbame.
The Origin of the Law of Diminishing Returns, 1813-15. E. Cannan.
Trusts in the United States. Prof. J. Jenks.
The Origin of the Eight Hours' System at the Antipodes. H. H. Champion.
Influence of Opinion on Markets. A. Ellis.
Educational Review. (2, Creed Lane.) April. 6d.
Miss Clough. With Portrait. Elizabeth Hughes.
Technical Instruction; Drawing for the Press in Mr. Henry Blackburn's Studio. (Illus.)
Educational Review. (American.) (Kegan Paul, Charing Cross Road.) 35 cents.
John Amos Comenius. The Editors and others.
The Catholic Controversy about Education. J. A. Mooney.
The Museum in Educational Work. F. Starr.
English Illustrated. (29, Bedford Street, Strand.) April. 6d.
Lord Roberts of Kandahar. With Portrait. Archibald Forbes.
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Coca. (Illus.) Joseph Hutton.
Swindon Works. (Illus.) A. H. Malan.
Dorothy Jordan. (Illus.) A. F. Mo'loy.
Homeless at Night. (Illus.) L. Noble.
A Deplorable Affair. New Serial. (Illus.) W. E. Norris.
Expositor. (37, Paternoster Row.) April. 1s.
Dr. Driver's Introduction to the Old Testament Literature. III. Rev. Prof. T. K. Cheyne.
The Historical Geography of the Holy Land. III. Rev. G. A. Smith.
Expository Times. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) April. 6d.
Studies in "Paradise Lost." I. Mary A. Woods.
Folk-lore. (270, Strand.) Qrlv. March.
Folk-lore Society—President's Address. G. L. Gomme.
The La' of Kildue and the Marchen of Little Snow-White. A. Nutt.
Magic Songs of the Finns. IV. Hon. J. Abercromby.
Guardian Spirits of Wells and Lochs. Rev. W. Gregor.
Manx Folk-lore and Superstitions. II. Prof. J. Rhys.
Folk-lore Tales of Central Africa. Rev. D. Elmalié.
Fortnightly Review. April. 2s. 6d.
Old-Age Pensions. J. Fletcher Moulton.
How long can the Earth Sustain Life? Sir Robert Ball.
The Coming Crisis in Morocco. Rev. H. R. Havelis.
Richard Brome. A. C. Swinburne.
Japanese Customs. F. T. Piggett.
Woman's Place in Modern Life. Madame Adam.
Machiavelli's "Mandragola." James Mew.
The Whistler Exhibition. Walter Sickert.
Death and Pity. Guida.
The Bombay Railway. George S. Mackenzie.
The Gladstone Hartington Controversy. Frederick Greenwood.
Forum. (37, Bedford Street, Strand.) March. 50c rts.
Political Corruption in Maryland. C. J. Bonaparte.
The Education of the Future. C. King.
Would Free Coinage Bring European Silver Here? E. O. Leach.
Free Coinage and an Elastic Currency. R. P. Bland.
A Case of Good City Government. Dresden. Prof. F. G. Peabody.
Industrial Progress of the South. Gen. E. P. Alexander.
The Study of English. Prof. J. Earle.

The Intercontinental Railroad Problem. C. de Kalb.
The Work of the British Society of Authors. Walter Besant.
The Case of the American Author. C. B. Todd.
An Industrial Revolution by Good Roads. Col. A. A. Pope.
What the American Sunday Should Be. Prof. D. Swing.
Methods of Restricting Immigration. W. E. Chandler.
Frank Leslie's Monthly. (110, Fifth Avenue, New York.) April. 25 cents.
The Brooklyn Navy Yard. (Illus.) T. S. Jarvis.
Some Representative American Dramatists. With Portraits. A. Hornblow.
Some North German Towns. (Illus.) Phoebe Natt.
Chili and Modern Naval Warfare. With Portraits and Illus.
Old English Porcelains. (Illus.) T. L. Winthrop.
Gallery of Celebrities. (12, Gough Square, Fleet Street.) March 15. 6d.
Biographies and Portraits of President Carnot, Mr. W. T. Stead, and others.
Gentleman's Magazine. (214, Piccadilly.) April. 1s.
Isak Kul and the Kara Kirghese. Henry Landell.
Early English Fare. Charles Cooper.
Paul Bourget. Garnet Smith.
Jagannath. C. W. Leadbeater.
"New" and Variable Stars. J. Gore.
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Girl's Own Paper. (56, Paternoster Row.) April. 6d.
Notes on the Songs of Tennyson with Reference to their Musical Setting. W. Porteous.
How the Japanese Arrange Flowers for Decoration. Hel'n Zimmern.
Prison Fledglings. Anne Beale.
A Battle With Destiny. John Saunders.
Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine. (132, Nassau Street, New York.) March.
The United States Weather Maps. (Illus.)
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About Amsterdam. (Illus.) W. O. Tristram.
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The Early Days of French Newspapers. Rev. W. Burnet.
Greater Britain. (128, Palmerston Buildings, Old Broad Street.) March 15. 6d.
"Britannic Confederation."
The Australian Press. I.
Harper's Magazine. (45, Albemarle Street.) April. 1s.
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The Mystery of Columbus. E. Lawrence.
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The Last Days of Percy Bysshe Shelley. (Illus.) Guido Bagl.
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Towards the Civic Church. (Illus.)
Progress of the Lantern Mission.

Homiletic Review. (44, Fleet Street.) March. 1s.
Healing of Divisions. Rev. A. C. Cox.
Astronomy as a Religious Helper. Dr. E. F. Burr.
An Historical Study of Hell. I. Dr. W. W. McLane.
Ethics and Politics. Prof. R. E. Thompson.
Shop-Girls. Prof. J. H. Hyalop.
Idler. (214, Piccadilly.) April. 6d.
Interviews with Bret Harte. With Portrait. Luke Sharp and G. B. Burgin.
Hères. (Illus.) Robert Barr.
Indian Magazine. (14, Parliament Street.) April. 6d.
The Real Warren Hasine. S. N. Fox.
Irish Monthly. (54, O'Connell Street, Dublin.) April. 6d.
Parliamentary Life to One of the Rank and File. A. Webb.
Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute. (Northumberland Avenue.) March. 4s.
British Columbia: A Problem of Colonial Development. Canon Beauland.
King's Own. (48, Paternoster Row.) April. 6d.
Stray Notes from Florence. (Illus.) Rev. D. P. McPherson.
Knowledge. (326, High Holborn.) April. 6d.
British Mosques. Lord Justice Fry.
Elephantiasis, Recent and Extinct. R. Lydecker.
Theories of Glacier Motion. Rev. H. N. Hutchinson.
The Great Sunspot and its Influence. E. W. Maunder.
The Connection between Sunspots and Magnetic Storms. A. C. Ranyard.
Ladies' Home Journal. (53, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus.) April. 10 cts.
Mr. Becher as I Knew Him. IV. With Portrait. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.
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Leisure Hour. (56, Paternoster Row.) April. 6d.
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The Standard. With Portrait and Illus. H. W. Massingham.
Rustic Wit and Wisdom. (Prize Paper.) Leader Scot (Mrs. Baxter).
The Miscellaneous Horse World of London. (Illus.) W. J. Gordon.
The Great Earthquake in Japan. With Map and Illus. Mrs. E. Hart.
Solar Spots and their Significance. (Illus.) W. T. Lynn.
Lippincott. (Warwick House, Salisbury Square.) April. 1s.
Nihilism and the Russian Famine. With Portraits. Countess N. R. de K. W.
The Literary Editor. Melville Phillips.
Walking. Julian Hawthorne.
Four-in-Hand Driving. (Illus.) C. D. English.
Literary Opinion. (18, Bury Street, Bloomsbury.) April. 6d.
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The Desecration. Chas. Whitley.
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Longmans' Magazine. (39, Paternoster Row.) April. 6d.
A Paris Correspondent of 1753—Grimm.
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Macmillan's Magazine. (29, Bedford Street, Strand.) April. 1s.
Village Life. Rev. T. L. Papiilon.
Horace.
Hamlet in Court.
A Piece for the Sparrow.
The Stranger in the House.
Magazine of Christian Literature. (35, Bond Street, New York.) March. 25 cents.
Rescue Mission Work. A. F. Schaeffer.
Missionary Review. '44, Fleet Street.) March. 1s.
The Story of the Salvation Army. F. P. Noble.
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A Glance at Burma. Prof. D. C. Gilmore.
Monthly Packet. (31, Bedford Street, Strand.)
Astronomy Without a Telescope. J. E. Gare.
From the Old Testament to the New. Rev. P. Lilly.
An Old Woman's Outlook. Charlotte M. Yonge.
Cameos from English History: What Came of Jenkins's Bars. Charlotte M. Yonge.
National Review. (13, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.) April. 2s. 6d.
The Queen in Politics. Frank H. Hill.
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The Plough and the Platform. T. E. Kebbel.
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"Marah": Lord Lytton's Posthumous Poems.
Glimpses at a Game Book. George Manners.
A Socratic Dialogue. W. L. Courtney.
Mr. Trollope's "Hamlet." H. D. Traill.
Should Shakespeare be Acted? Walter Herries Pollock.
In Defence of Phantasms. Frank Podmore.
The "Progressive" Victory. C. A. Whitmore. M.P.
Nautical Magazine. (28, Little Queen Street.) March. 1s.
British Life-Saving Services. R. Beynon.
Petroleum in Bulk to the East, via the Suez Canal. G. H. Little.
Newbery House Magazine. (Charing Cross Road.) April. 1s.
The Church and the Labour Movement. W. H. Wilkins.
Mr. Gladstone and the Colonial Episcopate. Rev. M. Fuller.
Archbishop Newman.
Gray's Inn. (Illus.) H. Hardy.
Church Folk-lore. III. Rev. J. E. Vaux.
A Working Brotherhood. Edith Sellers.
Leaves from the History of the Guilds of the City of London. II. C. Welch.
New England Magazine. (86, Federal Street, Boston.) March. 25 cents.
Recollections of Louisa May Alcott. With Portraits and Illus. Maria S. Porter.
America in Early English Literature. J. B. Choate.
Stories of Salem Witchcraft. (Illus.) W. S. Nevins.
Sixty Years Ago. Lucy E. A. Keble.
Bryant's New England Home. With Portrait and Illus. Henrietta S. Nahmer.
Harvard Clubs and Club Life. (Illus.) W. D. Oroult.
Milwaukee. (Illus.) Capt. C. King.
New Review. (39, Paternoster Row.) April. 1s.
The German Crisis and the Emperor. Dr. Baumburger.
"Grania: The Story of an Island." A Review. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Letters of Carlyle to Varnhagen von Ense. On Coast Protection. Prof. Tyndall.
"Le Style c'est l'homme." W. H. Mallock.
Three Wars. Personal Recollections. Emile Zola.
How Intemperance has been Successfully Combated. II. Duchess of Rutland.
The Labour Platform: Old Style; a Reply. George Howell.
The Temporal Power of the Pope. W. S. Lilly.
Nineteenth Century. (St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane.) April. 2s. 6d.
How to Federate the Empire. Sir C. Tupper.
Prospects of Marriage for Women. Miss Clara E. Collett.
Chicago and its Exhibition. Sir H. T. Wood.
Lord Lytton's Rank in Literature. W. S. Blunt.
Vegetable Diet. Lady Paget.
The Story of Gifford and Keats, Prof. Mason.
The Attack on the Credit of Australasia. R. M. Johnston.
Camp Life and Picnicking in Morocco. Lucy Grey Egerton.
Impressions of the Canadian North-West. Michael Davitt.
Colour Blindness: Its Pathology and Possible Practical Remedy. E. Wright.
Austrian Stud Farms. F. Wrench.
Let London Live. John Burns.
North American Review. (5, Agar Street, Strand.) March. 50 cents.
Issues of the Presidential Campaign. A Symposium.
Do We Live too Fast? Dr. C. Eison.
The Anti-Slavery Conference. A. Le Ghaict.
The Degeneration of Tammany. D. B. Eaton.
The World's Columbian Exposition. G. R. Davis.
Appropriations for the Nation. T. B. R-ed.
Economy and the Democracy. W. S. H-lman.
An International Monetary Conference. W. M. Springer.
The Highlands of Jamaica. Lady Blake.
Shall We have Free Ships? J. Codman.
Our Commercial Relations with China. W. E. Curtis.
The Olympian Religion. II. W. E. Gladstone.
Consumption at Health Resorts. Dr. W. F. Chappell.
Henry Clay on Nationalising the Telegraph. F. G. Carpenter.
Value and Wages in Mexico. M. Romero.
Flying Machines. J. St. Botolph.
Novel Review. (23, Paternoster Row) April. 6d.
Pierre Loti. With Portrait. Madame Felionneau.
Scandinavian Fiction of To-day. G. Steffen.
Our Day. (28, Beacon Street, Boston) March. 25 cents.
Signs of the Times in German Theological Faculties. Rev. G. R. W. Scott.
Mr. Spurgeon's Character and Career. Joseph Cook.
Outing. (170, Strand.) April. 6d.
From the German Ocean to the Black Sea. (Illus.) T. Stevens.
The Status of the American Turf. II. F. Trevelyan.
Pole Vaulting. (Illus.) M. W. Ford.
The Connecticut National Guard. (Concluded.) (Illus.) Lieut. W. H. C. Bowen.
Phrenological Magazine. (Ludgate Circus.) April. 6d.
Animal Instinct. B. Hollander.
Post-Lore. (27, King William Street.) March 15. 1s. 3d.
Ruskin on "Gold": A Treasure Trove. W. G. Kingsland.
Magic and Prodigy in the East. M. Jastrow.
A Sketch of the Prometheus Myth in Poetry. H. A. Clarke.
Our So-called Copyright Law. Charlotte Porter.
Quiver. (Cassell and Co., Ludgate Hill.) April. 6d.
Some Interesting Swedish Institutions. With Portraits and Illustrations. Countess of Meath.
Housing the Houseless. (Illus.) F. M. Holmes.
Some Curious Chairs in Our Ancient Churches. (Illus.) Sarah Wilson.
Review of the Churches. (13, Fleet Street.) March 15. 6d.
Dr. Donald Fraser With Portrait. Dr. Oswald Dykes.
The Inspiration of the Old Testament, and the Higher Criticism. With Portraits. Rev. Principal Cave, Rev. Prof. W. T. Davison, and Mr. H. F. Horton.
The Education of the Blind. (Illus.) Archdeacon Farrar.
Interview with General Booth about the Work in India. With Portrait and Illus. H. S. Lunn.
Scots Magazine. (Houston and Sons, Paternoster Row.) April. 6d.
The Social Progress of the Highlands since 1880. A. P. Dunbata.
Scribner's Magazine. (St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane.) April. 1s.
The Social Awakening in London. With Portraits and Illus. R. A. Woods.
The New Parks of the City of New York. (Illus.) E. S. Nadel.
"Golden Mashonaland." (Illus.) F. Manoy.
The Trial of President Johnson. E. G. Ross.
Search Light. (Parson's Weekly Office, Temple Chambers.) April. 3d.
Journalists of To-day. With Portraits.
Sunday at Home. (53, Paternoster Row.) April. 6d.
Wand-rings in the Holy Land. XII. (Illus.) Adelia Gates.
Hippolytus of Rome and the New Testament. Rev. G. J. Stokes.
The Jain Temple at Gwalior. (Illus.) Rev. G. Merck.
The Holy Coast of Treves. A Schofield.
Mr. Spurgeon. (Illus.) G. H. Pike.
Religious Life and Thought in Holland. III. (Illus.)
Sunday Magazine. (15, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.) April. 6d.
Modern Preaching and Mr. Spurgeon. With Portraits and Illustrations. Archdeacon Farrar.
Memories of Ephesus. (Illus.) Mary Harrison.
How the Bible has Come to Us. II Canon Talbot.
In and About the Channel Islands. (Illus.) L. Barbé.
Thinker. (21, Berners Street.) April. 1s.
Christianity and Greek Philosophy. Rev. T. B. Kilpatrick.
Crisis Cheyniana. Rev. G. H. Gwilliam.
Reply to Mr. Gwilliam. Rev. Prof. T. K. Cheyne.
Friendly Replies to Critics. Rev. Prof. T. K. Cheyne.
Welsh Review. (Paternoster House, Charing Cross Road.) April. 6d.
Welsh Home Rule. A. Thomas.
The Parliamentary Franchise in Cape Colony. J. G. Swift McNeil.
Welsh Nationalism. W. L. Williams.
Political Notes. With Portraits. Duchess of Kentucky.
An Irishman's View of Welsh Disestablishment. Sir T. H. Gratian Edmond.
Westminster Review. (18, Warwick Square.) April. 2s. 6d.
Mr. Chamberlain's Pension Scheme. T. Scanlon.
The Lady and the Law. Matilda M. Blake.
G. de Molinari on Church and State. Walter Lloyd.
A Study of Mr. F. Marion Crawford. Janet N. Robinson.
The True Aim of Education. W. J. Greenstreet.
Sacrificing the First Born: England and Newfoundland. E. R. Spearman.
An Unknown Country—the United States. A. A. Hayes.

POETRY, MUSIC, AND ART.

MUSIC.

- Boston Musical Herald.** (154, Tremont Street, Boston.) March. 10 cts.
The History of Fingering and Technique. L. C. Elson.
The Spirit of Antique Music. H. E. Krehbiel.
Facs Concerning a Vocal Education. W. Davenport.
- Boy's Own Paper.** April.
The Guitars and How to Play It. (Illus.) F. M. Harrison.
- Church Musician** (11, Burleigh Street, Strand.) March 16. 2s.
Reminiscences of Clergy and Choirmen. (Continued.) Dr. Havelock.
A Table of Some Modulations to Any Given Note of the Scale. G. E. Lyle.
Rev. Fred. George Mather, the Founder of Parochial Choir Festivals.
Music: Six Quadruple Chants, by Harry Dancey and others.
- English Illustrated.** April.
Some Singers of the Day. With Portraits. J. Bennett.
- Girl's Own Paper.** April.
Song. "Under the Greenwood Tree." William Shakespeare and Myles B. Foster.
- Idler.** April.
In the Music Halls. With Portraits and other Illustrations. J. Hutton.
- Leader.** (226, Washington Street, Boston) 10 cts. March.
History of the Music Trade. III. F. Lincolnt.
Talks on Tune. I. J. P. White.
Music:—"The Orphan's Prayer." Piano Solo. J. B. Claus.
"My Vision." Song. J. L. Gilbert.
"Distant Bells." Polka. E. Christie.
- Lyra Ecclesiastica.** (40, Dawson Street, Dublin.) March. 6d.
Music:—"Veni, Spem Christi." Motet. Dr. Joseph Smith.
The Rhythm of Gregorian Chant. L. Janssens.
- Minstrel.** (115, Fleet Street.) April. 3d.
William George Cousins. With Portrait. Piano Playing.
- Musical Age.** (88, Chancery Lane.) March 15. 2d.
Wagnerian Biography.
The Palmyre of Purton New England. With Portrait. J. C. Hadden.
Music—"The Rain Concert." Part Song. D. C. Browne.
- Musical Herald.** (8, Warwick Lane.) April. 2d.
D. Evelyn Evans. With Portrait.
Church Music in New England.
Dr. Bridge on the Orchestra.
- Musical Times.** (1, Berners St.) April. 4d.
The Manual of Degrees and Diplomas.
Music:—"Speak to Me with Thine Eyes, Love." Four part Song. J. W. Elliott.
- New England Magazine.** March.
Negro Camp Melodist. H. C. Wood.
- Overture.** (267, Regent Street.) April. 3d.
Scholarships.
Speeches in Music.
A H story of the R.A.M.
- People's Friend.** April.
Mozart. J. Cuthbert Hadden.
- Scribner's Magazine.** April.
Paul Theriault and Concerts. III. With Portraits and other Illustrations. W. F. Apthorp.
- Song and Speech.** (Exeter Hall, Strand.) April. 2d.
Voice Culture. (Continued.)
- Victorian Magazine.** April.
The Flute. (Illus.) W. Lewis Barrett.

POETRY.

- Arena.** March.
Battle Hymn of Labour. Nelly B. Simmons.
A Prayer of the Heart. Julia A. Wolcott.
- Argosy.** April.
Two Lives. G. Catterell.
Spring Song. Emma Rhodes.
- Art Journal.** April.
The Hunting of Rothiemuir. (Illus.) Graham R. Tomson.
- Californian Illustrated Magazine.** March.
The Channel of Santa Barbara. Juliette E. Mathis.
Redeeming Light. Rose H. Thorpe.
- Catholic World.** March.
Sir Edwin Arnold. T. A. M.
Hic Jacet. P. J. Coleman.
Revelations of Divine Love. Rev. A. Young.
- Century Magazine.** April.
The King. Louise M. Still.
At Break of Day. Florence E. Coates.
In Memoriam, Wolcott Balestier. J. R. Campbell.
Kosmin. C. Scotland.
- Cornhill Magazine.** April.
A Flower of Smokeland.
- Cosmopolitan.** April.
The Rustic Dance. (Illus.) I. Batchelor.
Jumb. Katharine L. Bates.
A False Prophet. George Macdonald.
- English Illustrated.** April.
To a New Sonnet. Violet Fane.
- Esquiline.** March.
The Spectacular Epigrams of Martial. J. P. Steele.
- Frank Leslie's Monthly.** April.
In Absence. H. Tyrrell.
Premonitions of Spring. Ninette M. Lowater.
- Girl's Own Paper.** April.
Nigot.
Easter Messages. Helen M. Burnside.
- Good Words.** April.
The Harvest of the Sea. A. L. Salmon.
The Old Homes' end. (Illus.) W. Savage.
- Harper's Magazine.** April.
Death's Valley. With Portrait and other Illustrations. Walt Whitman.
In a London Street. Louise J. Guiney.
Sic Vos Non Vobis. Madison Cawein.
At Nijini-Novgorod. (Illus.) Thomas B. Aldrich.
- Irish Monthly.** April.
Spring's Work. Magdalen R. Clark.
- Ladies' Home Journal.** April.
The Singing in God's Acre. Eugene Field.
- Leisure Hour.** April.
Because of Thee. Lady Lindsay.
- Lippincott.** April.
So. G. Florence E. Coates.
The Days of April. Isabel Gordon.
- Longman's Magazine.** April.
Fairy Guild. D. Robertson.
Dreamland. May Kendall.
- Magazine of American History.** March.
Origin of the Arbutus. Prof. F. A. Lupper.
- Monthly Packet.** April.
A Hymn of Confidence. E. H. Coleridge.
Rose. Pe'er Piper.
- New England Magazine.** March.
Song of Silence. C. Scollard.
Schumann and Schubert. With Portraits.
Zitella Cooke.
If You were Here. Philip B. Marston.
Release. Bessie Chandler.
- Outing.** April.
The Song of Tandem. Edith Altman.

Quiver. April.

- A Forest Evensong. (Illus.) A. L. Salmon.
- Scots Magazine.** April.
Sue or I. Patrick P. Alexander.
- Scribner's Magazine.** April.
An Egyptian Banquet. T. W. Higginson.
- Sunday at Home.** April.
An Easter Sonnet. Ellen T. Fowler.
Lines Written in Illness. Dean Burgon.
- Sunday Magazine.** April.
The Watchers at the Gate. (Illus.) Sarah Doudney.
- Moerland Rocks.** (Illus.) J. Hutton.
- Temple Bar.** April.
To April. Mary Furlong.
The Three Birds. Florence Henniker.
April Month.
- Victorian Magazine.** April.
Vivienne and the Name of England.
Maxwell Gray.

ART.

- Albemarle.** April.
The Influence of Photography on Art. W. B. Richmond.
- Art Amateur.** (Newbury House, Charing Cross Road.) 1s. 6d. April.
Robert Herkimer. (Illus.)
Crayon Portraiture. F. Fowler.
Wood-carving. (Illus.) Lily Marshall.
The Spitzer Museum. (Illus.) VIII.
Suggestions About Screens. (Illus.)
- Art Journal.** (Virtue and Co., City Road.) April. 1s. 6d.
Spring. Etching after J. R. Weguelin.
Sir A. H. Layard. (Illus.) J. F. Boyes.
Paris Pleasure Resorts. II. The Marne. (Illus.)
The Decoration of the House. IV. Furniture. (Illus.) A. Valance.
Nottingham and Derby Art Museums. (Illus.) H. M. Cundall.
- Atlantic Monthly.** April.
Some Notes on French Impressionism. Cecilia Waern.
- Atalanta.** April.
The Autograph Portraits Gallery in Florence. (Illus.) Helen Zimmerman.
- Century Magazine.** April.
Lorenzo Lotto. (Illus.) W. G. Stillman.
Did the Greeks Paint their Sculptures? (Illus.) E. Robinson.
- Classical Picture Gallery** (33, King Street, Covent Garden.) April. 1s.
Reproductions of Twelve Masterpieces from the Galleries of Europe:—"Christ Taken Captive," by Hans Holbein, the Elder; "Madonna and Child," by Correggio; "St. John and St. Peter," by Albrecht Dürer, &c.
- Esquiline.** March.
Summer Sketching Ground: Ligurian Shores. Leader Scot.
- Magazine of American History.** March.
Career of Benjamin West. With Portrait. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.
- Magazine of Art.** (Cassell and Co., Ludgate Hill.) April. 1s.
"The Old Story." Photogravure after L. Alma-Tadema.
Stannope A. Forbes A.R.A. With Portrait and Illustrations. Marion Hewarth Dixon.
- Glimpses of Artist Life.** Press-Day and Critics. I. (Illus.) M. H. Spielmann.
- Wall-Paper Decoration.** (Illus.) Lewis F. Lay.
- Sir George Reid.** (Illus.) Prof. B. Brown.
- Painter-Recalling.**
Art-Treasures of the Comédie Française. II. (Illus.) Theodore Child.
- Irish Types and Traits.** (Illus.) Katharine Tynan.
- Scribner's Magazine.** April.
Charles Keene, at Punch. (Illus.) G. S. Layard.

GERMAN MAGAZINES.

- Alte und Neue Welt.** (Benziger and Co., Einsiedeln.) Heft 7. 50 Pf.
Kas'ar Week in Jerusalem. (Illus.)
Bishops Ignatius and Leopold von Leonrod. With Portraits.
R-miniscences of Travel in the Time of the Christian Persecutions in Syria. (Concluded.) (Illus.) D. Mertens.
Aus Allen Welttheilen. (28. Windmuhlen, Leipzig.) 1 Mark. Marco, Reminiscences of Scandinavian Travel. (Continued.) A. von Drygalski.
Through the San Francisco Mountains to the Grand Cañon. (Illus.) Dr. H. Credner.
Work and Discoveries in Geography in 1890 and 1891. Dr. W. Ale.
The Netherlands. Dr. E. Straassburger.
Trade and Shipping in the Persian Gulf.
Daheim. (9. Poststrasse, Leipzig.) 2 Mks. Qlvy. March 5.
Our Children's Eyes.
A New Dürer Biography. T. H. Pantenius. March 19.
Larks. (Illus.) C. Schwarzkopf. March 25.
The Bismarck Museum at Schönhausen. (Illus.) H. von Zobelwitz.
Johann Amos Comenius. With Portrait. Dr. von Ortelgren.
Deutscher Hausschatz. (F. Pustet, Regensburg, Bavaria.) 40 Pf. Heft 8.
Granada. (Illus.) B. Kipper. Columbus. With Portrait.
The Trial and Execution of Louis XVI. and his Queen in 1793. (Illus.) Dr. J. Dammner. Heft 9.
The Greek Church. Dr. H. Joseph.
Golden Prague. (Illus.) J. Peter.
Ignatius, Bishop of Regensburg. With Portrait.
Deutsche Litteraturzeitung. (26. Sieglitzstr., Berlin, W.) 35. 7 Mks. per annum. March 19.
Dean Church on the Oxford Movement. R. Buddenieg.
Deutsche Revue. (60. Tauenzienstr., Dresden.) 5 Marks. Quarterly. April.
King Charles of Roumania. III.
Emin Pasha. By One of his Former Officers.
Religion without Confession—The Prussian Education Bill. W. Bender.
Falling Stars and Meteors. Camille Flammarion.
Rambrandt or Ferdinand Bol? Max Lautner.
Sixteen Years in Von Ranke's Workshop. T. Wiedemann.
Religious Fanaticism and War. I. Frohschammer.
Deutsche Rundschau. (7. Lützowstr., Berlin, W.) 6 Mks. Qlvy. April.
School Legislation. Prof. W. Rein.
Homer as a Painter of Character. H. Grimm.
Carlyle's Letters to Varnhagen von Ense, 1837-57. Translated by Dr. R. Preuss. I.
Nursing Sisterhoods. Prof. F. König.
Italian Lyric Poetry. F. X. Kraus.
Political Correspondence. The School Bill, Ausria, etc.
History of the Last Ten Years of the Old Prussian State.
Deutsche Worte. (VIII. Langgasse 15, Vienna.) 50 Kr. March.
A Vienna Household in Relation to Indirect Taxation. G. Raunig.
The Social Question. E. de Amicla.
Die Gartenlaube. (Ernst Keil's Nachf., Leipzig.) 50 Pf. Heft 3.
Outdoor Life in Vienna. (Illus.) V. Chiriacov.
The Great Treasure of the Sultans of Morocco. G. Rohlf.
At The Cross Roads—The Schools Bill.
The Influenza. Dr. W. Hess.
Christopher Columbus. (Illus.) C. Falkenhöft.
Gesellschaft. (Wilhelm Friedrich, Verlag, Leipzig.) 1 Mk. 30 Pf. Merch.
Common Schools: The Only Solution of The Social Question. J. Selow.
Myself. (With Portrait.) Gabriele Reuter.
Poems by Karl Henckell and Others.
German Translation of Mysterlinck's "Intruder."
William Mackintire Sa'ter, an American Ethical Writer. M. Busch.
How Tewfik became Viceroy. Dr. Bernstein.
Der Gute Kamerad. (Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft, Stuttgart.) 2 Mks. Qlvy.
No. 22. Alexander von Humboldt.
Nos. 23 and 21. Remarkable Trees. (Illus.)
Die Katholischen Missionen. Herder'sche Verlag, Freiburg-in-B.). 4 Marks per annum. April.
Secret Societies in China.
Panama. (Illus.) (Concluded.)
The Beginnings of the Mission in Paraguay. (Continued.)
Konservative Monatsschrift. (E. U. Gleich, Leipzig.) 3 Marks. Qlvy. March.
Church Life in Hungary. Pastor M. Funke.
Martin Greif's Francesca da Rimini. Xanthippus.
Admiral Prince Adalbert of Prussia. Vic-Adm. Batsch.
German Proverbs about the Home.
Kritische Revue aus Oesterreich. (I. Schreyvogelgasse 3, Vienna.) 40 kr. March 1.
Fiscal Reform. Dr. G. J. Guttmann.
Beginnings of Vienna Journalism. J. A. Fehr. von Helfert.
Latest about Hypnotism. R. Grazer. March 15.
The German-Bohemian Compromise. J. A. Comenius. Dr. B. Munz.
Muskalsche Rundschau. (I. Schreyvogelgasse 3, Vienna.) 2 Mks. 50 Pf. Quarterly. March 1.
Rosini. Dr. Max Dietz.
Rubinstein's Book. Max Graf. March 10.
'Something Rotten in the State' of the Musical World. March 20.
Analysis of "L'Amico Fritz." M. Graf.
Nord und Süd. (2 and 3, Siebenhufenstr., Breslau.) 5 Marks. Qlvy. April.
Count Leo von Capri. With Portrait.
Architectural Vienna. J. von Falke.
Criminality in Germany. L. Fold.
The Love Story of the Poet Wieland. R. Hassencamp.
Henrik Ibsen as a Painter of Women. L. Marholm.
Helene, Duchess of Orleans. Lily von Kretschmann.
Preussische Jahrbücher. (G. Reimer, Anhalter, Berlin.) 1 Mark 50 Pf. March.
Attempts at Educational Reform in the Olden Times. Dr. J. Ilberg.
Anne von Droste-Hülshoff's "Christian Year." Prof. K. Badtke.
Lyric Poetry. Otto Harnack.
Religious Teaching in the Primary Schools. Prof. O. Fiedler.
Political Correspondence—The Russian Famine, the New Education Bill and the Power of the Ultramontanes, the Emperor's Speech.
Romanische Revue. (VIII. Feldgasse 15, Vienna.) 12 marks yearly. February.
The Roumanian National Conference.
The Russo-Turkish War in 1773. Dr. D. Werenka.
The Liberation of the Gypsies. M. Kogalniceanu.
Schorer's Familienblatt. (4, Dossauerstr., Berlin.) 75 Pf. Heft 7.
The Dry Dock of the "Hamburg-American Steamship Company." Hamburg. (Illus.) A. O. Klausmann.
Adolf Menzel. With Portraits.
The Chinese Army. (Illus.) Major. A. D. Paul.
The New German Minister in Austria—Count G. von Kuenburg. With Portrait. Karl Prohl.
Schweizerische Rundschau. (Albert Müller's Verlag, Zürich.) 2 Marks. March.
A Walking Tour through Finland. K. Spitteler.
Sphinx. (Paternoster House, Charing Cross Road, 25. 34. M. roh.)
The Striving after Perfection. Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden.
The Historical Personality of Faust. (Illus.) C. Klesewetter.
Psychology from the Standpoint of the Secret Sciences. Dr. C. du Prel.
The Inner Word of God. J. Tenhardt.
Stimmen aus Maria-Laach. (Herder'sche Verlag, Freiburg in B.) 10 Mks. 5 Pf. yearly. March 14.
Fathé, Ande Jedy, General of the Jesuits. A. Baumgartner.
The Biddist Craze. J. Dahlmann.
Bias Pascal. II. W. Kretzen.
The Electric Current in Connection with Water. (Concluded.) L. Dresel.
Ueber Land und Meer. (Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft, Stuttgart.) 1 Mark. Heft 9.
Isabella, Countess Albriz. Venetian Poetess. G. von Freiberg.
The Carnival. (Illus.) E. M. Vacano.
The Disease of Our Age and How to Fight It. Dr. Bilsinger.
The Irish Celts. (Illus.) I. von Pfingk-Hartung.
Ernst von Wildenbruch. With Portrait. G. Dahms.
Julius Sturm. With Portrait.
The French Trans-Sahara Railway. (Illus.)
Count von Mülke's Letters to His Bride.
The Empress of Austria's Visit at Corfu. (Illus.) F. Gross.
The English Army. Alexander Winter.
World's Fair. (Illus.)
Universum. (Alfred Hauchchild, Leipzig.) 50 Pf. Heft 16.
Prince Bismarck. With Portrait. Prof. W. Maurenbrecher.
Veihagen und Klasings Monatshefte. (53, Sieglitzstr., Berlin.) 1 Mk. 25 Pf. March.
Constantinople and its People. (Illus.) J. Stinde.
The History of German Student Life. (Illus.) E. Grosse.
Africa and her Explorers. With Portraits. G. Rohlf.
April.
In Yellowstone Park. (Illus.) H. Dalton.
Menzel's Sketches. (Illus.) Dr. O. Doering.
Mirabeau in Berlin. Dr. J. Wychogram.
The Neapolitans. (Illus.) F. von Zobelitz.
Vom Fels zum Meer. (Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft, Stuttgart.) 1 Mk. Heft 8.
The New German Parliamentary Buildings. (Illus.) C. Gurllit.
Weather Forecasts. D. W. J. van Bebbler.
Last Year's Work in the Vienna Theatre. (Illus.) A. B. Belheim.
The Borgeuse Gallery. (Illus.) Dr. O. Harnack.
Aerial Navigation in Relation to the Navy. N. von Engelstedt.
The 100th Birthday of John Herschel. Dr. Klein.
Moose Hunting. (Illus.) F. Parfel.
Hatfield House. (Illus.) W. F. Brand.
Westermann's Illustrierte Deutsche Monatshefte. (Braunschweig, Germany.) 4 Mks. Qlvy. April.
Through Languedoc and Provence. (Illus.) H. Kestner.
Count Mirabeau. With Portrait. R. Prohl.
The New German Parliamentary Buildings. (Illus.) H. Buschhammer.
The Resting Time for Plants. A. Fischer.
The Pre-Raphaelites in England. I. (Illus.) C. Gurllit.

Wiener Literatur-Zeitung. (I. Wollzelle 2, Vienna.)
Literature and Life.
The Hero in German Romance. A. Noel.
Alfred Meissner.

FRENCH MAGAZINES.

L'Amaranthe. (37, Bedford Street, London.) March. 1 fr. 50 c.
A Visit to the Carnavalet Museum. (Illus.) H. Buffenoir.
Madame des Ursins. E. S. Lantz.
The King of the Muses: An Alsatian Legend. (Illus.) P. André.
Rostin. Countess Theodora.
Dancing among the Ancients. E. S. Lantz.

L'Art. (29, Cité d'Antin, Paris.) 8s. March 15.
Comedy of To-day. P. L'homme.
Auguste Alexandre Guillaumot, Engraver. (Illus.) E. Viollet-le-Duc.
Japan at the Louvre Museum. (Illus.) E. Molinier.
The Guimet Museum. VII. The Religions of China. (Illus.) C. Gabillot.
Women Authors of the Past. With Portraits. P. L'homme.
The Right of Property in Art. II. E. Romberg.

Bibliothèque Universelle. (18, King William Street.) 2 fr. 50 c. March.
Genius and Opportunity. P. S. Saper.
The Great Note-issuing Banks of Europe. (Continued.) Dr. W. Burchhardt.
War in Europe. E. Talliohet.
Pastor Knapp and his Cure. A. F. Suchard.
The Public and Private Morals of Contemporary Courts. V. de Floriant.
Chronique—Parisian, Italian, German, English, Swiss, and Political.

Chretien Evangélique. (G. Bridel and Co., Lausanne.) 1 fr. 50 c. March 20.
The Doctrinal Authority of Jesus Christ. A. Berthoud.
Port Royal. (Concluded.) A. Maulvault.

Entretiens Politiques et Littéraires. (12, Passage Nolle, Paris.) 60 c. March.

Zola. F. Vié-Griffin.
The Socialisation of Language. G. Saint-Meux.

L'Initiation. (58, Rue St. André des Arts, Paris.) 1 fr. March.
Studies in Orientalism. Dr. Gardener.
Psychometry. Yvon le Loup.
Practical Occultism. H. Pelletier.

Journal des Économistes. (14, Rue Richelieu, Paris.) 3 fr. 50 c. March.
The Pacification of the Relations between Capital and Labour. G. de Molinari.
The Scientific and Industrial Movement. D. B. Ilet.
Review of the Academy of Social and Political Sciences. J. Lefort.
The Incidence of Protective Duties. P. des Essars.
Meeting of the Society of Political Economy, March 5.

La Nouvelle Revue. (18, King William Street.) March. 62 fr. yearly.
In Flanders 1830—1840. I. Jules Michelet.
Revolutionary Mobs and the Parliamentary System. C. Lombroso.
Contemporary Style and its Methods. A. Albalat.
Utopias: On a Pamphlet of Tolstol's. Simon Var.
The Trus System of J. J. Rousseau. E. Lintilhac.
The Protection of Intelligence. Th. de Caer.
Fiscal Reform. E. Martineau.
Ostriches in Algeria. G. Sénéchal.

March 15.
In Flanders. II. Jules Michelet.
The Franco-Russian Alliance from a Russian point of View. A. Hermit of the Ural.
The Last Encyclopaedia and the Policy of Pacification. Jules Bonjean.
New Forms of Democracy. A. Gavard.
The Taking of Tientsin and its Diplomatic Consequences. P. Destelan.
The Death of Paris. Louis Gallet.
The French Navy. H. Montecorboli.
Lord Lamington and England in the Mekong Valley. P. Lehault.

Reforme Sociale. (174, Boulevard St. Germain, Paris.) 1 fr. March 16.

The Question of Accidents to Workmen. J. Michel.
National Property and How it Should be Used. Hubert Valleroux.
The Social Condition of the Working Classes at Mannheim, in Baden. A. Raffalovich.
The New Law of Registration. L. Choley.
The Question of the "Homestead" in Italy. Prof. S. S. Ippolito.

Revue d'Art Dramatique. (44, Rue de Rennes, Paris.) 1 fr. 25 c. March 1.

A Comedian of the Revolution; Doreuille. A. Lutz.
Scandinavian Literature—Auguste Strindberg. C. de Casanova.
March 15.
Werther. F. Naquet.
The Claque in the Theatre. M. Doublemain.

Revue Bleue. (11, Paternoster Buildings.) 60 c. March 5.

Prince Napoleon Bonaparte. G. Larroumet.
Philosophy and the Present Time. F. Baub.

March 12.
The Great Condé. Duc d'Aumale.
Greek Journalists and Newspapers. G. Deschamps.

March 19.
Mysteries: A Fragment of a Study on the History of Religions. F. Ravaisson.
Emile Augier, Dramatist. R. Doumic.
The Feast of Reason at Paris. F. A. Aulard.

March 26.
Paul Verlaine, Author. W. G. Byvanck.
Moltke, According to his Letters to his Mother and his Brothers. A. Rambaud.
French Artistic Tradition. I. Impressionism. P. Gsell.

Revue des Deux Mondes. (Hachette, 18, King William Street, Strand.) 62 fr. yearly. March 1.

The Fight in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine (1852). The Duc d'Aumale.
The Secular Games of the Emperor Augustus. Gaston Bissler.
The Papacy Socialism and Democracy. III. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu.
A Visit to Athens. Gaston Deschamps.
The Emperor William II.—His Ministers and His Policy. G. Valbert.

March 15.
Diplomatic Studies. III.—The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. The Duc de Broglie.
Contemporary Novel and "Naturalism" in Germany. M. Lévy-Brihl.
Byzantine Literature. D. Bickias.
The Revolution at Tou'on. George Duruy.
A hens in the Middle Ages. E. Müntz.
The Natural History Collection of the Princes of Condé. Germain Bapst.
Chateaubriand. E. M. de Vogué.

Revue Encyclopedique. (17, Rue Montparnasse, Paris.) 1 fr. March 15.
Edouard Rod's Novel, "La Sacrificée." With Portrait. G. Pellissier.

The Modern School of French Medal-Engravers. (Illus.) P. Gille.
The Socialist Party in Germany. With Portrait of Karl Marx. R. Koehlin.
Mimicry in Plants. (Illus.) H. C. upin.

Revue de Famille. (8, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris.) 1 fr. 50 c. March 1.

The Place of Women in Politics. Jules Simon.
Descartes, Metaphysician. J. Bertrand.
The Evolution of the Operetta. F. Sarcy.
The Truth about the Present Literary Situation. G. Pellissier.
Marriage in America and in France. E. Faguet.

March 15.
Marriages. Jules Simon.
Conde in Prison. Duc d'Aumale.
Japanese Past and Present. C. Folley.
The Art of Motherhood. Dr. G. Simon.

Revue Française de l'Etranger et des Colonies. (1, Place d'Ena, Paris.) 1 fr. 50 c. March 15.

Australasia from the Point of View of Federation. A. Salaisgnac.
The Campaign of 1890-91 in the French Sudan. (Concluded.) With Map.
The French in the United States.

Revue Generale. (28, Orchard Street) 15 fr. yearly. March.
Prof. Philippe Gilbert of Louvain. C. de la Vallée Poussin.
The Situation of the Parties. C. Woeste.
The Armenian Question. J. Leclercq.
Letters from Florida. (Concluded.) V. Watneyne.
Paul Bourget. Henry Bordeaux.

Revue Historique. (108, Boulevard St. Germain, Paris.) 6 fr. March-April.
History of Diplomacy. A. Giry.
The Manuscript of Talleyrand's Memoirs. A. Stern.
Their Authenticity. Pierre Bertrand.
Raoul Glaber. Ernest Petit.
The Political Will of Charles V. of Lorraine. I. Count J. du Hamel de Bœuil.

Revue de l'Hypnotisme. (170, Rue St. Antoine, Paris.) 75 c. March.
A New Case of Automatic Writing. J. Delboeuf.
The Mechanism of Hypnotic Phenomena in Hypnotic Subjects. Dr. Brillouin.
The Law on Hypnotism passed by the Belgian Chamber of Deputies. V. Denyn, and Dr. P. Van Velsen.

Revue Mensuelle de l'École d'Anthropologie. (108, Boulevard St. Germain, Paris.) 1 fr. March 15.
The Races, Peoples, and Languages of Africa. A. Lefèvre.

Revue du Monde Catholique. (46, Rue Lafayette, Paris.) 1 fr. 50 c. March.
The Conquest of Lake Tchad. A. du Courneau.
Civilisation amongst the Gauls—Charlemagne. J. A. Petit.
Parnell. L. N. Godré.
William II. of Germany. (Continued.) H. Frederic.
The Austrian Alps. (Concluded.) G. Maury.

Revue Philosophique. (108, Boulevard St. Germain, Paris.) 3 frs. March.
Hypnotism and Crime. J. Liégeois.
The Nature and Measurement of Time. G. Lechalas.
The First Developments of Language. P. Riquard.
The Neo-Thomistic Movement in the Catholic Church. F. Picavet.

Revue des Revues. (7, Rue Le Peletier, Paris.) 1 fr. April.
Enslaved Capitals. The Municipal Government of the Capitals of Europe.

Revue Scientifique. (11, Paternoster Buildings.) 60 c.

March 5.
The Diamond Mines of South Africa. M. Chaper.

Jean Serva's Stas, Scientist. A. W. Hofmann.

The French Population at the Different Epochs of its History. J. Bertillon.

March 12.
Demography in a Hundred Years. (Continued.) C. Richet.

The Influence of Electric Lighting on Plants. J. A. Montpellier.

March 19.
The Scientific Work of Edmond Becquerel. J. Violle.

The Depopulation of the Marquesas Islands. M. Marettang.

March 26.
The Action of Cold on Plants. H. Jumelle.

Cocaine in Surgery. P. Reclus.

Criminality amongst Women. G. Ferrero.

The Speed of Trains.

Revue Socialiste. (10, Rue Chabanais, Paris.) 1 fr. 75 c. March 15.

Justice and Socialism according to the *Revue Philosophique*. A. Delon.

The Regulation of Labour in Mines in Belgium. L. Bertrand.

The Protection of Workmen in France. H. Greulich.

Obetand the Icarians. (Continued.) A. Holynski.

Types of Humanity which are Disappearing. H. B. Isaac.

Henrik Ibsen. Gervaise.

Revue de Theologie. (31, Faubourg du Montparnasse, Paris.) 1 fr. 50 c. March.

The Sovereignty of Good. L. Cholay.

The Huguenot Character. D. Benoit.

Universite Catholique. (28, Orchard Street.) 20 fr. per annum. March 15.

The Pope's Encyclical to the French Archbishops, Bishops, and Clergy.

The Relation of the Church to Politics. P. Dadolle.

Religious Marriage and the Divorce Question. A. B. Madison.

The Civilization of the Ancient Americans. C. de Harlez.

Cardinal Mercier. A. Ricard.

ITALIAN.

La Civiltà Cattolica. (243, Via Ripetta, Rome.) March 5.

The 50th Anniversary of the Miraculous Conversion of the Jew Rabbano.

The Pontificate of St. Gregory the Great. (Continued.)

The Scholastic Controversy in the United States. An examination of Dr. Bouquillon's reply.

Encyclical Letter of Leo XIII. to the French Archbishops and Bishops, &c. The French version.

March 19.
The Atheism of Liberalism.

On the Migrations of the Hittites. (Continued.) (Illus.)

The Sixteenth Century Reformers. A Historical work by the Abbé Luigi Anelli, which the *Civiltà* strongly condemns.

A Communication from Monsignor Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul.

La Nuova Antologia. (466, Via del Corso, Rome.) March 1.

William II. and his Reign. G. Boglietti.

The Universal Flood in the Babylonian Legends. G. Neri.

Prince Eugene of Savoy. Lt.-General C. Cori.

The Origin of the Etruscans. E. Brizio.

On Determinism. Part I. F. D'Ovidio.

Rossini in his Native Land. T. Casini.

March 16.

With the Habab Tribe. Notes from a Diary. Colonel O. Baratieri.

Population and Wealth. A. J. De Jhaan.

San Marino and San Leo. C. Ricci.

On Determinism. Part II. F. D'Ovidio.

National Railroads and State Defences. G. Golran.

The Rossini Centenary. G. A. Blaggi.

La Rassegna Nazionale. (94, Via San Zanobi, Florence.) March 1.

The Legal Position of Women according to Recent Legislation. A. Brunialti.

A Recent Work on the United States of America. R. Mazzel.

A. V. Vecchi, and his History of Naval Warfare. Vico d'Ariaco.

Between Romance, Hypothesis, and Reality. T. Catani.

The Last Odes by G. Carducci. G. Fortebraccio.

A Letter from the Abbé Stoppani to His Holiness, Leo XIII., Written in justification of One of His Books.

March 16.

Torquato Tasso, as Described by Goethe. Carlo Segre.

The Crimean Expedition: Extracts from the Diary of a Piedmontese Officer. (Continued.) A. di Saint-Pierre.

The Etemeron. III. (Continued.) A. Stoppani.

Pauline Craven La Ferronaye and her Family. (Continued.) Duchess Theresa Ravaschieri.

Cardinal Lavergne and the French Republic. (Continued.) A. di Pesaro.

Roberto Stuart: An Obituary Notice. P. Bracci.

Rivista Internazionale d'Igiene. (37, Via Salita ai Ventagliere, Naples.)

The Use of Massage in Neuro-pathology. A. Bumm.

Notes on Bacteriology and on Public Hygiene.

La Scuola Positiva. (6, Pizzetta Latilla, Naples.) March 15.

Crimes against the Right of Free Labour. E. Ferri.

Preventive Detention. R. Garofalo.

Emile de Laveleye. F. S. Nitti.

SPANISH.

L'Aveng. (21, Portaferriss, Barcelona.) 5 pesetas. February.

Christmas at Bryaroles. J. Pons y Masaven.

Popular Anthropology. Ignasi Valenti Vivó.

The Administration of Justice in Catalonia. J. Casao Carbo.

España Moderna. (D. Nitt. Strand.) 40 fr. yearly. March 15.

Questions Connected with Columbus's First Voyage. Adolfo de Castro.

Archæology and The Plastic Arts in the Theatre. J. R. Melida.

The Popular Idea of Columbus. C. F. Duro.

Survey of Foreign Politics. Emilio Castelar.

Revista Contemporanea. (17, Calle de Pizarro, Madrid.) 2 pesetas. March 15.

Literary Events of 1890. M. de Palan.

Hernan Perez del Pulgar. (Continued.) F. Villa Real.

Questions of International Law. M. Amador.

The Catalan Novelist, Pin y Soler. A. Pons.

The Instruction and Social Education of Women. J. M. E. Perez.

DUTCH.

De Gids. (Luzac and Co., 45, Great Russell Street.) 3s. March.

Ruskin and the St. George's Guild. Prof. Quack.

Potgieter II. J. H. Groenewegen.

Tropical Reminiscences. Prof. Hubrecht.

Amos Omentus. Prof. Baron de Geer van Jutphaas.

Bourget's "Sensations de l'Italie." Prof. van Hamel.

Elsevier's Geillustreerd Maandschrift (Luzac and Co.) 1s. 8d. March.

J. J. van de Sande Bakhuysen. (Illus.)

Art Causerie. Lodewijk Mulder.

A Walk Through Paris. (Illus. by Joan Berg.) G. Verschuur.

SCANDINAVIAN.

Dagny. (Fredrika-Bremer Society, Stockholm.) Yearly, 10 kr.

On Mixed Schools. Ellen Fries.

Emilia. Pardo Bazan. Contemporary Spain's most eminent Authoress. G. Björkman.

Reflections on the Dress Reform Question. M. G.

Communications from the Fredrika-Bremer Society.

Danskeren. (F. Jørgensen, F. Mygard and L. Schröder, Kolding, Denmark.) Half-yearly, 4 kr. March.

Arne Garborg's "Weary Men." Reviewed by F. Jørgensen.

Reminiscences of W. A. Wexel and his friends. F. Wexelsen.

A Critical Sketch of Ingemann's Life. Ida Falbe Hansen.

German Literature of Later Years. S. K. Sørensen.

Ord och Bild. (New Illustrated Monthly. Edited by Karl Wahlén. Published by P. A. Norstedt and Soner. Stockholm.) Yearly, 10 Kr.

No. 1.
Oscar II. From the painting by O. Björck in the Oscar-salon at Drottningholm.

Santa Birgitta. Fresco-painting by Carl Larsson. Adapted for *Ord och Bild* by the artist.

The Decrease of Consumption. Curt Wallis.

A New Year's Visit in the Country in 1840. (Illus.)

Art. The New Church of Nacka. With three sketches by G. Ringström.

Music—Mozart. With Portrait. Lay. Wilhelmina Norman-Neruda. With Portrait. E. G.

No. 2.
Waterfall. From the painting by Marcus Larsson.

The Watering-Place under the Birches. From the painting by Ed. Bergh.

Venice. (Illus.) Tor Hedberg.

Two Swedish Landscape Painters—Marcus Larsson and Ed. Bergh. (With Portraits and Illus.) G. Nordenfvan.

A New Year's Visit in the Country in 1840. (Continued.)

Guy de Maupassant. With Portrait. Hellen Lindgren.

Viktor Rydberg and his later works. Oscar Levrentz.

Samtiden. (J. Brunchorst and Gerhard Grao. Bergen.) Yearly 5 kr.

No. 1.
Features of American Social Life.

Nietzsche in France. T. de Wyzewa.

The Russian Bastille. George Kennan.

The Woman of the Twentieth Century. Paul Lafitte.

The Daily Press of Europe. Eugene Dubif.

No. 2.
"Lectures to Workmen"—What they are and may be. Dr. Brunchorst.

Massalia Hjalmar Christensen.

Svensk Tidskrift. (Frans van Scheele, Stockholm.) Yearly 10 Kr.

No. 1.
The Union Question from a Swedish Point of View. Orvar Svenske.
Mixed Schools and Public Schools. Viktor Rydberg's New Works. Ed. Olkman.
"Gosta Berling's Saga," by Selma Lagerlof. Reviewed by Helena Nyblom.
No. 2.
The Union Question from a Swedish Point of View. H. Orvar Svenske.
Leaves from a Note-book. Philosophical Aphorisms.
A German View of Swedish Literary History. A. Ahm.

Tiltskueren (N. Neergaard, Copenhagen.) Yearly, 12 kr. February—March.
Arnold Bocklin. Emil Hannover.
The Transportation to Siberia. F. Stuckenberg (Hospital Director).
A Visit to Belgium. Dr. G. Brandes.
Seven Letters from H. N. Andersen to Jonas Collins, senr. J. Collins.
English Sonnets up Milton's Time. Dr. A. Hansen.
Norwegian Literature. Dr. Vald. Vedel.

MILITARY PERIODICALS.

FRENCH.

Journal des Sciences Militaires.
Studies on the Alpine Frontier. General de Villenoisy.
The Tactics of Infantry in the Fight. (Continued.)
The Low Trajectory of Small-Bore Rifles and its Tactical Consequences. Colonel Paquie.
The Campaign of 1813: Why Napoleon was Beaten at Leipzig. (Continued.)
A Few Observations on the Employment of Artillery in the Field. (Continued.)
The Campaign of 1814: The Cavalry of the Allied Armies. (Continued.) Commandant Weil.
Marching and Manœuvring in Mountainous Districts. Lieutenant S. Valot.
General Alexis Dubois: The Cavalry of the Armies of the North and of the Sambre-et-Meuse in the Campaigns of 1794-5. (Continued.)
The Education of the Soldier.

Revue Maritime et Coloniale.
The Gyroscopic Horizon. 23 Figs. (Continued.) Captain G. Fleuriat.
The Old Troops of Marine, 1622-1792. G. Coste.
Vocabulary of Powders and Explosives. (Continued.) Translation from the *Revue Maritime* of Lieutenant F. Salvati's excellent vocabulary.
Administrative Councils in the Naval Ports. (Continued.) Sub-Commissary Laurier.

Revue du Genie Militaire.
The Employment of Military Balloons during the Army Manœuvres of 1891. 1 Fig. Lieutenant E. Deburaux.

Mechanical Aids for the Rapid Laying of Railway Lines. 6 Figs. By the Editor, Captain L. Bertrand.
Notes on Barrack Accommodation. 67 Figs.
The Organisation and Defence of Protective Inundations. 6 Figs. Captain Snijders.

Revue Militaire de l'Étranger.
On the Promotion and Ages of Officers of Various Ranks in the German Army.
Military Organisation of the Russian Railways in Time of Peace.
The Field Gun of the Future: According to the Theories of General Wille. VII., IX.

GERMAN.

Neue Militarische Blätter.
Parade or Fighting Drill?
Sham Fight Inspections.
Russia and the Prospect of War.
The Eastern Question. I. The Russian Fleet in the Black Sea and its Offensive Strength.
Torpedoes.
The Great Attempt made by the 2nd Army of Paris to Break Out between November 28—December 3, 1870.
The Provisioning of Paris during the Investment by the German Army from September 18, 1870 to January 28, 1871. (Continued.)
The Provisioning of Armies in the Field. III.
Cane Quick-Firing guns. 2 Figs.

Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armee und Marine.

Campaigning as Influenced by the Seasons. III.
Tactics of the Future: The Last Phases of the Defence and of the Attack. (Continued.)
On the Influence of the Terrain on Infantry Fire. 20 Figs. Captain Obermair.
Mortar Batteries on the Field of Battle.
The Value of Theory in Military Questions. General von Scherff.
Considerations on Fleet Manœuvres. Vice-Admiral Henk.
New Distribution of the Russian Fleet Complements.
The New Organisation of the Roumanian Army.

Internationale Revue über die gesammten Armeen und Flotten.

Germany: Military Glances at the French Eastern Frontier.
Infantry Fighting.
Austria: The Strategic Employment of Cavalry in the Present Time. (Continued.) Colonel von Walhoffen.
The Naval War Game. (Continued.) Italy: Italian Correspondence, by Pellegrino.

France: The French in Tunis.
A Few Remarks on Field Howitzers and Shells with High Explosives. 1 Fig.
Necessity for the Revision of the Regulations for Manœuvres.
England: The New Elswick Disappearing Carriage.
The Military-Political Situation in the Mediterranean.

AUSTRIAN.

Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Seewesens.

The New Establishment of the Austrian Lloyd.
On the Development of Torpedo Boats. From "The Year's Naval Progress, 1891." By Lieutenant R. Hunt, U.S. Navy.
Quick-firing Guns of Large Calibre. (Continued.) The Guns of the Société Anonyme des Forges et Chaudières de la Méditerranée. 12 Figs. F. Jedliczka, Naval Constructor.
Armour Plate Trials in England and America. 7 Figs.
Captain Gardier's Arrangements for Oiling the Waves. 3 Figs.

Mittheilungen über Gegenstände des Artillerie und Genie Wesens.

Sighting Arrangement (1890 pattern) for 9 c.m. field gun. 6 Figs. Captain A. Gemelner.
On the Most Important International Electrical Standards. 6 Figs. (Continued.) Captain C. A. Porces.
Type-writing Machines. 7 Figs. G. Gessmann.
A Russian Reply to General Von Sauer's Theories on the Attack of Fortifications.
The Question of Armoured Cupolas in France.

ITALIAN.

Rivista di Artiglieria e Genio.

The Naples Aqueduct and Formulae for the Possible Conduction of Water. (Continued.) Major-General B. de Benedicis.
The Fortification of Switzerland. 1 Map. 10 Figs.
The Material and Training of the Engineers. Captain P. Scacemela.
The Firing Practice of Field Batteries. Captain L. N. Winderling.
The Russian Field Mortar. 1 Fig.
The New Military Hospital at Buenos Ayres. 2 Plates.
The 32 c.m. Canet Gun as Mounted in a Barbette. 9 Figs.
Organisation of the Military Balloon Service in Russia.

Revista Marittima.

The Naval War Game. (Continued.) 4 Plates. Lieutenant A. Colombo.
The German Mercantile Marine. (Continued.) S. Raineri.
Naval Architecture. 2 Plates. G. Rota, Naval Constructor.
Naval Schools in Italy and Abroad. (Continued.) (Spain.) Dante Parenti.
Vocabulary of Powders and Explosives. Lieutenant F. Salvati.

SPANISH.

Revista General de Marina.

The Mariner's Compass on Board Ships of War. (Continued.) 1 Plate. 14 Figs.
The Torpedo Cruiser *El Temerario*.
Essay on the Art of Submarine Navigation. (Continued.) N. Monturiol.
Essay on Naval Strategy. (Continued.) Commander M. Montero y Espalio.

INDEX.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

- Albe. Albemarle.
A.C.Q. American Catholic Quarterly Review
A.R. Andover Review
A.A.P.S. Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science
Ant. Antiquary
A. Arena
Arg. Argosy
Art J. Art Journal
As. Asiatic
A.C. Asiatic Quarterly
Ata. Atlanta
A.M. Atlantic Monthly
Au. Author
Bank. Bankers' Magazine
Bel. M. Belford's Monthly and Democratic Review
Black. Blackwood's Magazine
B.T.J. Board of Trade Journal
Bkman. Bookman
C.F.M. Cassell's Family Magazine
C.S.J. Cassell's Saturday Journal
C.W. Catholic World (naul)
C.M. Century Magazine
C.J. Chambers's Journal
Char. R. Chautauque Review
Chaut. Chautauque
Ch. Mis. I. Church Missionary Intelligence and Record
Ch. Q. Church Quarterly
C.R. Contemporary Review
C. Cornhill
Cos. Cosmopolitan
Crit. R. Critical Review
D.R. Dublin Review
E.W.R. Eastern and Western Review
Africa:
The Parliamentary Franchise in Cape Colony, J. G. Swift, Macmillan on, Wel. R. Apr
Afrkaner Bond and the Cape Franchise, A. T. Wergman on, G. B. Mar
Khwaland, F. E. Harman on, Lud M. Mar
The Proposed Railway to the Victoria Lake, Ch Mis. I. Apr
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America:
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America in Early English Literature, I. B. Choate on, N. E. M. Mar
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An American at Home in Europe, by W. H. Bishop, A. M. Apr
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Episodes of Canadian Military Life, C. J. Mitchell on, Lud M. Mar
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Astronomy:
The Total Solar Eclipses of 1889, E. S. Holden on, C. M. Apr
Solar Spots and their Significance, W. T. Lynn on, L. H. Apr
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Econ. J. Economic Journal
Econ. R. Economic Review
E.R. Edinburgh Review
Ed. R. A. Educational Review, America
Ed. R. L. Educational Review, London
E.H. English Historical Review
E.I. English Illustrated Magazine
Esq. Esquiline
Ex. Expositor
F.L. Folk-Lore
F.R. Fortnightly Review
F. Forum
Fr. L. Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly
G.M. Gentleman's Magazine
G.O.P. Girl's Own Paper
G.W. Good Words
G.B. Greater Britain
G.T. Great Thoughts
Harp. Harper's Magazine
Help. Help
Hom. R. Homiletic Review
Idler. Idler
Ig. Igdrasil
In. M. Indian Magazine and Review
I.J.E. International Journal of Ethics
I.R. Investors' Review
Ir. E.R. Irish Ecclesiastical Record
Ir. M. Irish Monthly
Jew. Q. Jewish Quarterly
J. Ed. Journal of Education
J. Micro. Journal of Microscopy and Natural Science
J.R.C.I. Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute
Jur. R. Juridical Review
K.O. King's Own Knowledge
L.H. Leisure Hour
Libr. Library
Lib. R. Library Review
Lipp. Lippincott's Monthly
L.O. Literary Opinion
L.Q. London Quarterly
Long. Longman's Magazine
Luc. Lucifer
Lud. M. Ludgate Monthly
Ly. Lyceum
Mac. Macmillan's Magazine
M.A.H. Magazine of American History
M. Art. Magazine of Art
Man. Q. Manchester Quarterly
M.E. Merry England
Mind. Mind
Mis. R. Missionary Review of the World
Mon. Monist
M. Month
M. P. Monthly Packet
Nat. R. National Review
N.Sc. National Science
N.N. Nature Notes
N.E.M. New England Magazine
New R. New Review
N.C. Nineteenth Century
N.A.R. North American Review
Nov. R. Novel Review
O.D. Our Day
O. Outing
P.E.F. Palestine Exploration
Photo. Q. Photographic Quarterly
Phren. M. Phrenological Magazine
P.L. Poet Lore
P.R.R. Presbyterian and Reformed Review
P.M.Q. Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review
P.R.G.S. Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society
Psy. R. Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research
Q. J. Econ. Quarterly Journal of Economics
Q.R. Quarterly Review
Q. Quiver
Rel. R. Religious
R.C. Review of the Churches
Sc. A. Science and Art
Scots. Scots Magazine
Scot. G.M. Scottish Geographical Magazine
Scot. R. Scottish Review
Scrib. Scribner's Magazine
Shake. Shakespeariana
Str. Strand
Sun. H. Sunday at Home
Sun. M. Sunday Magazine
T.B. Temple Bar
Th. Theatre
Think. Thinker
U.S.M. United Service Magazine
Vic. Victorian Magazine
Wel. R. Welsh Review
W.R. Westminster Review
W.L. World Literature
Y.E. Young England
Y.M. Young Man
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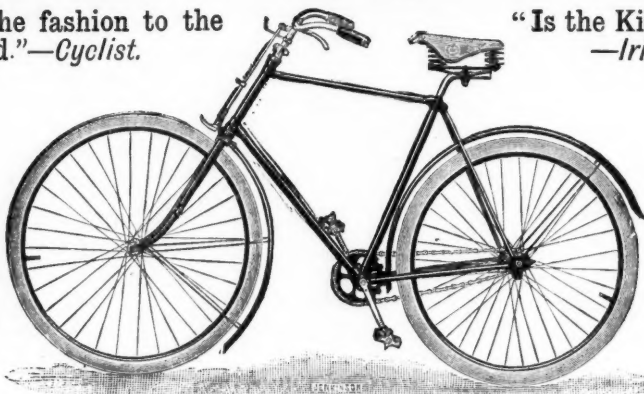
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